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THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OR
EVENING READINGS
FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE
AND
CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME III.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1892.

INFANCY: A FRAGMENT.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

WHERE dwells the soul through all the dateless years
 Ere the doom'd moment of the Infant's birth ?
 Comes it a stranger from the radiant spheres,
 A naked exile to the shores of earth ?

Or was it, e'en from nature's natal day
 A life in wood, or wild or sunny stream,
 That like a dream would lightly pass away,
 And still return, a many-coloured dream ?

Or slept the spirit in the Almighty mind,
 Among the forms of fair and awful things,
 High in eternal light and love enshrined,
 Beneath the shadow of the Seraphs' wings ?

Or is the Babe, that feels the hard cold air,
 And feeling, weeps, so helpless and forlorn,
 Abandon'd clean by nature, bald and bare,
 That shrinks as if unwilling to be born ?

Is the poor Babe a shape without a soul,
 A thing of sinews, membranes, humours, nerves,
 Whose Being is mere pain ; the niggard dole,
 Of a penurious power which barely serves

To cause the little trembling heart to beat
The countless pulses to preserve their time?
And is a little breath and vital heat—
The elemental cause of thought sublime?

Vain is the searching quest, that backward goes
To trace the current of our mortal life?
Unseen the fount from which our Being flows,
And all our study is but toil and strife.

Pass but a month—the babe has learn'd to smile.
No more its life is only pain and cries:
It's mother marks full many a simple wile,
And finds fond meanings in its laughing eyes.

Yet many a tear the careful mother sheds,
When dubious ills assault that life so frail:
The feverous summer's beam alike she dreads,
And the chill whistle of the winter's wail.

Mute as the statue bending o'er the tomb,
That seems to watch the endless sleep of death,
She views the slumbering cherub of her womb,
And notes the varyings of his honied breath.

* * * * *

Oct. 17, 1827.

NOTE.—This poem has only appeared before in 'The Archivist.' The MS. is in the possession of the Editor, Mr. A. J. Davey.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

CHAPTER I.

TOUT EST PERDU FORS L'HONNEUR.

'IT is all up with us, Selva.'

So spoke Sir Lewis Willingham, a tall, well set up soldierly man of some thirty years, with fair hair and moustaches, and a complexion only beginning to get its girlish red and white overmuch blended together.

A pretty little plump creature, with eyes of the deepest blue, long black lashes, and the blackest of hair, setting off lovely rosy tints that embellished childish and roguishly sweet features, sprang up, and jumped into his arms.

'Never mind, Lewis darling! My experience is that one has just as much fun ruined as not! I'd rather be a jolly old abbey, all over yellow lichen, and wall-flower, and gold stems of stone crop, than a horrid, brand new, red brick house like Mr. Radford's!'

'You an abbey, Sally! You prepared that speech, didn't you? You've got the botany so pat!'

'You thought I could not be so poetical without preparation. But what does it mean, Lewis?'

'It means that we shall just scrape through honourably and owe no man anything if we throw all our substance into the gulf—sell this house and work for our living—somehow or other. I'm sorry for the brat, but he will grow up used to it, and more sorry for Rupert and his education.'

'And what can we do, Lewis? Shall I go out charing?' she said, with a laugh, 'or lecture on boycotting——'

'Aye! what can we do? That is the question, hampered as we are with this handle to our name.'

They looked round at the pleasant room, the pleasanter perhaps for not being too tidy, a villa drawing-room, with windows opening to the ground, under a verandah where the early roses were beginning to veil a vista of purple hills.

It was three years since Sir Lewis Willingham had brought home his bride thither. His father was an old general, on whom a baronetcy had descended untowardly, while the estates went to an unsympathetic female heir, and who had invested his means in a bank connected with a shipping agency in the town of Ousehaven.

Lewis had been in the army, and had been one of the defenders of a proscribed and boycotted Irish family reduced to destitution. Inevitably, he fell passionately in love with the still more penniless niece, married her with the smallest possible permission, and to gratify the family notions of prudence, retired from the army, and came home to work in the office, and live with his father, and young sister and brother, Agnes and Rupert, whose portions were also invested in the bank, in a house on the outskirts of the town.

There, half a year before our story opens, the general had died; and the examination of affairs that followed had been anything but satisfactory. There had been unfortunate speculation, but this was not wholly to blame, for a larger port on the same coast had lately attracted the trade, and the improvements in the Ousehaven Harbour had been a heavy expense, guaranteed by the house of Radford and Buckley, but failing of success. After many forebodings, gathering gradually into certainties, this was the upshot, and Sir Lewis Willingham, though his name did not appear, was one of the chief shareholders as heir and executor to his father, and as himself a director of the local bank.

Bankruptcy was barely avoided by the sacrifice; and Mr. Buckley meant to hold on and retrieve what he could, while Mr. Radford, an elderly man, and broken-hearted, could only retire with his wife to live on her own small means; and there was little employment for Mr. Buckley, his son George, who had been acting-clerk, or for Sir Lewis. The stroke had been impending for many weeks past, and this was the crisis foreseen, and met with this tone of defiance of fortune.

'By the bye,' exclaimed Selva at last, 'ruined or not, this note must be answered. It is from Mrs. Armytage. Ernley Armytage brought it, and is crazy to get us all to do the "Rivals," or something, for them at the village entertainment in the Park on the 30th. They say they will give the proceeds to any charity we like. I was thinking at the time whether we might not need charity as much as anyone else.'

Lewis burst into an explosion of laughter. 'You've hit it, Sally,' he cried. 'Let us turn strolling players in good earnest. "'Tis my vocation, Hal!'"

'Well!' said Selva, looking up, 'there really is nothing you can do quite so well! And, oh!—clapping her hands—'shall we have a dear, delightful van?'

'Painted canary colour,' added Lewis. 'Fancy Agnes looking out of it! You would do it famously, with your cloak over your head, and the boy on your back!' and as he spoke, he tied a silk handkerchief over her head, making her bright face look charmingly pretty. 'There! you shall act gipsy queen, and make our fortunes!'

'Seriously, Lewis, shall we have to live on our wits in the yellow van?'

'Not quite; the paternal tin goes, as father was a shareholder; but you know my grandfather Dorset left his property in the hands of trustees for his daughters, and my mother's share is still in their hands; so each of us, Agnes, Rupert, and myself, will still have a hundred and twenty pounds a year, so we shall not quite starve.'

'And the aunts are as well off as ever?'

'Oh, yes; and as part of my mother's share was paid down, and the houses are grown more valuable, they have five hundred pounds a year apiece.'

'I'm glad of that. I wish any of my people in Ireland had as good a look out. But what am I to say to Mrs. Armytage?'

'Say? O, here comes Aunt Anne!' as there appeared in the garden a lively-looking lady with bright cheeks and eyes, and hair too grey for her forty-two years, giving the effect of powder, under her shady hat.

'My dear Lewis!' she exclaimed, seeing their bright faces, and Selva's becoming head-gear, 'then it is not as bad as we thought?'

'Oh, yes, it is! Only my lady is rehearsing the acting Colleen Bawn in a yellow van!'

'Really and truly, it has come to this ?'

'Really and truly. Ruined horse and foot ! But it is not our own fault, we don't hurt anyone else, so we can stand it very well without pulling a doleful face,

'But shall we go mourn for that, my dear,
The pale moon shines by night,'

he finished by singing.

'You ridiculous boy. Your Aunt Marian would say you treated it with unbecoming levity !' said Miss Anne Dorset. 'However, you have your mother's money, and us to look to, so it might be worse ! There will always be a home for you with us.'

'You're always a brick, Aunt Nance,' said Lewis. Indeed, Anne had been always more like an elder sister to him than an aunt.

'But the note,' entreated Selva. 'They are to call for the answer at six ! To be or not to be ?'

'Theatrical already !' exclaimed Lewis. 'Has Ernley Armytage come to you, my dear Mrs. Malaprop ?'

'Exactly so,' was the answer ; 'and I set off to come to you to ask what you thought about it ; only I met Mr. Buckley on the way with a face of woe.'

'There's no reason on earth why we should not accept,' said Lewis. 'Why should we go on as if one of us was going to be hanged ? Fire away, Sally, and tell her we shall be happy ! We'll have Agnes at home from Coalham by that time to look solemn through Lydia Languish, and I'll look up the rest of the lot.'

'That's right, Lewis !' exclaimed his aunt ; 'keep up a stout, light heart to bear you through.'

'And do you know, Aunt Anne,' said Lewis, 'I really think this may be our vocation. There are a good lot of us altogether, and we are all used to private theatricals. Why should we not go on for money instead of love ? They cleared six-and-twenty pounds by our acting for the Chinese famine last year, you know. A dozen goes like that would more than clear Rupert's expenses for the year, which is one important matter. And I don't know what else I'm good for, at my age.'

'Not regularly on the stage ?'

'No ; in this semi-public way—out of doors chiefly. People would be glad of us for their entertainments, and recommend us

one to the other. Here's my Lady Willingham to chaperon you, if you'll come and do propriety and the cruel mothers, Aunt Nance.'

'Well!' said Miss Dorset, meditatively, 'it would be great fun, and Juliet would enjoy it.'

'By the bye, when do Aunt Marian and Juliet come home?'

'The day after to-morrow. That horrid dentist keeps them for another day's torture. When they do come, you'll get two antipodes of opinions, Master Lewis.'

'Poor Aunt Marian! But you'll make her swallow it, Aunt Anne. Ask her what else I'm fit for, except breaking stones on the road, or writing penny dreadfuls, which she would not like much better.'

'Mr. Armytage's servant called for a note, my lady,' said the servant at the door.

'Let him wait a moment.'

'There! you chatter so, I've hardly begun,' said Selva. 'Dear Mrs. Armytage, we hope to be able to act the "Rivals" on the 31st. What more?'

'Oh, that will do! No use going into the future. I'll go over and manage that,' said Lewis. 'Explain that the performers are the objects of charity, and ask Ernley to do the giant in the yellow van.'

A light heart was a heritage that Anne Dorset and her nephew Lewis Willingham possessed in common. They were a good deal alike in character, bright, good, practical people, doing much useful work, and winning many hearts by their warm good-nature and friendliness, acting up to sound religious principles, yet not going very deep. Nothing seemed to touch them to any innermost depth, and yet they were very affectionate, avoided all they perceived to be evil, had good, pure, sound tastes, exerted themselves in good works, did generous things in the easiest, most playful manner, and met trouble with the like *gaieté du cœur*. There were differences of course between the old maid and the young soldier, but the foundations (if there were any) were essentially the same.

CHAPTER II.

MY VOCATION.

'I'm sure, Lewis, it's uncommonly good of you to think so much of my future. Of course it's a pity to give up one's last year at Oxford. But I'm not so fond of acting as the rest of you. I'd rather take a clerkship in the Bank ; I'd rather chuck up Oxford and go abroad, than feel such a stick—such an *oaf*—such a FOOL, as I do on a platform !'

The speaker was a fair, big youth of twenty, a handsome likeness of Sir Lewis, and as he spoke he sat heavily down on the smallest white and gold chair in Lady Willingham's drawing-room, and fixed a pair of large blue eyes upon his brother in disconsolate appeal.

'Oh, nonsense, Rupert,' said Selva, looking cheerfully up from her tea cups. 'We settled it all the day before yesterday ; Lewis has seen Mrs. Armytage, and she thinks it a splendid idea, and will suggest us to her friends. You always get on capitally, and people say how well you look.'

'Well !' said Rupert, 'of course, if you're doing it partly on my account, and as a provision for the baby— But I do hope, Selva, that you won't set me to act with Juliet. It's all very well with Agnes. She speaks her speeches and goes on quietly, but Juliet—you'd think it was all real. I declare, when she did Kate Hardcastle, and I was that idiot Marlow, I did positively feel as if it was *me* she was making game of ; I—I felt quite ashamed of myself.'

Lewis and Selva both laughed.

'So much the better,' said Selva. 'But we mustn't give Jetty too much swing. She'll want to begin with Macbeth.'

'Besides, her money is all safe,' said Lewis, 'and if she refused—'

'Lewis ! Lewis ! I never was so delighted ! Of course I'll cast in my lot with you. It's a glorious, grand, unconventional, brave plan, and I honour you for it, Lewis and Selva ; and you shall have all there is of me to help you with all my might !'

'Oh, wait till we begin,' groaned Rupert, as a small, slight girl in grey caine with a rush across the hall and into the room, sending her clear, sweet 'carrying' voice before her, and finally throwing herself into Selva's arms, at the cost of a tremendous shake and rattle of the tea cups.

Even close beside Lady Willingham's Irish loveliness, she showed as a very pretty girl. Her bright curly hair was piled on the top of her small head, and turned off her forehead in vigorous natural waves, so full of life and spring as to add to the spirited look of her delicate, pointed face. Her hazel eyes, under dark, delicately-drawn, level brows, were full of animation and purpose, her face was all change and movement.

'Tell me all about it,' she continued. 'What are you going to do! Aunt Marian so fell upon Aunt Nance that I fled and left them to fight it out.'

'But you must distinctly understand, Juliet, that your position is unaltered. There is no occasion for you to exert yourself.'

'Exert myself? Occasion? Do you think, Lewis, that now, at the end of the nineteenth century, I'm going to be a mere young lady, because I've three hundred a year of my own? No! I can't be a nurse or teacher. Girls, if they've anything in them, don't marry much now-a-days; and marriage wouldn't suit me. I have always longed to go on the stage. I know I can; and here's the opening. I think the bank-breaking is providential.'

'If I was your guardian,' growled Rupert, 'and you went into such a state of excitement, you should have nothing to do with it.'

'Dear boy, you know nothing about excitement,' said Juliet, with a soft air of elderly superiority. 'Besides, you know I was twenty-one in March. But tell me all about it, Lewis, at once.'

'Well, Mrs. Armytage has engaged us for the 31st, and wants the "Rivals." So if there were enough of the old set together—'

'Enough? "Who is it wishes for more men from England! My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin. Not *one* man more to share the glory," as King Harry said. Oh, I should like to act *him*!'

'That's all very well,' said Sir Lewis; 'but you can't play two parts at once, for all the glory in the world. However, if you'll hold your tongue, I'll explain. We intend to announce ourselves as an "Old Comedy Company——"'

'Yes, yes,' interposed Juliet. 'Amateur audiences like it, we do it rather well, and our good-breeding tells in it.'

'Well, Aunt Nance, you know, is just made for Mrs. Malaprop. Selva is Lucy, you and Ernley Armytage can be Julia and Falkland; because Agnes knows Lydia, and she likes best to act with Rupert.'

Juliet made a face, but said, 'Well!' in a resigned tone.

'Jolly old Major O'Connor is always our Sir Lucius; Bob Acres is my best part. I'm going to coach Dolph for Fag. Then Buckley isn't so bad as Sir Anthony. We can find a David.'

'It's all straight for once,' said Juliet. 'But will they go on with us?'

'Armytage will, jolly old giant, till he gets a ship, and probably the Major, and I daresay we could often get Buckley. Of course we pay expenses, or they share profits. We'll work that out square somehow. And if we're short handed I daresay some of the old "Stars" would help us. I used to act with Musgrave and his "Undiscovered Stars," a capital dramatic company.'

'Ah, yes,' said Juliet; 'you know I was at Rowhurst with the Luscombes before I joined Aunt Min. They took me twice to matinées at the "Planet"—beautiful pieces. And one Sunday, Mr. Musgrave came down to tea, and brought with him one of the actors, a *very* clever one, Mr. Clarence Burnet.'

'Ay,' said Sir Lewis, 'I met Burnet some years ago, and have seen him act often. His cousin, young Lambourne, was stage-struck when I was with the "Stars." There was a romantic story, his father made a *mésalliance*, and married Burnet's aunt, a gipsy, people say. Then there was a cruel guardian and other complications. Young Lambourne insisted on taking up his cousin, and they came to London together, and took to the stage. Alaric dropped it when he came into his property, and married, but I believe he has always been an odd fish. They were both odd, gipsy-looking fellows. Burnet's a clever man.'

'Yes, very tall and dark, and not at all like the popular notion of an actor. He was so grave, he made the Rowhurst curate seem quite frivolous. I talked to him, I asked him how people began to get on, on the stage, and he gave an odd sort of smile and said, "By working hard and taking their luck." I asked him if it was very difficult for a girl to make a beginning there, and he said, "Sometimes."

'Why, Juliet,' said Selva, 'did you mean to ask him for an introduction?'

'Oh, well,' said Juliet, half laughing, half serious, 'knowledge never comes amiss. I've often thought I'd like to go and call on Irving, and ask him to give me his candid opinion.'

'How many candid opinions do you think he is asked for in a year?' said Rupert.

'Well !' returned Juliet, cheerfully ; 'now, he'll perhaps have heard beforehand of the sensation I shall make.'

'Now, Juliet,' said Rupert, 'I do hope you're not going to think of making a sensation. If we're to get through this business, and I'm sure I'm awfully obliged to Lewis and Selva for their goodness, we must just take it quietly and act in a rational manner. If you go having inspirations we shall be done for.'

'Or floated up to the heights of fame !' cried Juliet, clapping her hands. 'Goodness, there are the aunts ! Aunt Min's going to enter a protest. I shall go and kiss baby.'

She flew out of the room as she spoke, turning back her bright face to declaim effectively, 'Don't be talked over—

"Come one, come all ; this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

But I *am* flying !'

Juliet was one of those girls, who, as Miss Marion Dorset was wont to put it, are 'rather an anxiety' to their family.

She was the orphan daughter of a younger brother of General Willingham, but as her mother had been one of the Dorset cousinhood, she lived with the two Misses Dorset, who regarded her entirely as a niece, and had grown up on sisterly terms with the Willinghams. Sir Lewis, guardian though he might have been in law, would have found it hard to interfere with her, even when, as Rupert said, 'she had got her head full of jolly-robbins.'

Those much-abused little birds certainly sang a good many rousing airs to her, and as she had at once the innocence and the inconsiderateness of an intense and enthusiastic nature, it was not impossible that she might have called on Mr. Irving with a view to hearing his opinion of her dramatic capabilities. She brought more life and fire into her cousins' favourite amusement than they quite knew ; but she did not always help it off well on the surface, being inconveniently painstaking herself, and critical of her fellow actors. She was also liable to sudden ideas as to the right way of taking a situation, out of which no one could argue her, and with her ringing tones and constant movements, altogether untrained, her effects were apt to be out of proportion to the rest. 'Miss Agnes Willingham was always so lady-like, but Miss Juliet's acting was *very pronounced*,' as one of their county patronesses had said.

Some of her cousins thought her shallow, but, though she was undeveloped for her age, there was plenty of genuine stuff beneath her wild spirits. Acting was to her an art, not an amusement, and she gave very little thought to all the incidental gaiety and pleasure that would accompany the scheme of the 'Strolling Players' in comparison with the joys of the acting itself, and the satisfaction of hard, justifiable work at it.

Now, after she had paid her respects to the infant hope of the Willinghams, her mind turned instantly to her performance of Julia in the 'Rivals,' and how she could improve that rather unattractive part. She knew, with certainty that was not conceit, that she could have played Lydia Languish infinitely better than her cousin, but that, in Agnes' hands, the sentimental Julia would have been intolerable. Suddenly a new idea struck her, and she ran back into the drawing-room. 'Lewis—Lewis! We must have a name like the "Stars." Let us be the "Wills o' the Wisp," flashing out all of a sudden when no one expects it of us. *Willinghams* shining in the darkness of ruin and desolation!'

'Oh, my dear Juliet!' exclaimed Miss Marian Dorset; 'such a name is quite ominous.'

'Not a bit of it, Min,' said Miss Anne, cheerfully. 'It's a very good notion. You know the Jack o' Lanterns themselves are always quite jolly in the bogs. It's only the audience we shall lead astray; and as I shall be the chief light, I am much too substantial to tread in quagmires.'

'It's a very good notion,' cried Selva, jumping up, and elevating her tea-cup. 'Here's to the success of the "Wills o' the Wisp, Old Comedy and Pastoral Play Company," and may they win fame, fortune, and fun.'

'Hip, hip hurrah!' cried Lewis, Miss Anne, and Juliet, in chorus.

'Shake hands, Aunt Marian,' said Rupert, turning round to his elder aunt; 'and please keep a rope handy to throw to us when we're beginning to sink.'

•

CHAPTER III.

IS IT RIGHT?

A GROUP stood waiting for the train on the platform of Coalham station. Two were clergymen, one a sturdy, hard-working,

resolute-looking man on the younger side of middle age ; the other a tall, dark-eyed lad, whose long black coat did not conceal his lithe, graceful outlines.

The others were a bright, lively little lady, insignificant till her countenance was studied with its thoughtfulness and power of brilliancy ; the other a tall, stately maiden, in slight mourning, brown-haired, blue-eyed, regular in feature, lovely in the subdued colouring of her complexion, altogether far above the average in beauty, but at present with a look of disappointment in the almost pensive eyes.

'And you really are not going home with Bessie ?' said the younger man.

'No ; Lewis is peremptory ! I am so vexed, I did so want to see Stokesley,' replied the girl.

'Perhaps it is better for Stokesley that it should be left to your imagination,' said the elder clergyman. 'It is a very homely place.'

'So much the better,' she returned. 'A real thorough-going country parish is so delightful ! Not but'—she added in haste—'that I do enjoy the full life and work and reality of a place like this. I hope I shall be the better for it all my life.'

The train was snorting up at that moment, and doors were opened ; the bags and umbrellas that were being held for the two ladies were put into a carriage.

'Oh, but !' cried the girl, 'not first class ! Oh, Mr. Harry, I told you mine was to be third, like Miss Merrifield's.'

'What was to be done, when Bessie told me to get a first class for her ?' said Harry, smiling ; 'I obeyed the elder, as in duty bound.'

So they were both launched into the honourable seclusion of a coupé, and so immediately shunted backwards, beyond the verge of the platform that no further farewells were possible.

'I didn't mean it,' sighed the girl.

'But I did,' was the answer ; 'I am sure your brother would not like you to come on alone in the third class after I leave you.'

'Oh, my brother ! he would not care. He is easy-going enough ; and besides, I believe we are all going to be very poor.'

'Then the bad news is true ? I am sorry. Is that the reason he hurries you home ?'

'I wish it was, it would be more to the purpose ; but it is about some private theatricals.'

There was a pause caused by a complication of horrid noises emitted by the various engines, during which the ladies gazed out at a smoky world of roofs and chimneys, in the midst of which rose a thin spike of bell-turret, like a nearly closed parasol. The girl feasted her eyes on it as long as the train would allow her, and when another jerk took her out of sight of it, she breathed a sigh of—‘Good-bye, dear St. Cuthbert’s! I’m glad to have had another look,’ and then applied herself to a letter which she took from her bag. Her companion thought it more sympathetic to study her own provision of literature.

Agnes Willingham had been staying with a school friend, the daughter of Canon Wharton, the Rector of St. Mary’s, the parent parish church of Coalham, where for nearly a lifetime he had been struggling to make religious opportunities keep pace with the rapid growth of the colliery and factory town ; where mission after mission sprang up under his care, and gradually developed into churches with districts of their own. He and his wife still reigned, in a manner, over all, and were the centres of the system, in an old-fashioned rectory that still preserved its grounds, and with a venerable church of many styles, which had been supplemented instead of being spoilt by additions.

His former curates, even when converted into vicars, almost always craved for his counsel and sympathy, and until they married, kept up their old custom of the Sunday evening supper at the Rectory, which Mrs. Wharton declared, secured their being properly fed *once* on that day of unrest to the clergy.

There are some houses that seem to have a peculiar atmosphere of their own, perhaps best expressed by

‘Around the very place did brood
A calm and holy quietude.’

A ‘quietude’ not at all inconsistent either with incessant occupation, or innocent merriment, but rather caused by a certain spiritual atmosphere, a working in, and living for, one great object ever present ; and into this calm and happy world Agnes had found herself admitted, when about fifteen months before her first visit had been paid. She had always been rather a grave girl, and the school at which she and Alice Wharton had met, had strengthened her religious feelings, so that she was prepared to enter into the charm of the life at the Rectory, which she felt without analysing it till she missed it.

Constant work, frequent interruption, unfailing sympathy and

aid for all who needed it, interest in all subjects of the day, household mirth, yet all without bustle, and all subordinated to the one great service, expressed in the daily and weekly prayers, praise and offering in the church, which dedicated all besides as an offering to the glory of God.

This it was that seemed to give at once zest, flavour, and calm to all that passed at the rectory. Agnes took her share in the occupations there, and contributed her really beautiful singing at several of the parish and society entertainments given by her friends—as, indeed, she had often done at home—where her family were always ready to assist in such good works as commended themselves to their good nature and were not too troublesome. Her home was by no means irreligious, but what was duty there, was love and life in this other region. Her enthusiasm was all awake, chiefly for the grand old Canon, and then for the ex-curate, now Vicar of St. Cuthbert's; the very hardest of all the districts to deal with—but where the earnestness, force, and geniality of the Reverend David Merrifield had had great effect for good—and with him worked his much younger cousin, Harry Merrifield, a sort of grand-curate to the Canon. What the beautiful, good, and eager girl was to the Vicar and his curate, she at least never thought, though, perhaps, Mrs. Wharton did, and sometimes wondered. Both cousins were members of large families, but a family living was in the gift of Harry Merrifield's maternal uncle, Mr. Mohun, and it was only doubtful whether it might not fall while the nephew was still thought too young for the change, in which case David Merrifield might be selected.

However, all this had gone no further than the good lady's imagination, when Agnes had been summoned home by her father's illness. When she made her second visit, a few months after his death, there was all the same delight, perhaps even more appreciation of the peace, after the business debates and alarms that had already set in at Ousehaven—but perhaps the elder Mr. Merrifield was fuller than before of parish work, for he haunted the Rectory less, while his young cousin haunted it more. However, before the end of the sojourn, the Vicar's sister, Elizabeth Merrifield, came to stay with him. She was a few years older than himself, and under the name of Mesa was a somewhat distinguished authoress; but she was an entirely congenial element in the Coalham circle, and soon attracted that passionate love from Agnes that a young girl often feels for

a superior woman of ready sympathies. No doubt she saw the game, and the unconscious rivalship, even if she received no voluntary confidence from her brother; and by-and-by, Agnes was extremely delighted by an invitation to return with Elizabeth, and make her a visit at Stokesley, the family home.

This, however, was frustrated by a letter from her brother, telling her that he wanted her at home at once. She had written again to beg for at least two days at Stokesley, but had been told that the engagement to act at Armytage Park rendered it impossible. This letter was what she was re-reading after the start, and at last she laid it down in her lap, and leant back with a heavy sigh and look of distress and perplexity. Then meeting her companion's kind look, she said, 'Oh! I wish you would tell me, what do you think about these theatricals?'

'I suppose I must say—as about everything else—that depends.'

'I thought you could not bear them, your people at least. I am sure I heard your cousin say his father would not hear of his sisters acting, as they could never dare to face their aunt at Stokesley.'

'Harry put it rather strongly, but we certainly have an old-world grain in us, that makes our whole clan rather particular, shall I say?'

'Then you don't like it?'

'I couldn't act to save my life, but I don't regard other people's doing so with the pious horror that some of my family do,' said Elizabeth. 'Of course, on one side it may be most undesirable, but on the other, it may be the brightest, most innocent child's play.'

'In semblance proud of warrior's mail
The stripling shall appear;
The maiden meek in robe and veil
Will mimic bridal gear.'

'These are the two ends of the scale,' said Agnes. 'I was thinking of private theatricals.'

'I know you were, and it is exactly a case of depending upon all the interrogative pronouns and adverbs; who, where, what, why, and how.'

'As to what,' said Agnes, 'it is my eldest brother who is

perfectly devoted to them, and so is my cousin Juliet, who raves about them. We have quite a little company in the town, all intimate. My youngest aunt really enjoys it as much as any one, and we have generally acted either for pure amusement or for some charitable purpose.'

'And of course, whatever you act is of the right sort.'

'Oh, yes, none of us would have anything else ; but——'

'You don't like it.'

'Well, when we come to a dress rehearsal, I can begin to feel as if I were somebody else, and I don't mind it so much ; but I don't act half so well as the others, and I really don't know if it is not conceit that makes me hate it so much altogether, besides other reasons.'

'And they can't do without you ?'

'They say they can't, partly because of my singing ; Juliet is not musical, and Selva has a pretty little voice, but it is not trained, and is not to be heard, except in a room. Besides, two girls are often wanted. Lewis would be dreadfully vexed and angry if I refused, but I would do so if I were sure that it was really wrong.'

Elizabeth Merrifield, as she thought of the effect upon her relations of hearing of Miss Willingham acting before a semi-public, almost wished she could in conscience say it was wrong ; but this was certainly untrue, and she could only answer, 'If you do it in this way, and to gratify your own people, there can be nothing wrong in consenting to help them.'

'I did not expect that they would have wanted to do it within the year,' sighed Agnes, thinking of her father's death.

'People feel so differently on those matters. Men take lines of their own.'

'Well, if it be not absolutely wrong, I suppose it would be worse to upset all their plans for mere distaste and reluctance,' sighed Agnes ; and Elizabeth, looking at her striking face and figure, could not help feeling a certain surprise at her total insensibility to the admiration that her beauty could not fail to excite. She wondered too, whether either David or Harry had any share in this same repugnance. And which ?

(*To be continued.*)

JANE AUSTEN AND HER HEROINES.

I DO not wish in this paper to take upon myself the office of critic. I have never yet taken the trouble to fix my judgment of any work of fiction by putting it irrevocably on paper. And I am far too strongly biassed to be a fair critic of Jane Austen's art ; I have had too much enjoyment out of it. For the last sixteen years or more, I have been constantly reading and re-reading her six novels, sometimes even reading them aloud, which is perhaps as good a way as any of getting oneself thoroughly familiar with the workmanship of a book. And thus I have gradually become a silent member of the groups of the very human beings who live in her pages, knowing them as my own friends, envying the bright wit of their conversation, resenting unfriendly remarks about them, feeling them about me as companions to whom I may look for aid and solace, and not merely as works of art which can be talked over with literary friends. And they are companions whom I cannot entirely lose ; 'out of sight out of mind' does not apply to them ; I cannot quarrel with them ; I may laugh at them, but they do not resent it. When I seek their society after an interval, and wait on them in those old-fashioned drawing-rooms of theirs, or join in a pleasure party with them in their barouches and curricles, they seem to me even more human in their sedate virtue or their trivial errors, than on the day on which I was first introduced to them. You may not take to them all at once ; they are, in fact, too well worth knowing for that. Some people make a hasty acquaintance with them and never push that acquaintance into friendship. With me it never has been so ; our acquaintance quickly ripened into intimacy, and I count them still among my best friends in fiction. And who wishes to sit in judgment on his best friends ?

This old familiarity, it must be, and no professional skill as a critic, that shall justify me in talking for awhile about these

characters. I am simply going to tell you what I see in them, and to try and explain to myself and you why it is that I so greatly delight in them. And I also intend to set these novels in the framework of what little we know of their author's life, so that we may to some extent realise how one grew out of another, and how their tone changed as her life advanced. But before I go on to the stories themselves, I wish, quite shortly, to point out the place they fill as a whole in the general history of fiction.

They count, I suppose, as modern novels. We do not reckon them, for example, with '*Evelina*' and '*Cecilia*', though in date they are almost contemporary with these, and though Miss Burney long outlived Jane Austen. Yet they picture a society that has long passed away, and their backgrounds are altogether old-fashioned, and wanting in the warm local colouring in which the novelist of this century delights. The fact is that they are historically remarkable, in that they stand on the confines of two worlds. Like Mozart's music, they initiate a new era, yet they belong in many ways to the past.

The novel had succeeded the '*Spectators*', '*Tatlers*', and their kind, as food for what we now call the 'general reader' in town and country. Two great masters, Fielding and Richardson, had launched the novel on its career, and given it an impetus which was able to carry it on for half a century without the aid of a third real genius in this kind of writing. Smollett did not rise to the level of his predecessors, and neither '*Tristram Shandy*' nor the '*Vicar of Wakefield*' are novels in the true sense of the word. Novels there were, of course, in abundance ; novels of the kind in which Macaulay counted up the fainting-fits, and recorded them with characteristic mercilessness on the fly-leaf ; novels such as may still be found in some old-world posting-inn (I know one where they disappeared but last year), whose pages drew tears in the last century, and can only cause laughter in this. They have all sunk into the limbo of the forgotten, because, as Carlyle would say, they touch not the eternal verities. Two or three only are still remembered : '*Evelina*', '*Cecilia*', and last, but hardly least, Mrs. Radcliffe's '*Mysteries of Udolfo*'.

Of Miss Burney's novels I do not propose to say anything, though we may note in passing that Miss Austen alludes to them always with respect, if not with hearty admiration ; and that she was in some degree influenced by them is proved by the fact that we possess a fragment of hers ('*Lady Susan*'), which both in matter and manner suggests '*Evelina*' as its model. But about

Mrs. Radcliffe I cannot be altogether silent, for it was 'The Mysteries of Udolfo' that caused Jane Austen to write her first serious attempt at a story.

This lady was the most popular writer of the day, and there is no need to wonder at it. Once fairly take a plunge into the *Mysteries*, and you will probably be irresistibly borne down the current of thrilling, engrossing, blood-curdling adventure. One can see that her heroes and heroines deserve those names, and are no commonplace creatures of ordinary human mould, like the characters whom by courtesy we call heroes in the nineteenth century. Her ingenuity and constructive power must have been immense. Her imagination had a boundless flight, and fascinated all the youthful genius of that day. If you turn out the biography of almost any poet who was a lad when she was at her zenith, you are sure to find the *Mysteries* in its index. We can understand why Byron should have named her in the same line with Schiller and Shakespeare, and why Shelley should have taken in his schoolboy years to writing extravagant romances of the Udolfo type. But to us who have no taste for the heroism that is born of adventure and exhausts itself in words, the one thing needful seems to be wanting in Mrs. Radcliffe. We do not associate her with the creation of any character whom we can love or quote. That one thing needful, whether we call it after the old fashion, a knowledge of the human heart, or in the language of the nineteenth century, a deep-seated sympathy with men and women, and even with children, of all sorts and conditions, in their experience of this world, is not to be found in her books, and we read them no longer. Yet so great were her powers, that I fancy she might have survived till now, had not two deadly—but not malevolent—enemies been set on her tracks just when she was at the height of her fame.

But it was not for some years that the foe was in a condition to drive her out of the field. Two now famous novels were written, or at least begun, in the last years of the century, but neither of them was actually published till long afterwards. '*Northanger Abbey*' was sold to a bookseller in Bath for the modest sum of ten pounds, and the bookseller, doubtless rightly gauging the taste of the day, or perhaps not venturing to issue a work in which the fashionable world of Bath was treated with so little reverence, locked the manuscript in a drawer, from which it never emerged till it was some five-and-twenty years old, and till the writer had already passed away. The other novel was none

other than 'Waverley'; and it is interesting to note how narrowly it escaped the fate of 'Northanger.' The first volume, written just about the same time, was also for years laid up in a drawer, and re-discovered by accident when its author was hunting for some fishing tackle.

No two books could well be more utterly different, in method, aim, and characters, than these; yet it is most curious to notice how each of them sets out with a good-natured laugh at the 'Mysteries of Udolfo.' Read the first pages of 'Waverley,' pages which, in our youth at least, we are apt to pass over with a hungry eye for what is to come, and you find an ironical apology for the absence of those romantic names and scenes which in Udolfo and its like transported the lady readers of the day into a region far above the trivial round of which they wearied, and the common tasks they disdained to perform. 'Had I announced in my frontispiece, Waverley, a tale of other days, must not every reader have anticipated a castle scarce less than that of Udolfo, of which the eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys lost?' etc. 'Would not the owl have shrieked and the cricket cried in my very title page?' In 'Northanger Abbey,' Udolfo is not actually mentioned till the sixth chapter; but its influence is visible in the first, and even in the very first sentence of the book; the whole of which may almost be called a delicately racy skit on Mrs. Radcliffe's masterpiece.

Few would at that time have thought of looking to Edinburgh for the man who was to regenerate the art of fiction; and assuredly no one could have guessed that his most potent ally would be the youthful daughter of an English country parson. That a girl of nineteen, living in an out-of-the-way village in the bare downland between Basingstoke and Salisbury, whose knowledge of the world was confined to a single visit to Bath, should have seen through the absurdity of Udolfo and its fellows, and been inspired to quiz it in a satirical story, is perhaps strange enough; but that she should have done her quizzing with such delicacy and brilliancy as in 'Northanger,' is to me more extraordinary every time I read the book. And even still more strange is it, that she should have mingled unobtrusively with her satire such seriousness of purpose, such high views of the duties and of the rational education of woman.

Whence could this directness of mental vision have come to a country girl in the dull retirement of a southern English country parsonage? She had no society but at the best that of the

squirarchy of the neighbourhood, and she had seen no 'world' but that of Bath during a single visit. Nor had she known anything of sorrow ; of tragedy and romance she had only read in books ; she had no literary acquaintance, but moved among ordinary and unromantic people, sharing in their commonplace occupations, delighting in their trivial gaieties. She was not nursed like Charlotte Bronté, amid the wild population of a romantic moorland, nor had she that strain of fiery Celtic blood which combined with the strangeness of their life to make poetesses of the Brontés. She was the child of a southern English home ; as English herself as the wide-spreading downs among which most of her days were spent ; and she had two qualities, perhaps not often found in combination out of England, and apt, when they do combine, to produce that singular and sterling worth of which Shakespeare is the most splendid example. She had intense brightness and vivacity of mind, together with such a steadiness of purpose as is rooted in a depth of feeling not too often fathomed or stirred. In her earlier three works, it is the first of these qualities that is most apparent. In the later three it is the second ; but throughout her literary life the two are blended in a remarkable degree.

The first group of three novels seem to have been written between 1796 and 1800, when she was hardly out of her teens : these are '*Northanger Abbey*,' '*Pride and Prejudice*,' and '*Sense and Sensibility*.' None of them were published for many years ; '*Northanger*,' as we have seen, not till after her death. Then there came a long interval, in which her experience was growing, her cares increasing, and the consciousness of a serious purpose in her work evidently gaining on her mind ; and in the last few years of her short life she produced '*Mansfield Park*,' '*Emma*,' and '*Persuasion*,' finishing the last on her death-bed. The first of these groups is marked by sustained and sparkling gaiety of dialogue, and by a delicate and pungent irony, of which the dialogue is almost the only medium ; but in the third novel, '*Sense and Sensibility*,' the gaiety is more subdued, while the satire is yet more merciless. In the later novels, on the other hand, there is much more tenderness, as well as more knowledge ; and the subtle and unerring pencil is used for the portraiture of a greater variety of scenes and characters.

'*Northanger Abbey*' betrays its Hampshire origin in the termination of its name ; though placed by its authoress in Gloucestershire, it must remind us of the bird-beloved 'hanger'

of Gilbert White's 'Selborne.' It is, as I have already said, a racy satire on certain weak points in a girl's bringing-up ; and so long as the growth of a girl's mind is liable to be made havoc of by the sensational novel of the day, 'Northanger' will remain delightfully intelligible. The central figure (we will not call her a 'heroine') is an innocent girl of seventeen, full of life and spirits, and at home even something of a romp. Fresh from Udolfo and its mysteries, she is brought to Bath, then in the height of its ancient splendour, and placed in front of a background, slightly but cleverly sketched in, where almost every figure seems more or less hollow and ridiculous, from the rowdy Oxford undergraduate with his monstrosities of language, to the intensely stupid old lady who has charge of Catherine, and whose tiny fragment of a mind is wholly occupied with her gowns.

From all these vulgarities and shams, from the danger of becoming an Isabella Thorpe, whose only idea is to ogle the men with the view of becoming eventually 'well established,' from the awful possibility of marrying this coarse young woman's coarser brother, poor little Catherine is rescued, partly by the honesty and purity of her own character, strengthened as it had been during her quiet life in her father's parsonage ; partly by a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of a rational and satirical young clergyman and his sister. Henry Tilney is often called a prig—especially by ladies ; he is doubtless a very self-satisfied young man, and fond of mystifying Catherine by his irony, as when he tells her that 'her mind is warped by an innate principle of integrity, and is therefore not open to the cool reasoning of family partiality.' But I ask you to notice how admirably he and his sister perform their function of rescuers. They do not lecture Catherine, nor give her good advice ; but their good sense tells on her, and they keep her amused without grating as the others did, on her natural sense of duty and decorum. They take her to Northanger, where in the quiet of really well-bred society, and under the two or three hard trials she has to bear there, her mind is fully opened to the folly and insincerity of her Bath friends.

So Catherine is rescued, and eventually, by a crude contrivance which suggests the juvenility of the authoress, she marries the man who helped to rescue her. And this highly moral novel, which strikes the keynote of a noble theme, was written by a girl hardly twenty, and written without a single moralising paragraph, and with hardly a page that is not witty and entertaining. With

the instinct of a true artist, she makes her characters tell their own story ; she brings out her point by a succession of amusing scenes of ordinary life, not by presenting herself on the stage, and explaining her characters to her audience with the aid of a showman's wand. In this independence of all artificial aid, I doubt if she has a rival among novelists. She never wrote those dreary paragraphs in which the author buttonholes his reader in order to make sure that he shall correctly understand the characters and motives which ought to have made themselves plain in talk and action ; and for this reason, in my experience at least, it is impossible to 'skip' in her books, for nothing is superfluous, and no page is dull. How entirely she relies on her art is well seen in the fact that she never wrote a word of preface or introduction to any of her books.

'Pride and Prejudice' was written about the same time, but unlike 'Northanger' had the advantage of a thorough revision before it was published some years later ; and it is probably this that makes it its author's most finished work. All that she set herself to do in this book, she has done with the most perfect execution, and in her very happiest vein. It would be hard to name another instance of such a felicitous combination of ludicrous byplay and serious intent. In the rather repellent title she eventually gave the book, the reader is warned that he must expect a picture not only of manners but of morals ; yet it is perfectly *possible* to read through the book without once getting scent of its leading lesson, and in no single page does it ever become wearisome or obtrusive. The reason is simple ; in the texture of this novel, which is marvellously strong and close, the various threads are interwoven with such skill, that wit and wisdom, satire and seriousness, are inextricably blended in a perfect fabric that may defy all wear and tear.

The heroine is not a tender creature of seventeen, but a young woman of twenty ; beautiful and pleasure-loving, but intelligent and shrewd, inheriting something of her father's caustic humour, something also of his love of reading and his good sense. Elizabeth Bennet is the first, if not the most loveable, of a series of young ladies in whom Miss Austen seems to have striven to teach the saving power of at least three precious womanly virtues : courage, practical common-sense, and patient forbearance amid domestic follies and weaknesses. We all know how great the little trials are which call forth the exercise of qualities like these ; how those rare spirits who possess them are

looked on as pillars of the house, how their influence steadies the weaker characters with the sense that there is someone who can be relied on, and whose unselfishness will never give way. Elizabeth is not what we call a heroic character, because neither she nor her authoress were ever brought under ordeals which stir the deepest passions, or call for absolute self-sacrifice ; but she is yet such a true woman as no English novelist had at that time drawn. She had to put up with an intolerable burden of ill-breeding, impertinence, pride, and vicious folly, in her mother, her sisters, her lovers, and her acquaintances ; and she comes out unscathed, and all the stronger for these trials. The stage on which she moves is a little one, and the incidents we see there are trivial ; but the excellences that save Elizabeth from failure and a wasted life, are essentially the same in kind as those which shine so brightly in 'Cordelia,' in 'Jeanie Deans,' and in 'Dinah Morris.'

But Elizabeth, like almost all the characters in the earlier group of novels, is very far from faultless. It is one of the advantages of the novel over the drama, that it allows the introduction of a great variety of those small circumstances that bring out the weak points of a strong character. Elizabeth is strong, but she suffers from it ; she knows her own mind too well ; she is fatally prejudiced by her *first impressions* against the only man who is worthy of her. 'First impressions' was the original title of the book, and the whole story turns on this as a pivot. Elizabeth has to unlearn much, and to discover that the most sterling qualities often lie at greater depths than have been sounded in her philosophy. She comes out of all this a strengthened woman, more truly womanly, because less confident in her own judgment, yet as courageous as in the days when she stood up to Lady Catherine, and as patient as she showed herself when her mother was most intolerably vulgar.

Perhaps you may fancy, from what I have been saying, that Miss Austen's mind, to adapt Henry Tilney's words, was warped by an innate principle of morality. Perhaps the title of 'Pride and Prejudice' suggests it too strongly, though we may remember that the author of 'Vanity Fair' himself was once mistaken by a Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University for an emissary of the Church Missionary Society. It is indeed true that all her six novels have an ethical purport, and that in all of them there is at least one leading character whose history enforces a moral. But like all the greatest novelists, she made

it her first aim to tell a story—to interest and delight her readers, and the ethical bearing of her tales, though it is indeed exactly that which raises them high above the ordinary novel, is there only for those who can discover it. True art, in fiction as in other spheres, must not, and indeed cannot, lecture ; when at its best, it may indeed teach, and we may learn ; but it ceases to be true art the moment it appears unshrouded in pulpit or on platform.

The last of the earlier group of novels was ‘Sense and Sensibility.’ Of this book I need say little, because it suggests no characteristic of its author to which I have not already alluded. It is indeed in some respects the weakest of all the six, and is open to criticism in the slightness of its plot, in the feebleness of its male characters, and in the absence of that sustained liveliness which sparkles in the two earlier novels. Yet in one respect it is an advance on them. Though the minor characters suffer for it, we can hardly be sorry that the young authoress concentrated the full resources of her art on two heroines instead of one ; on the fragile and sensitive Marianne, no less than on the elder sister, whose womanly sense and heroic unselfishness are more truly after the writer’s own heart. She has drawn these two sisters in contrast with such loving care and delicate perception, that it has been thought that their originals are to be found in herself and the elder sister whom all her life long she so dearly loved and cherished. However this may be—and it is probably but a faint echo of the truth—the two portraits, though on a small canvas, are of exquisite workmanship, and the happy idea has been followed out in three of the best novels that ever have been or will be written ; in the ‘Heart of Midlothian,’ Mrs. Gaskell’s ‘Wives and Daughters,’ and George Eliot’s ‘Middlemarch.’

While these two last novels were under revision, and with some difficulty getting published, Jane Austen was growing towards middle age, and experiencing some of the troubles which it brings. The happy household was disturbed by the breaking health of the father, and moved to Bath for his benefit, where he soon afterwards died. After his death they had another loss in the death of the wife of the eldest brother, which placed Jane in the position of a motherly aunt to her young nephews and nieces. One of these, Mr. Austen Leigh, has written a short but excellent memoir of her, far exceeding in value the needless volumes in which Lord Brabourne has lately published her most private

letters. Her nephew tells us all we want to know ; how this gentle life was spent in tender and unselfish devotion to all her nearest and dearest ; how she fascinated children by her quaint humour, her simple nature, her unruffled temper ; how little the real work of her life was allowed to interfere with the first duties of a sister and an aunt. And he tells us also how in those years of war and tumult, her heart was really with her two sailor brothers who were pursuing the French in all quarters of the globe, and how she learnt from them and their letters that knowledge of the good and bad side of a naval officer's training, which she has introduced so effectively into two of her later novels.

It was thus with a wider experience, and with less of the unclouded gaiety of sunny youth, that she began to write 'Mansfield Park,' the earliest of the later group of novels. As might be expected, it is neither so brilliant nor so amusing as 'Pride and Prejudice,' and like its next successor 'Emma,' it even hangs fire a little in its second volume. But it is in more than one respect unique among her stories, and judged by our later experience of what the novel can do, it may be said to be the best of them all. The action of all her plots but this one is covered by the space of a few months, and they are little more than tales of a courtship ; but 'Mansfield Park' contains the essential part of a biography. For the first and only time, she begins with the childhood of her heroine ; no later novelist, not even George Eliot herself, could have touched into the story with more tender truthfulness the misery of little Fanny, when she is transplanted from her father's house at Portsmouth, to make a permanent home of the stately mansion of the Northamptonshire baronet. It is hardly fair to compare this Fanny, sitting in trouble on the stairs, with the aged little Jane Eyre, locked up in the terrible Red Room : for Miss Austen knew what ordinary children are, and Charlotte Bronté did not. Fanny is, indeed, the first real child ever introduced into a novel that has been held worthy to survive ; hers was the first portrait in a gallery that has since then become rich with many treasures of art.

Little Fanny stands in another way apart from Jane Austen's other heroines ; she is, as nearly as possible, faultless. Shy she is, and nervous ; altogether wanting in the strength of Elizabeth and Eleanor, but good as gold, loving, modest, forbearing, intelligent. She is evidently a favourite with her author ; her presence is as a ray of light wherever she goes, illuminating even

natures that are false and gross, and failing only to excite a spark of compassion and love in the stony breast of her Aunt Norris. Lady Bertram cannot do without her, Sir Thomas wears off his stiffness under her charm ; Henry Crawford means to flirt with her, and ends by yielding himself captive ; while his sister, who is in some ways the most remarkable character in these novels, cannot help loving the gentle Fanny, in spite of all her jealousy. And when Fanny revisits her home at Portsmouth, and is placed once more after many years, in a semi-barbarous and untidy household, like a fragile yacht caught in a boisterous sea—even then the gentle creature unconsciously asserts that right of conquest which is given to those—

'who in love and truth
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth.'

There is much more to be said about this evergreen story ; but I must be content with noting how greatly its writer had advanced, as she grew to mature womanhood, in her knowledge of the other sex. In the earlier group of novels, the male characters are wanting in strength and fibre, and the caustic Mr. Bennet is, perhaps, the only one who is drawn with unquestionable skill ; but here we have Edmund Bertram, Henry Crawford, and the rough Lieutenant Price, all sketched with vigour and clothed in real flesh and blood, if not realised with the fulness and breadth to which later masterpieces have accustomed us. In this book too, and in this only, she has told the story of a young man's rescue from the enslaving power of a clever and unprincipled woman ; and unlike the rest, it draws to a close in a dark cloud of misdoing, from which Fanny and Edmund emerge only in the last chapter into the bright sunlight of a happy married life.

But gloomy shadows like these were not really to the taste of so cheerful a writer. 'Let other pens,' she says, as she begins this final chapter, 'dwell on guilt and misery,' and in her next story she turned again to quieter scenes, unruffled by a single tragic circumstance. 'Emma' is indeed a story of manners rather than of morals ; it is the one book of all others in which the old Wykehamist motto is best illustrated, that 'Manners makyth man' ; and one is tempted to fancy that her acquaintance with Winchester, near which they were then living, and where she was soon to find a last resting-place in the old cathedral, may have

had its influence in suggesting the lines on which the story was to run.

Emma is no bewitching girl like Fanny Price ; she is like Elizabeth in having to rid herself of delusions, and to distrust her own judgment, in trials which are little in themselves, but hard enough to the learner. ‘I am taking a heroine,’ Jane wrote when she began ‘Emma,’ ‘who will be a favourite with no one.’ She is a lady, and presides over her father’s house with the grace and dignity of a matron, but it is exactly because no one could ever question her taste or her manners, that she is led into conduct unworthy of a real lady. In queenly fashion she arranges the love affairs of others, directs them all from her throne with gracious self-confidence, and the heartiest wish to make all her subjects happy, and thus succeeds in reducing her whole kingdom to a state of utter confusion and distress, before she learns to read herself aright, to find that after all she is nothing but a young girl with good intentions, but absolutely ignorant of the ways of the world and of men’s hearts. It is wonderful how in these little matters of a little world, Jane Austen could find the material for a study of character so subtle and so masterly. The story is indeed a tragedy without a single tragic circumstance, for no dethroned queen ever more truly won the pity of man’s hearts, than does Emma, when at last she finds out her own folly and delusion. We freely forgive her, and feel that she has learnt enough in the few months of our acquaintance to make her the treasured wife of the truest gentleman we have yet met with in these tales.

I must not now discuss the characters which fill the background in ‘Emma’ ; figures drawn with much good-natured humour, diverting our attention from too close a study of the subtle art with which the central one is treated. I am speaking just now rather of Jane Austen’s heroines, than of the minor characters which are the material of her wit and satire. But it is interesting to notice how much milder is the satire, how much more good-natured the wit, in this later group of novels than in the earlier. ‘Emma’ does not *sparkle* like ‘Pride and Prejudice’ ; it is a maturer work, but less vivacious. So it is too with ‘Persuasion,’ the last and tenderest of all the stories.

It was when she was in failing health, and even in the grip of her last painful illness, that she modelled one more of these immortal English ladies ; a Fanny more advanced in life, a fading and neglected beauty, but one whose nature grew ever

stronger and sweeter as her outward charms decayed. In Anne Elliot she not only once more, and in more perfect combination, presented the true womanly virtues she most admired—courage, common-sense, and forbearance ; but she mingled with them a tenderness and an enduring devotion, which show that, in spite of her sedate vocabulary of affection, she knew what true love meant. We might well believe, even if other evidence were wanting, that this story came from her heart ; that Anne's early sorrow was also Jane's own sorrow, and that the rebuilding of Anne's old love was what Jane too had longed for herself. Here again the incidents that gradually repair the disaster are trivial and ordinary ; once more she has shown how much that is good and brave and tender and beautiful in woman can be shown in the commonest dealings of common lives. The last two chapters, re-written on the sofa but a short time before her death, in her own genuine manner, still dealing only with the incidents of the drawing-room, are in their way as truly tender and pathetic as the climax of the most engrossing romance. And 'Persuasion,' though as a whole it is not her best work, and is less witty and amusing than the others, is the one for which those who have once learnt to love Jane Austen will probably feel the most affection and reverence.

I could say much more of Anne Elliot, but I have been long enough already. I have tried to show what—as I think—Jane Austen wished her heroines to tell us, and how she contrived that they should tell it. I have also tried to give a glimpse here and there into her own quiet life and simple, lively nature. I have no wish to go further and point out the limits of her art, or to patronise her from the standpoint of the latter-day novelist. She worked within the range of her real power with greater skill, I think, than any of her successors ; and many a favoured novelist of to-day might do well to take a lesson of her. She did only what she knew she could do well, and steadily refused the temptation—more than once actually pressed on her by her publishers—of setting out in more adventurous paths. Her proper theme was the English lady as she ought to be ; and as our friendship with her heroines becomes more strongly knit, we feel not only assured that none such had been produced in fiction since Shakespeare, but half inclined to doubt whether the ambitious novelist of later days, with all his widening range of scene and character, has ever created women quite so worthy of the noble name of lady.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

IN CADORE.

BY MOIRA O'NEILL.

CHAPTER I.

NARCOLAI.

THERE is a sweet mountain valley hidden away in the very north of Italy, where kind Providence once allowed us to spend a summer. We discovered this place, adopted it, and ruled over it by right of being the only foreigners that ever came to Narcolai. We investigated the natives, at home and abroad ; sketched their houses and their clothes, inquired into their private concerns, and endeavoured to speak their dialect ; they accepted our intimacy with good-humour, but checked it when convenient. We wasted long hours every day in the pine-woods —those sweet-scented, whispering solitudes. There we lay in wait for unwary wood-cutters, coming home late in the day, and demanded of them the flowers out of their hats ; which we coveted as coming from regions too difficult for ourselves to attain to. But by the simple device of annexation we obtained wondrous orchids, daphne, yellow violets, and once a real azalea that had forgotten to flower till June.

Our *albergo*—so styled—was a homely place, but comfortable, and fit to be lived in all the year round if necessary ; which is more than can be said for many fashionable residences. There, meals were served on a certain grandeur of scale. I remember that on the morning after our arrival, ‘breakfast for four’ was supplied with two gigantic coffee-pots, a mountain of bread, and sixteen eggs. For the rest, we lived upon scalding broth, omelettes, and fowls that looked as if they had been flattened on the dish with a mallet before serving ; there was only one alternative, and that was veal; but veal was nothing accounted of in the house of Giuseppe Corte. Many a time did we distract those simple folk by carrying our broth into the balcony to cool, instead of consuming it indoors at just below boiling-point. They never under-

stood the fascination that balcony contained for us. It ran all along one side of the house, and being shaded by the broad eaves of the roof, we could retire there at almost any hour of the day, under a specious pretence of reading or work, to lounge indefinitely, looking across the glare in the valley to the dark, restful green of the pine-woods, and the blue shadows lying sharp-cut on the mountains. At evening, too, we could watch the moonlight from the balcony, and then would be heard the soft, monotonous music of a running stream, inaudible by day. Ah, the wonderful moonlight ! the deep blue nights of Italy !

I think it was one morning in the balcony that I first revolved the idea of finding someone in the village who would act as my guide in long walks among the mountains. I did not say climbs, be it observed ! for I had a careful mother, to whom the very word mountain-climbing would have suggested a vision of frightful precipices and treacherous snow-drifts, and of my hapless self falling over the one and sticking in the other. But as a first step I called Giuseppe Corte, our *padrone*, to a private conference. He was a good old fellow, of stout figure but active habits, with a shining visage in which the nose attained undue prominence, owing to a scarcity of chin ; he had a high forehead, closely cropped white hair, and a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, with which, whenever he was moved, he rubbed his face all over, and it emerged more expressionless than before, but with an appearance of added polish. Giuseppe was a prosperous man with no home troubles, so he naturally took a despondent view of life in general. Whatever subject you discussed with him, he made you feel that he took but a mild, despairing interest in, as one who realised deeply the persistent malignity of this world as a whole, and his own village as its centre.

On the present occasion he appeared before me despondent as ever, but politely ready to oblige, and uttered his usual '*Cosa comanda, signorina ?*'

'I want to go some good long walks,' I replied, 'among your glorious mountains here. But I don't know the ways about, and can't go alone. Can you recommend any man in the village that I could take as a guide ? Some person of education,' I added, using the absurdly inappropriate idiom.

Giuseppe stared. 'You would go for walks, signorina ? long promenades ? but how long ? for two hours perhaps, in the cool of the evening ?'

'Yes. Only I should start in the cool of the morning,' I

replied, 'and not come home till dark. I shall want a man, and I shall want some hard-boiled eggs. Will you have them both ready for me, please, to-morrow morning ?'

Giuseppe took out his red handkerchief, and invoked his patron saint in a smothered voice behind it. Then he expostulated. 'Signorina, if you were to walk these rough mountain ways a whole day, you would die of exhaustion. *Ecco!* It is not for the sake of the eggs, see you, for I would give you a fowl, fat, magnificent ! But consider the peril——'

'*Non c'è pericolo,*' I told him. 'I won't go into any dangerous places. And Irish signorine don't die so easily as Italian ones do. But can you tell me of a guide ?'

'Well,' said Giuseppe reluctantly, 'there is Guido Giacinto Vecellio. He might do.'

'Giacinto ! that means Hyacinth ! and Vecellio ! that was Titian's name ! Delightful ! Do you mean to say he is a descendant of Titian ?' I demanded, in great excitement.

'His father's name was Giovanni,' said Giuseppe slowly. 'I never knew his grandfather. Guido is a hunter ; he goes after chamois when he has others with him, and shoots mountain-deer and hares when he goes alone. He is a steady young fellow, and the signorina might very well trust herself to him ; that is, if she is determined to go.'

'Of course, I am determined,' I replied, forgetting for the moment that my mother was quite capable of determination, too. 'Will you give me breakfast to-morrow morning before five o'clock ; and ask this Vecellio to be ready ? Of course I shall pay him for acting as guide,' I added, slightly wondering at my own presumption in thus dealing with one of Titian's illustrious name. But Giuseppe saw no incongruity in the proposal that a man should be paid for his time. He promised to see Vecellio about it in the course of the day ; and upon this I left him to the undivided enjoyment of his red handkerchief.

Next morning, before five o'clock, I finished a solitary breakfast at a long wooden table in a long wooden room. I was absurdly excited by the general uncertainty of the day's prospects, and by the fact—a never-failing source of excitement—that it was so very early in the morning. I laboured conscientiously through a roll of bread, and then, driven by a vague apprehension that something might happen to the mountains before that coffee cooled, I jumped up and ran downstairs into the narrow passage which served as entrance hall to the *albergo*. A

tall figure stood leaning against the doorway ; that was my guide ; he turned as I clattered down, and raised his hat with a ‘*Servo Suo*,’ as the custom is, then took possession of my cloak and sketching-bag, and we went out together.

Early as it was, the village was wide awake. Clouds of blue smoke curled about the dark wooden houses, issuing chiefly from doors and windows. They were all built of pine-wood, which showed here and there a rich red-brown colour, but mostly smoke-blackened to the deepest stain of old oak. The houses were built with the oddest turns in their structure, as though none were quite sure of how they were intended to stand ; each had an outside staircase, and a carved balcony, one corner of which was generally occupied by flowers, especially by huge pink carnations, which thrust themselves through the carved spaces and hung down bewitchingly, spreading their delicate petals to exquisite advantage against the blackness of the wood.

We soon left the village behind, and walked on down a lonely road. Though it was light enough, the sun had not yet risen in that high mountain region. The last stars were fading in the sky ; the mountains looked cold and dead, as if the heavy white clouds resting there had chilled them, and a blue mist hung over the river. I began to take note of my guide ; his appearance fairly astonished me. Not that I had expected to see the traditional chamois hunter of Aunt Fanny’s picture book ; the man with bare legs and exceptional muscles, who hangs by one iron wrist from a single spray of Alpine rose, on a precipice where he has been landed, apparently by a balloon.

My guide was tall, with a slight, athletic figure ; his face was one of the handsomest I have ever seen. A complexion that sun and wind could take no effect on, for it was like a girl’s—‘immaculate white and red’ ; grey eyes set rather far apart under a low forehead, a straight, regular nose, broad at the nostrils, and a short, perfect golden beard. It was a faultless revival of the type so glorified by old Venetian masters ; even the hair, which was rather long and curling—making me think with amusement of ‘*Hyacinthine locks*’—was so dark-brown and shining that it added to the effect like a background to a picture. We had walked on all this time in silence, which would have continued all day, until I chose to break it. This I did by saying, ‘Giuseppe Corte told me your name, and I was surprised to hear that it was the same as *il gran Tiziano*. Are you really of his family ? ’

Vecellio raised his hat—it was a dark-green hat with the tail feathers of a black cock stuck in the side of it.

‘Yes, signorina ; but not a direct descendant.’

‘Can you trace your descent? I mean, can you show any proof of it?’ I asked, thinking it hardly worth while to enquire after a family-tree.

‘My ancestor was a brother of *il gran Tiziano*; he lived in a house in Narcolai, and so do I,’ replied Vecellio, with an air of confidence that his last statement was an irrefragable proof.

‘Will you show me the house when we go back?’ I requested.

‘*Ma*, signorina! of course it is not the same house. Why, any house built of wood must have been burnt down at least two or three times since then ; for Tiziano lived about a century ago, if I am right.’

‘Quite right!’ I replied, with calm mendacity. Was it for me to correct this man of illustrious name about a trifling number of centuries?

But now the dawn was breaking. The first sign of it was a little steady flame of light burning on two craggy peaks of a high eastern mountain. The light crept lower and lower with a redder brilliance ; catching first one height and then another, till the valley was guarded on either hand with flaming peaks. The heavy white clouds that had rested all night on their sides rose and floated upwards, melting away in strange, rolling shapes, that just caught a tinge of rose-colour, and vanished. The sun came up at last, shooting broad arrows of light up the sky before him ; one white sunbeam, piercing a cleft between two mountains, turned all the pine-trees along its way to silver lightness ; it was so fairy-like that I stopped to watch how long it would be before they grew dark and solid again. Not long ; and presently we left the hard, white road, where our footsteps sounded loud in the morning stillness, and took a yet silenter way through the pines. Here, not a breeze was stirring ; but the air was laden with perfume from thousands of red cyclamens, growing in tufts over a brown, dry carpet of pine-needles. The only living things to be seen or heard were little squirrels, red and black, who whisked themselves off into the tree-tops before one could get a glimpse of their behaviour.

After walking for another hour, we came out of the forest on a wide stretch of pasture ; the grass was drenched and sparkling with dew ; here and there were sheets of colchicum, which I mistook for crocuses, white and pink and violet ; and everywhere

the golden globes of ranunculus twinkled about like buttercups in an English meadow. Three sides of the valley were shut in by tall forest pines, which cast long shadows over the grass ; away to southward a great range of mountains towered up grey and pale, the snow on their crests shining with a dim, far-off radiance through the blue morning mist. It was a scene to bring into one's mind the Morning Hymn in 'Paradise Lost.'

'I suppose that is our way ?' I said, looking towards green meadows which sloped upwards to the north-east.

'Are you not going to stay here, signorina ? I thought this place would please you,' said Vecellio. He spoke as if offering an apology for the Val di Maura.

'Yes, it is pleasing, on the whole,' I replied. 'I shall come back here another day ; but now we had better go on to Lake St. Anna.'

Vecellio stared. 'You don't know that it is about three hours' walk, signorina. You could never go that distance, and nearly all up-hill.'

So he, too, had a fixed idea of feminine capabilities. I wondered how he acquired it. 'Look here !' I demanded. 'What do you suppose we came out for to-day ?'

Vecellio took off his hat and looked at it as though it were an entirely new one, whose appearance he was anxious to study. 'Corte told me,' he said, at last, 'that the signorina wished to spend a day in the open air for the good of her health, and I was to come because she was afraid to be alone.'

'Corte's invention is brilliant,' I remarked, 'and he has a poetic imagination. I wonder why, with such a gift of melancholy, he is not a poet.'

Vecellio shook his head. 'He can't write. The *padrona* always makes up the accounts for him.'

'In that case,' I said coolly, 'we will go on to the lake without delay.'

And we did ; but I was not so cool by the time we got there. It was a very long tramp up the grass slopes ; there was no shade, and the sun got hotter and hotter. I began by trying to avoid walking on the gentians and arnica flowers and slender white lilies in the grass, but very soon that extra labour became oppressive, and I marched remorselessly over them all. I tried my hat at a dozen different angles, and tried using it as a fan, and tried especially sitting down at frequent intervals ; but in spite of this last expedient, we did really at last arrive at the lake.

CHAPTER II.

LAKE ST. ANNA.

THE very sight of it was coolness. I dropped down in a heap under a great big rock, and gazed at it for an hour. This was to combine the double purpose of resting and of 'getting a picture by heart ;' both favourite habits of mine. The last I can recommend as a process far superior to sketching, if only the circumstances are favourable. At this moment, if I shut my eyes and think of it, I can see that little mountain lake—blue, and pure, and tranquil as the very sky above it ; the pine-trees on the bank casting their motionless, green reflections into it ; a great, white cloud in the sky lying mirrored in the water ; and a skeleton pine, grey and blasted by lightning, leaning from the bank, with a little woodpecker that crept in and out of a hole in the stem.

It was very delightful there. We spent hours by the lake, and after luncheon I made Vecellio tell me all sorts of things. About mountaineering and chamois hunting ; about the woodcutters, and their hard toil of sending pine-trunks, when felled, down the slides made for them in the forest, launching them when the river was in flood, to be carried down to Longarone or Venice, for the saw-mills or the dockyard ; and then—hardest work of all—clearing and starting them afresh, when, at some bend of the river they stranded, and lay, scores of them piled together, blocking the passage. Then he told of the fires that so often destroy whole villages in Cadore, where all the houses are made of wood ; of fires in the forest too ; and of a certain rainy autumn, when all the valleys round were flooded, and many lives lost.

Stories of daring and rescue, or incidents of ordinary peasant life Vecellio told in the same quiet way, without the excitement, gesticulation, or elaborate simile that a Tuscan would have used, but with a natural choice of language and a quaint simplicity that were certainly charming. When you find a man of this kind, always get him to talk to you : he will have the highest qualification for story-telling in his complete absence from self-consciousness ; it makes his insight clearer, and his point of view attractive.

I was beginning to think it time for us to be on our feet again —to judge by the lengthening shadows—when Vecellio said—

'I can tell you a thing, signorina, that happened once on this spot.

'You must know that a few years ago a great deal of smuggling was carried on in all these valleys near the frontier. For the matter of that it is still ; and nobody thinks of enquiring particularly whether tobacco or spirits brought to his door has paid its way into the country or not. But in those days smuggling was a far finer trade. Officers of the Dogana were not half the number they are now, and their duty was twice as dangerous. No one dreamed of bringing them information ; no one cared to be seen even speaking to them ; they lived like soldiers in an enemy's country ; any night two or three of them going out together on duty might be taking their lives in their hand, and glad enough too, instead of attacking, to get out of the way of some party of smugglers, half-a-dozen perhaps, strongly armed, coming down from over the Duniaio, or the Forcella Grignin.

'One day a man was lying under this rock where we are now. The country people have a name for it ; they call it "Peron' delle Pere Grosse." [Greatest of Great Stones.]

I turned to look up at the rock. There was a little barberry bush growing on the top of it, its thorny branches covered with coralline berries ; all the crevices were filled with moss and little ferns, and white Potentilla like strawberry blossom.

'I will not tell the man's name,' Vecellio continued, 'because his son lives in the village now. But that day he was resting here after cutting grass on the slopes below the lake somewhere. And while he was here, he saw a man pass on the other side of the lake, evidently a smuggler, for he carried a load bigger than a man would take for pure convenience over a mountain pass. As soon as he was out of sight the other rose and took the nearest way to the Dogana. He did not get there till night, but he gave his information and got the price of it. The consequence was that next morning the smuggler was arrested before he was awake in his own house. He was an old hand, and long enough suspected by the Dogana, but they never could bring it home to him before. Even now they had taken him, the whole thing was near being a failure, because the smuggled tobacco could not be found, and without that it was useless to try to bring him to justice. They knew he had had no time to get rid of it, so they searched high and low for three days, and at last the load was discovered, safely stowed away in the dry bed of the river in a hollow under the bank, about half-a-mile from the house. Well, the man was sentenced then ; and the affair was over, except for the informer. *He* found it made rather a difference in people's

regard for him ; in fact, all the difference between the regard of friends and enemies. The whole neighbourhood turned against him as a traitor ; not a man would shelter again under his roof, would help him or ask his help in anything ; even his son deserted him. Angry at his father's disgrace, young Marco went off to Austria, to work on the railroads there. But after two years' time his heart reproached him, I suppose, for his absence, or he wanted to see his own country again ; at any rate, he started for home, and as it happened he took the very way over the mountain pass that leads to this lake ; and here, under the rock, he found his father lying dead and cold, with a knife wound in his breast.'

Vecellio paused, and then added significantly, 'Two years was the time the smuggler had been sentenced for.'

'Do you mean to say the smuggler was known to have done it?' I demanded.

The guide only answered by a proverb.

I conquered a strong inclination to run from this haunted spot, and managed to depart with an appearance of deliberation, but it cost an effort. Now I am aware that some moral reflections might be introduced here with good effect ; that to a proper-minded beholder the tender azure of the lake would have been dimmed, and most likely an obliging little breeze have sighed opportunely just overhead. But spite of the temptation to picturesque morality, I must aver that nothing of the kind took place.

'What way shall we take home?' I asked, as we turned away from the lake.

'There are two ways,' said Vecellio, 'the Forcella Grande and the Forcella Piccola (Great Pass and Little Pass). But the Forcella Grande would be too difficult.'

'Is the view finer from there?' I asked.

'Oh, much finer. You can see as far as the mountains round San Primolo. But I could not take the signorina that way. We shall have to turn aside after we reach those grey rocks above there.'

While we were making our way to the grey rocks, which were at a good height on the mountain side, I determined in my mind that the Forcella Piccola was not worth this toil, and when we reached them, after a pause for breath, I informed Vecellio that we must take the higher pass. He demurred entirely to this, first with horror, then with argument, then with a mild, respect-

ful obstinacy, very difficult to overcome. But I ascertained that the way by the Forcella Grande was not very much longer than the other, only steeper and more difficult. Then I had no climbing irons for my feet, a circumstance which he appeared to regard as final, till I showed him the nails in my boots, which made a very respectable substitute. We had a rather warm discussion by the grey rocks ; and it was not a little entertaining to perceive Vecellio's opinion of the incapability of females in general. But time was passing, and it was advisable to settle the matter quickly, so I spoke with seriousness.

'Vecellio, when wise people cannot settle a matter for themselves, they leave the decision to Providence, which some people call "chance." And the way to do that is to toss up for it. Have you a *soldo* in your pocket ?'

Vecellio produced one with an expression of complete mystification, whether because he had never beheld this venerable rite, or was simply surprised at it in the present instance, I could not tell. He declined to toss ; so I threw up the *soldo*, and he condescended to pronounce an equivalent for 'Tails !' Heads came up.

'There,' said I, 'you see there's no help for it now. We *must* go.' And we went accordingly.

CHAPTER III.

THE FORCELLA GRANDE.

THEN followed a long, tiring climb up the rocky sides which formed the lower slopes of the mountain, covered with scanty grass and thickets of Alpine rose, from which all the flowers had fallen. There were patches of mountain strawberries too ; and the view was lovelier the higher we went. At last, when it came to regular rock-climbing, it became too exciting to stop, except for an occasional breathing space, or when Vecellio went on ahead to find out an easier way for me. Once we halted, because I really could not get on. A great round stone had rolled down across the way, and there was no getting over it or round it on either side. The guide raised himself on his Alpine stock, and, leaning with a knee against the side of the rock, he placed first one hand and then both on the top, and swung himself up. Then he passed the end of the Alpine stock down for me to catch hold of, and drew me up by that. I felt that I presented rather a helpless spectacle ; but appearances were hardly worth consideration in that spot.

At another place we had to get over a great rift in the rocks, where it looked as if the mountain had split asunder, leaving a chasm about five feet in width. It was not really difficult, because fortunately there was a short, level space quite safe to land on at the other side. I said I could jump it well enough ; but Vecellio appeared highly doubtful of the fact, and finally he decided that we must jump it together, while he held one of my arms, so as to carry me with him. This I thought ridiculous, but there was no good arguing, so I submitted. We first rehearsed the action, 'one, two, three, and spring !' to be sure of starting together, and then we performed the piece, so to speak, and landed safely.

About half-an-hour afterwards, Vecellio showed me the prints of chamois' feet in the snow. They were little cloven hoofs, not as big as a goat's, I should think. I would rather have seen the chamois ; but the guide laughed at that, and asked if I cared to spend a night on the mountain. We were by this time at the head of the pass. The view was glorious. Ranges of mountains stretched one behind another in ridges of fainter and fainter blue, deepened by shadows or dazzling with snow, their strong outlines, rugged, fantastic, or gently curving, tossed one against another like waves of a motionless sea. Beyond the very furthest range, a narrow line of clouds, softly white and curling, lay across the clear sky in the south. The valley we had left in the morning was green and still, far, far below our feet. What makes the valleys seem asleep, I wonder, when one looks from the top of a mountain ? All is so fresh and pure up there, in the deep, wonderful silence. The only moving things are white clouds, sailing steadily across the blue overhead. Watch them. At first they seem to sail slowly ; but the longer you watch, the swifter they fly, till you feel your very soul flying with them, close under heaven, to 'a land that is very far off.' Is it only because earth is so far away, that it seems as if heaven must be nearer ?

We could not stay very long on the Forcella Grande, for it was now well in the afternoon, and home was a long way off. We were nearly two hours more climbing down the rocks, Vecellio continually admonishing me to go slowly. He evidently put not the smallest faith in my assertion that I never slipped going down, and with reason, as it appeared. For on coming to a broad slope of rock covered with *Edelweiss*, I forgot myself completely at the sight of it, and after gathering handfuls of the

soft, white, velvety flowers, in scrambling up from my knees, I slipped and fell. The result was that I went 'slithering' down that smooth, slanting rock to its very edge, but fortunately stopped there, just on the very verge of what seemed to my alarmed vision a ghastly precipice. It may have been only half a precipice by correct measurement; nevertheless, I was very glad to crawl up again on hands and knees, like a penitent, though the said knees had very little skin left on them. Vecellio seemed unaccountably amazed. I supposed it was at my misadventure—which was certainly inconsistent, considering how often he had prophesied it—but it appeared he had other reasons.

'Why did you not scream, signorina?' he demanded.

'Why? Oh, well—I suppose it didn't occur to me,' I replied.
'Did you expect me to scream?'

'One naturally expects any woman to scream,' was his answer.
'And then I did not see in time to help you.'

'Oh, well! the next time it happens I shall scream, if there is time,' I promised.

No further occasion for screaming occurred, however.

The rest of the descent was accomplished quietly, and then we had a long way to go through pine woods, not like those of the morning, for here there was no path or opening. The trees grew so thick and close together that we had to part and hold back the long stiff branches to pass through them; frequently, too, they swung back to give a sharp blow in the face, or knock one's hat off from behind, and every few steps made a new rent in my dress. It was getting dusk now, and under the shadow of the pines the dusk was almost darkness; the ground was in some places crossed with a thick net-work of roots, and everywhere covered with pine needles, as slippery as seaweed. But the walking was easier when we struck on a little path which led us, winding on and on, out at last into our own valley, by the side of a clear running stream, murmuring on in its own soft voice on the borders of the lonely forest.

A stream is always irresistible. There was nothing for it but to waste a few minutes in idleness here; so, though the stars were out in the deepening sky, and Vecellio declared there was no time to lose, I proceeded to scramble over the stones to the middle of the stream, slipping occasionally into the ice-cold water *en route*.

Suddenly I made a dreadful discovery; I had lost a little

round gold locket on a slender gold chain, that was on my neck that morning. Both were gifts from a sailor brother who went away on a cruise when I was only ten years old, and never came home again. This was a sad loss. Of course it was stupid to have put them on that day, but I was so accustomed to wear them continually, that I had not thought twice about it. I called Vecellio to help, and we searched about with forlorn hope; but I felt all the time desperately certain that they must be lying somewhere in the depths of those black pines, never to be seen again. At last the increasing darkness reminded me that if we did not get home at some reasonable hour of the evening, there would certainly be anxiety, and possibly alarm, and a search-party with lanterns from the *albergo*.

'Vecellio, we must go home,' I said. 'There is no more time to waste. Of course they are lost.'

And we resumed our way; but I seemed to hear again Frank's laugh, and his warning: 'Now don't you lose that, little 'un,' and I sighed desolately. Vecellio echoed the sigh, and said in a tragic tone—

'I am sorry for you, signorina; I understand your loss.'

'Do you?' I responded, slightly wondering.

'Yes, one can easily see whose gift it was by your desolation at losing it. But console yourself, signorina; you will never lose the giver. He must always be yours.'

I nearly stopped short with surprise; first at Vecellio's absurd mistake, and then at the presumption—as it struck me—of his speech. But I was pretty well accustomed to the ways of Italians, and knew how freely they would converse on that subject which calls out all the reserve of the Northern character, all the unreserve of the Southern. Vecellio evidently did not intend the least presumption, for his manner was as quietly respectful as ever; and I felt that to manifest a dignified resentment would be unfair on my part, as well as difficult; for I had a strong inclination to laughter, which, however, I thought proper to control. Vecellio, meanwhile, continued his efforts at consolation.

'It is not much to lose the symbol, if one keeps the reality,' he said. 'As for me, I have lost the reality and kept the symbol. Only a torn symbol;' and he gave a melancholy laugh.

'A torn symbol?' I repeated, in utter bewilderment.

'Will you look at it, signorina?' And Vecellio produced from his coat pocket something which I mistook for a letter, till, after

fitting the two halves carefully together, he struck two matches and held them for illumination above the torn symbol. Then I saw a photograph of a pretty girl with the usual dark eyes, firm lips, and black rippled hair of a native of Cadore. The photo was rather dim and indistinct (plainly the work of an amateur), and mounted on an accidental piece of cardboard ; it was torn across the neck, just missing the face. The illumination lasted about twelve seconds ; but before the matches burnt out, I had of course perfectly apprehended the case ; so I thanked Vecellio with proper recognition of the favour shown me, and praised the face as I was bound—in truth as well as politeness—to do. Then we walked on as before, following the course of the stream. The starlight was bright, and the way was easy ; we were not three miles from home now. And Vecellio told his story, as an Italian is apt to do.

(To be concluded.)

NEW YEAR.

BORN of the sighing wind and throbbing stars,
Nursed at the shadowed bosom of the night,
The Child, the New Year, winged his earthward flight
Down the still glory of the moonlight bars,
And met his pilgrim brother, toiling hence,
And waved him on his homeward journey : then
Like a pure, calm-faced babe midst worn-out men,
Looked on us with grave eyes of innocence,
And in the moon-mist saw the earth lie dim
And snow-wreath crowned ; and, seeing it thus, he smiled
Upon it, and believed it undefiled.
It seemed a Fairy Palace unto him,
And stepping softly on to it, he trod
Among its shadows, claiming it for God.

BLANCHE ORAM.

WORK AND WORKERS.
BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

VII.—HOSPITAL NURSING.

BY H. MARY WILSON AND R. WILSON.

THOUGH a great deal has been written on hospital nursing—though it has been led before the public in many guises, has been treated to laudatory, cavilling, and depreciatory remarks—it still seems necessary to say a few more words on the subject, at the risk, perhaps, of a little wearisome reiteration; but we must remember that ‘it is repetition, not novelty, that produces the strongest effect; and phrases, like tunes, are a long time making themselves at home in the brain.’

This paper, if it needs any apology, finds it in the fact that it is the outcome of anxious thoughts born of experience and nourished at the side of the stern mother reality. For there are some who, while living in this particular sphere of usefulness, try to weigh truly for themselves and their fellow-workers the many serious difficulties and temptations which balance its joys and pleasures. And these long to speak words of warning or advice, which will open the eyes of those young ardent souls who wish, or fancy that they wish, to join the band of hard-working hospital nurses. They long, too, to help those who, having begun the life well, fail to live it truly, lacking the force of the best motive; or those who take each step with the unwholesome consciousness that they would like to appear as martyrs in the eyes of others.

We talk of motives, and I think of some that bring probationers to our hospitals. I know one girl who acknowledged that she ‘took up nursing’ because she found her dress allowance quite inadequate for the demands of a London season. Another came with the boasted purpose of getting married.

NOTE.—The Editors do not necessarily *recommend* everything described in this series of papers.

Many keep their reasons to themselves, but often cannot find in their hearts much worthier motives than these.

How infinitely better it would be for all concerned, if they could know the weight and labour of the plough to which they are so lightly putting their hands ! Then let me try to give them and others a wider conception of the life than that expressed by a certain lady acquaintance.

'Oh, how beautiful your work must be !' she said to a hospital nurse. ' How happy you must feel, going up and down those interesting wards, putting a poultice here and a poultice there ! ' *

We hear and read a great deal about the hardships of a nurse's life, or of the inconsiderate treatment they receive at the hand of the hospital authorities. Almost every magazine or daily paper wishes to say something upon the subject. As a natural consequence, nurses stand before the eyes of the world in the double characters of martyrs and 'ministering angels.' The former they most emphatically are *not*; the latter—well, they *do* minister to the sick and suffering, whether rich or poor, and it is the glorious badge of their office that they may do so. But it is not good that this kindly babel of applauding tongues should chatter so unthinkingly in admiration of or pity for them. Of course, those who work in large city hospitals know full well how many improvements must be made before a nurse's surroundings are idealistic ; but they should not forget how much has already been done, and how infinitely superior their lot is to that of their sisters who went before them. They should rather be content to wait, knowing that those in authority are trying their utmost—slowly, it may be, but surely—to improve the position of all who call themselves by the beloved name 'nurse.'

Twenty years ago—perhaps ten, or even five—we find, on looking back, how real were the hardships endured by those who first entered the nursing ranks. We read of herculean efforts to reform important public institutions ; of lasting results accomplished by undaunted women possessing no greater physical calibre than our own—women, in many cases, who said nothing of themselves, who toiled on patiently in obscurity, doing their work and laying down their lives, unknown of men, untouched by fame, who not only said nothing of themselves, but had no one to say it for them.

It is reserved for those who tread more easily the beaten track, which tore the feet of these pioneers, to receive the meed of praise,

* A fact.

which is hardly in part their due. And they forget this. Thirty-seven years ago, Florence Nightingale, in the face of the world—and a very perplexed world too—stepped quietly from the ranks of educated women and entered a breach which she alone could fill. The hearts of men and women will always quicken and throb with enthusiasm whenever her name is mentioned, and well may those who try to follow in her footsteps thank God for her bright example. For she it was who showed them first the way—who drew back the curtain of conventionality which hung before the crowds of English women, sitting waiting in the twilight of inactivity for an emancipating hand. She led them into the daylight and sunshine of consecrated work, and herself showed that we may go into the thick of life's battle and yet remain modest and true, pure and holy, the truest women still.

But, as each year passes since 1854, and more and more step forward to join one or other of the active lines of thought and work, we wonder sometimes where it will end. Will the homes where parents grow old and brothers are reared be left altogether destitute of a daughter's tender carefulness or a sister's immeasurable influence? Will the lovely pictures of English home-life be marred or lose their fresh vivacity because the women-kind—one and all—must have a vocation, a calling, an outside element to make their life liveable?

We are told to believe in the adjustability of human nature—of English nature especially.

Then let us hope that the pendulum of time, which seems to have swung from inactivity and seclusion to the opposite extreme of noisy work, will eventually return to a happy medium, in which those who hear the call to live the highest of all lives—the family life—will strive to make it perfect; while those others—the desolate, the heart-sick, the obliged-to-work, or those who may, or must, stand alone—will find open to them fertile fields of work and interest, which will save them from the ‘tragedy of aimlessness.’

And now what about this class of women who wish to ‘take up nursing?’ It is a very large one, for I know, as a fact, that one of our great London hospitals received no less than two thousand applications in one year from would-be probationers.

I think I detect, lurking in the nurse's mind, a tinge of shame for her profession as she speaks of ‘taking it up.’ It gives the impression that it is not her life, but only a passing interest, to be lightly laid down again.

Let us, rather, speak of those who are to *be* nurses.

What is a nurse? What is required of her? What powers of mind and body must she be prepared to offer up in the cause for which she lives? What must she be?

It is easy enough to look round and then to tell you what she must *not* be. To define in a few words an ideal nurse is almost impossible. But I can give you three qualities which every nurse, or would-be nurse, *must* possess: she must be a good woman; she must be a tender woman; she must be a brave woman.

I will presently let a hospital nurse dwell—in her own words—upon the value of these three items. But now I want to urge an important matter. Why will not those women who feel within themselves the stirrings of life—the soarings after any high or noble work—cultivate first, *in their own sheltered homes*, these golden qualities, goodness, tenderness, bravery? In their train might follow the acquisition of lesser, but very valuable habits, such as early-rising, orderliness, self-restraint in word and action, and a good memory.

Many probationers enter the large hospitals of London in absolute ignorance of what is required of them. They come, perhaps, from homes of luxury, from the artificial ways of society, from idle lives, fired by a passing idea that nursing will interest them. They come from the world of ‘being-waited-upon’ to another, where everything must be done by and for themselves and those dependent upon their care. The routine—especially during the usual three months’ probation—is one of hard manual labour, including cleaning, scrubbing iron bedsteads, rubbing brasses, and scouring baths. The day’s work extends through long hours of duty, and entails a constant strain, not only on the mind and body, but—an important detail—on the memory as well. The hospital nurse finds herself face to face with disease of every kind, loathsome sights, foul smells, and death in all its saddest and most pathetic varieties. She may have to conquer an inborn sickening repugnance to the sight of blood. What will she do? A strong will prayerfully wielded must come to her aid. She must echo the brave words of the Duchess Maria Josepha, the Royal surgical nurse, who had just such a nervous shrinking to conquer, and say with her, ‘What others can endure, I can bear to see.’ But the battle *will* only be to the strong. Instead of the accustomed daily drives or healthy

walks, the nurse will have to content herself with a 'pass' to the outer world for two or three hours once or twice a week, and a 'long day' once a month. If she complains of fatigue, it is only to be told cheerfully, 'Oh, we all feel the same! You will get accustomed to it by-and-by.'

Does not this all prove what a serious consideration even the physical qualifications become? And do you wonder that women fail and drop out of the ranks day after day? The real wonder is that many more do not do the same.

But now let me emphasise a few details in the all-important qualifications of character.

I believe, for instance, that no one outside the hospital walls can realise how terribly hard it sometimes becomes to exercise stern self-restraint.

It occasionally happens on night duty, when all the patients are asleep, and when there is, for an hour or so, nothing to do, that in the nurse's rounds of the ward she passes an empty bed, a couch, or arm-chair. Perhaps she has not been able to sleep while she was off duty during the day. And now sleep suddenly attacks her with all its force. Nothing seems to rouse her. She is alone in the ward. The quiet breathings of the patients are so many tempting voices. Her eyes ache with weariness. Her eye-lids droop, leaden-weighted. She staggers and nearly sleeps as she walks. I am justified in using the word awful in describing these sensations, for with them comes too the degrading feeling that she would almost sell her soul to sleep.

Is it difficult to guess what will be the issue if the nurse is weak in moral courage, or if the highest motives do not underlie her purposes?

We will suppose that the ordeal is safely passed, and thoroughly wearied in soul and body, but with a heart at rest, the tired nurse draws down the blind in her little room to shut out the daylight, and seeks the sleep that is now hers legitimately.

But here a new temptation will sometimes assail her.

Sleep, 'coy' as ever, cannot be found. She lies there wide-eyed and unnaturally wakeful. She begins to think of the long hours of the 'night duty' that come nearer every moment, and she involuntarily shrinks from such another battle with self, feeling physically too weak for it.

Is she not justified in taking a dose of morphia to force the sleep that will not come? No! It is a most fatal step. The need is sure to recur. The habit is so easily formed. The evil

done is often so irrevocable. These are two of the giant temptations that attack the nurse. Here is one of the lesser trials.

At the close of a hard day of fourteen hours, at five minutes to nine, just when she expects the welcome advent of the night nurse to relieve her, there comes a cry of 'Nurse' from the other end of the long ward. She may have been on her feet all those long hours, with the exception of half-an-hour for dinner and a hastily-swallowed cup of tea in the ward-kitchen; her feet and back may be aching painfully; and, beyond all, she had imagined that the day's work was done.

I maintain that, to rise cheerfully—as is so often, often done—and, if the need is only a drink of water, to put a tone of pleasure into her voice as she answers, 'All right, granny, you shall have some!' requires as much courage as to carry a comrade under the enemy's fire to a place of safety.

I have pointed out some of the shadows in the dark side of this picture of hospital life. My thoughts gladly turn now to those joys—very special and very heart-filling, that lie like gleaming bars of sunlight across the canvas.

When a long hand-to-hand fight with insidious disease has strained a nurse's energies and filled her heart with alternating hopes and fears, the unexpected signs of returning consciousness and renewed strength, each feeble step safely accomplished towards convalescence, are delights indeed.

To some there comes the supreme moment when the prompt action of a firm unerring hand saves a life at a time of unforeseen peril. Then the look of warm approval in the face of a great doctor, the congratulatory hand-clasps of her fellow-workers, the strange uplifted feeling that carries her through the hours that follow, are wonderful experiences, very sweet while they last. But they are usually followed by a reaction when she sees herself as she really is—when the 'remorseful fear' of herself *will* come with 'every smile of partial friend,' and she can only say humbly, 'Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me,' etc.

After all, the most satisfying joys belong to the quieter pleasures of the daily routine. The caressing touch of a baby's weak fingers; the clinging dependence of the wee Jimmies and Louies; their sunny, saucy ways when childhood asserts itself once more in their tiny frames; the quaint facetious remarks of the daddies and grannies—very wags they are sometimes, dear old things—these are all very good things to possess. One day

may bring the unlooked-for visit of an old patient, whose gratitude urges him to show 'sister' and 'nurse' a limb whole and in good working order. Or, as she enters the ward in the morning, she may meet a wistful welcoming look in a sick boy's patient face, and hear him say, 'I am glad you've come, nurse. Oh, I've been wearyin' for you!'

Again, it falls to the lot of some nurses to be able to carry off a convalescent child to her own dear, peaceful home in the country, and to place it in the kind old motherly arms that used to hold her in the same way twenty-five years ago. Yes, moments such as these are the best helps in her arduous life.

And is it not a chastened happiness to go with tired trustful souls to the very edge of the dark river, so close that she can almost touch the angel hands stretched out to take them from her, and does quite see the wonderful reflection of the heavenly light in their weary upturned faces?

These are some of the God-sent compensations of hospital life. Two others occur to me now: one, the inspiring sense of comradeship which pervades the whole band of workers; the other, those deep, true, enduring friendships between woman and woman which are so often formed here, and which can add so much to the beauty and usefulness of our lives. Yes, we want the life of a hospital nurse to be an ideal one. We mean to make it so, if we can.

It is so already to many. There are those whose influence over the other nurses is incalculable—to whom the weak and the easily persuaded come with all their difficulties, their doubts, their weariness of life, and go away refreshed. There are those who inspire such confidence in the patients under their care that they follow them thankfully with their eyes, while they almost worship them in their hearts, because, perhaps, they are their first vision of true, pure womanhood.

And what is the secret of it all? I believe it lies in this—that each act of the daily life has become 'a voice of aspiration after right,' winning the answering touch of approval from One 'who did bless the merciful of old.'

A hospital nurse was asked to write a few words of advice to some probationers. The gist of what she said I have already given. 'Be good. Be tender. Be brave,' she wrote at the head of the paper; and then, because her heart was very full, she went on with eager pen, 'Be good first. You will find in your

busy life no time for meditation, and very few moments for prayer. But you may cultivate that necessary habit of a faithful nurse, the practice of praying *as* you work. Each action may be dedicated with a silent "For Thy dear sake," for that is the thought which should live with you and be your very breath. It is possible while actually scrubbing and cleaning to raise the heart on high, and to ask for the graces which you most need. At least you may pause and repeat, with your hand upon the door before entering the Ward and beginning your day's work, that noble soldier's prayer, "Lord, I shall be very busy to-day. If I forget Thee, yet do Thou remember me." A hospital life is one of constantly recurring emergencies, calling for a continual spirit of recollectedness.

'Be tender. Do not let the sights you *must* see, and the work you *must* do, make you careless of the sufferings of the least of God's children. Remember that a heedless word or an uncontrolled look may wound the feelings of a suffering sister, if it does not sow the seeds of coarseness in your own heart. Why should we suspect the lower classes of less sensitiveness than we ourselves possess ?

'Lastly, be brave. Do not be ashamed to stand to your colours. Be brave enough to refute gossip—the bane of hospital life. Be brave enough to say a good word for, or to, some one who may have got a bad name by misunderstanding perhaps, or by mistake. Be brave, again, in overcoming any tendency to carelessness in your life. It *must* be either advance or retreat. It requires, believe me, a constant courage, a courage of the highest type, to resist the tendencies which crowd upon us from every side to blunt our susceptibilities, and make our natures lower instead of higher than they are. For when we leave our quiet homes to live between hospital walls, our view of life is suddenly widened to such an extent that we *must* fix our eyes upon the boundaries, lest in the confusing details—the seemingly contradictory facts—which move before our eyes, we lose sight of the great truth that its horizon merges in the infinite, and that God is our Father.

'If we fail in this, we see only the seamy side of human life, and by constantly dwelling upon that we, perforce, become lower, coarser, more impure. Once again, be brave to take up the manual labour that *must* be part of your life—not as a duty beneath you, as something to be hurried over, or handed on to an inferior, but in the spirit of appreciative cheerfulness. It is

quite right that some amount of scrubbing, cleaning, and dusting should fall to your lot. How can you teach others if you cannot *do* yourself? What should we become if there were no possibility of counteracting the depressing influences of our surroundings by a little wholesome labour? You will find that sweeping and scrubbing can have quite an exhilarating effect upon you, and no satisfaction exceeds that of looking round upon your ward done from beginning to end by yourself and your probationer. I am quite sure that, in the working of a nurse's life, there are many improvements still to be made—that more nurses might be provided to do the work now accomplished by the few. But many others share my opinion, that it is a great mistake to try and make the life of a nurse into that of a fine lady instead of a *working woman*.

'By all means let the educated women of England—the highest ladies in the land, if you will—become the nurses of the poor. But let them come among us with a thorough knowledge of what it is they undertake, and willing, with that knowledge and a pure motive, to live the lives of earnest working women.'

'How could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?'

'How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease—'

'But that He said, "Ye do it to Me, when ye do it to these" ?'

It remains for us to treat, with a few practical suggestions, of the distinctly business aspect of the subject.

We will say that the would-be hospital nurse, having attained the age of twenty-three, which has been wisely decided to be the earliest at which it is well to enter on the life of a probationer, has decided in her own mind which institution she wishes to enter, choosing probably one in a large city, where the system is good and the experience likely to be wide and profitable. Her next step will then be to write to the matron, asking for the rules and regulations for the nursing staff. These are returned to her, and in many cases are accompanied by a note to the effect that there will be no vacancy for some months, unless she should wish to enter as a paying probationer.

She has now two ways open to her: either to wait, we will say, for twelve or for eighteen months—an interval which might be wisely spent, as I have already said, in useful matters of self-training in her own home; or to begin as a 'special' probationer,

paying, usually, one guinea a week. If she decides upon the latter course, she can step into an ordinary probationer's position afterwards, should the opportunity offer before she is a qualified staff nurse.

In the general run of hospitals, the special probationer and the ordinary probationer live in separate houses and have to keep rather different hours. The former has the lighter work, and so, probably, a less useful training. She is on duty from 8.30 in the morning to 7 or 8 at night ; but has two hours off duty every afternoon, when she can always obtain a pass to the outer world. In some hospitals she is exempt from the scrubbing, rubbing, and cleaning that falls to the lot of an ordinary probationer.

For her—the ordinary probationer—the day begins at six o'clock. Breakfast is at 6.40, and she is on duty in the wards from 7 A.M. until 8 P.M., with the exception of three hours off duty every alternate day, and a whole day once a month. Half an hour is allowed for dinner, and the same length of time for tea.

A probationer's duties vary in detail in different hospitals ; but there is no doubt that these first months of training are by far the most arduous, when we remember that spare moments should be spent in reading up certain books that will be recommended to her, and in other practical ways coaching herself for the examination she must pass, at the end of her first year, before she can become a staff nurse. There is usually another examination at the end of three years which decides her position among the other nurses, and which, in this age of competition, materially affects her future nursing career.

One word about dress.

A nurse should, while on duty, keep strictly to her uniform, and *wear no jewellery*. A gold bangle, or more than one plain ring, are out of place in a ward, and do not look like a hard-working practical nurse. I should also advise the adopting of the out-of-door uniform, which, at most institutions, is not compulsory. It is a great protection to the nurse in her often solitary walks along the crowded streets. It is respected by the 'roughest customer,' and calls forth many an act of chivalrous gratitude from unexpected quarters, as the following anecdote will testify.

A nurse, in her long cloak and neat close-fitting bonnet, with its white strings, was waiting on the path of a crowded thorough-

fare. The road was narrow, and the vehicles thronged thickly at this point. No policeman was in sight. She looked timidly up and down, remembering that delay just now would involve the reporting of herself to 'matron' as having exceeded her 'pass-time.' Suddenly a ringing, cheery voice above her called aloud, 'Come on, nuss !'

Looking up, she saw a waggoner reining in his great horses and bringing the carriages behind him to an abrupt stand-still. Thankfully she hurried across the space so unexpectedly opened for her.

And, then, what about an occasional amusement, a change of scene and sights? These certainly are welcome and helpful, *but* while a probationer is serving her time—indeed, during the first year or two of hospital work—if she can persuade herself to refuse, as a rule, all evening engagements that will keep her out late at night, she will soon reap the full benefit of her self-denial in the good that she will receive from her regular, full measure of sleep and rest, every hour of which she will find she needs.

And, lastly, one small matter occurs to me. When you are preparing to leave your home, and are looking round your pretty bedroom, while you ask yourself which, and how many, of these treasured possessions and dainty 'knick-knacks' you shall take with you, give a thought to the hard-worked maids of the nurses' home, who will have to dust and tidy for you. Take only what will rest your eyes and tune your mind to homeward or upward thoughts.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

JANUARY.

I MIGHT say, except for brevity's sake, an old woman's outlook through a keyhole, for all my life has been spent in one place, and one which can boast of nothing extraordinary ; but then it has always been looked at with loving eyes ; and though I have only a second-hand smattering of the knowledge needed to appreciate its interests, it seems to me that its very absence of peculiarities may make it serve to assist others to make the most of their surroundings, so as to find no country walk devoid of the homely delights that sustain and lift up the spirit—though it strikes me that my style is that of Mr. Bertram, in 'Guy Mannering.'

The New Year is coming in ! Here, in South Hampshire, Christmas does not often come in conventional form, laden with snow. 'As the day lengthens, the cold strengthens,' is a very true proverb, but the lengthening is seldom perceptible till after Twelfth Day ; and it is well for the poor that the severest weather should not often set in till there is a little less darkness. When I first remember, the families used to go to bed as soon as the father had come in, so as to save fire and candle ; but better wages and paraffin have made a difference, and each cottage shows a cheerful light over its muslin blind, with the geraniums that flourish so wonderfully behind it. These years have done much every way for the labourers' families. The dark blue cotton, sprung from 'Nancy Peel's' parsley pattern, has given place to the serge, too often, indeed, shoddy, but warmer and less liable to catch fire ; and short sleeves no longer expose brawny arms and blue elbows. The red-cloaked black-bonneted old woman still existed in those old days. The scarlet cloaks were most enduring—one dame (wife to a man who had sailed under Nelson) measured her son's age by hers when he was at least eighteen. But

they were scanty, and would not wrap, though they were far preferable to the grey duffle which the children wore, poor things ! over their bare arms ; and one woman, during their decay, pronounced to be so me-an. I remember a well-intentioned paper, where the extravagant woman is rebuked for buying scarlet instead of grey by someone who evidently did not know the true economy. It is dangerous to preach thrift without full knowledge. After the cloaks went out, there was a period of tartan shawls of all sizes, checked black and white, or black and red. But the jacket or ulster, though far less picturesque, leaves much less room for cold-catching and conceals some untidiness.

The thick white cap, with a lofty caul and crimped frill—very becoming when clean—went out through a course, first of white, then of black, net and flowers—the last sometimes so undesirable in dirt that a lady has been known to object, and be answered, ‘Dear me, ma'am, 'tis only a little cap as I've worn more than a year !’ Bare heads, if tidy, are better ; but it is a pity to see women wearing their boys' caps. Ladies should bethink themselves of the harm a bad fashion does to their imitators. The bonnet, which we once were told was to serve as a hood, shutting us in with our book at church, has dwindled to the smallest span. I remember a good old dame, a survival, giving directions, in these degenerate days, that in making her new bonnet ‘the moon’—that is, the crescent front—should be big enough. But I did not intend a dissertation on the fashions, but to remark on the improvement in the welfare of the poor. This is the worst month, however, for work, especially for the brickmakers, who are numerous.

This portion of Hampshire, between the chalk and the sea, was probably once a great estuary, and is a capital instance of the making of land described by Charles Kingsley in ‘Madam How and Lady Why.’ The water has deposited high ridges of gravel, with here and there veins of sand, and beds of the finer particles which have formed clay. The gravel has become covered in many places with peaty soil, and is full of springs. The clay has no doubt been worked for many years—names such as Potters, Pot Kiln, Kiln Lane, and the like, show where it has been used and exhausted ; and several fields still full of ups and downs have been thus used within this half century. The long thatched sheds where the yellow bricks, being dried before the kiln burns them red, show where the present workings lie,

and here most of the boys are employed on first leaving school—not much, unfortunately, to their moral improvement.

Almost all the buildings are of red brick. An old red-brick house, with a tiled or thatched roof, is of a very harmonious colour; and at one time a fashion prevailed of setting the bricks within timber frames, arranged in herring-bone fashion. A few barns and houses still show this; but the thin red walls and the cold blue slate roof of modern cottage builders never do tone down, and are far too hot in summer and too cold in winter.

The early winter is far more often wet and misty here than frosty and snowy. Perhaps it is about one year in seven that is really severe, with snow enough to be a real inconvenience. Yet the glorious beauty of the snow makes one shrink from complaining, when the expanse lies perfectly smooth and dazzlingly white on the lawn, sparkling here and there with crystals, and only marked by the delicate little claws of the birds, or, mayhap, with the rosette-like pads of dog or cat. Or going further afield, with the trailing track of hare or rabbit, and, as I have seen round the hen-house, with the steps of the prowling fox. Each bough is laden; fir and yew are meant to bear snow on their narrow leaves. The boughs of the yew are elastic, and those of the fir, the true mountaineer, are formed like the roof of a house, the tapering form of the tree like a spire, the seeds within the scaly cones shielded in their two years' growth from all injury. The holly, too, with its strong shiny leaves, crumpled up by their firm spiny border, is ready for resistance. But the laurel, or that which we call a laurel, shows that it came from warmer regions, in Persia and the Caucasus, by the inability of its broad leaves to endure any weight of snow, which crushes and kills the branches. It is by no means the laurel that crowned the classic victor. That was probably the Alexandrian laurel (*Ruscus Racemosus*)—much more convenient for the purpose. Our laurel was only brought into Europe by a German Ambassador to Constantinople in 1574, and was a rarity in England in Evelyn's time. It is really, as its fruit shows, a cherry, and its proper name is *Cerasus laurocerasus*. I always pity it when I see it labouring under a weight of snow.

To enjoy snow properly when it does come, especially with wind, behold the drifts, where they lie along a bank curling over like waves, in the most exquisite soft rolls, blue in the shadows,

or perhaps rosy in the sun. Or again, see the icicles along a roof, in all their beauteous glassy pendant forms. The most beautiful of these I ever saw was along the edge of a hatch in the water meadows, where the stream must have splashed over and gradually dropped. They hung like crystal stalactites, many two feet long, and in all varieties of fantastic shapes, delightful to remember.

It is remarkable that what is most like descriptions of heavenly glory should be, though pure, most evanescent and often terrible, such as mountain and Arctic snows, and the iceberg or ice cavern. Ice in these parts is apt to be more of a pleasure than a pain. Skaters have now scarcely more than time to look out their skates ; and the school-children, who begin at once, with hands in their pockets, to slide on the pools in the gravel pit, have the most fun after all.

For the most part the frost does no more than turn the water in the puddles into delicate white tracery over the top, a slanting bar, backed by white stars of spiculæ. I stand to admire them now, and smile at recollecting that destructiveness of childhood that used to delight in crackling up this 'walking ice,' as we used to call it, with our feet.

The six-pointed crystal formed by water is certainly one of the loveliest of forms, whether in the elaborate snow star one can catch on a muff, or in the marvellous tracery upon the window-pane. Or again, the deposit of a fog makes the world unspeakably lovely, when every leaf, every thorn, has its soft white border, and the branches of the trees stand out in crested whiteness sometimes against a blue sky. It is but for a short time ; the sunshine melts the delicate efflorescence ; it is crumbling and rustling down already, the only sound breaking the wonderful breathless stillness in which this scene of beauty has been formed in a perfection that almost inspires awe.

And the nights of this clear weather give the stars in the greatest perfection in which they can be seen in our climate. I am afraid the starry heavens are hardly studied, or even looked at enough. I have often known educated people, when told that there is a comet to be seen, come in quite contented, and full of admiration of the planet Jupiter. They will go out and take pains to look for a comet, which, with a very few exceptions, is a pale misty spot, when they never attend to the ordinary glories of the sky ; just as they go to some trumpery exhibition, and leave the British Museum and National Gallery to country

cousins. The Great Bear, who, as Pope makes Homer say, 'Never dips his burning muzzle in the main,' is always to be had. People know how to value him when they come back from the Southern Hemisphere, and greet him as an old friend, when again they see Charles's Wain, i.e., the Carle, the husbandman's wain, or the plough. Arthur's Wain is probably from Arcturus, the Bear's Tail, as the Greeks called the brilliant star, which is to be found by continuing with the eye the line of the Bear's Tail. Boötes is the herdsman, whose name tempts us wickedly to talk of Arcturus in Boots. A Canadian lady having, apparently on the authority of the constellations, ordered bears' tails as the adornment of her sleigh, was solemnly informed by her servant, in the middle of a large company, that 'bears has no tails.' In fact, the names of Ursa Major and Minor are said to be owing to a mistranslation by the Greeks of their Arabic title.

Deneb, the double star, in what we may call the Great Bear's hind leg, can sometimes be separated by the naked eye. The Pole Star, to which the pointers guide us, is small. In how many of the elder generation was not interest in it first awakened by Tommy Merton's being guided by Harry Sandford by the aid of the Pole Star when they lost their way?

And there is the family party, Andromeda, apparently marked by four great gold nails to fasten her to her rock, her mother Cassiopeia, like W sideways, near at hand, and Perseus climbing up to rescue her, his noted nebula just perceptible—that wonderful nebula, the delight of telescopes! Cepheus, the father, is hardly discernible. And turn round! There is glorious Orion, with his belt and his sword, and his bright shoulders and lion skin. So we see him; but the Northmen saw Frigga's distaff, and later he became Our Lady's Rock, the misty look of the nebula in his sword suiting with the idea of flax. Glorious creature! ever, as the Greeks believed, pursuing the Pleiades, the nymphs changed into stars to escape him—the rainy stars, which with *Nimbosus Orion*, sailors dreaded. How much has been said and sung of those seven tiny stars, and Alcyone the vanished one, once supposed to be the central star round which our entire universe of stars revolves, a notion which we are sorry to lose after connecting it (rashly) with the 'sweet influences of the Pleiades!' A moderate telescope reveals far more stars in the cluster; in fact, there are above seventy. Then below comes the Bull's Face, a V lying on its side, with the glorious 'bright star Aldebaran,'

shining at the end of one horn ! And above all other stars in our firmament glitters Sirius, the Dog Star, large enough to be a planet, but twinkling so much that he cannot be mistaken for one. • He is almost flashing, and yet we are told that he is by no means the nearest of the fixed stars, and the human mind fails to grasp the idea of his size or his distance. A little girl once defined the stars as ‘little sparks of God’s glory,’ and so indeed they are to us, all the more for these mighty discoveries ! See the Milky Way, arching pale overhead, wonderful, and object of so many theories of science, with the Northern Cross, or Cygnus, in the midst. Our Cross is a Latin one ; its longer limb makes the neck of the Swan. But we must not linger over the ‘thousand eyes’ of the frosty night. Here is the delicate blue lightening towards morning, with Venus in favoured years making herself a Star in the East ; and by-and-by she fades into the gold round her, and the sun comes up. If mists hang on the horizon, he is round, red, and beamless ; but often he comes with his flood of light, slanting, and making the hoar frost on the grass retreat with the shadows of the trees.

Now for the birds. Robins of course come to the windows, and so do clouds of sparrows—poor despised creatures, whom some one has well named the Irishmen of birds, with their noise and their squabbles, their boldness and ubiquity. When farmers had their own way with the Church rate, their extermination was paid for out of it. In an old church account-book, payments for ‘sparer heads,’ and ‘sprow heads’ are often repeated in all sorts of spelling, together with ‘marten-cats’ heads’ and ‘poul-cat heads.’ These two last were altogether destroyed, but the sparrows were unconquerable. In 1832 the custom was condemned by the curate, and given up ; but an old retired farmer continued to shoot every sparrow in the place. He succeeded several times in reducing them to one, but always by the next day that sole survivor had induced a mate to come and dwell with him in this Castle Perilous of Sparrowdom.

More favoured are the titmice. We hang up a bit of fat, and these pretty little creatures come in four species—the delightful tiny blue-cap with azure crest, the greater one with the sulphur waistcoat and white cheeks, the broad black, or rather purple, line edging them, and running down his breast—Oxeye, as we call him here, bold-spirited fellow ; the marsh-tit, like blue-cap gone into black and grey mourning ; and cole-tit, with white cheeks under his black cap. These two last do not seem

to have the same power of hanging on upside down as the two with yellow breasts, and are somewhat more shy. The charming longtailed-tit never thus comes—I suspect he hibernates somehow. Blackbirds and thrushes do not appreciate crumbs, and puff themselves out very disconsolately when neither worms nor berries can be had. Now and then a cock chaffinch comes, a grass widower or *Cœlebs*, as his Latin specific name expresses, for his wife is gone to a warmer climate. I once met a whole flight of these delicate ladies on their way in the autumn.

Kingsley says that wrens roll themselves together in a ball and sleep for the winter ; but I have certainly often seen Kitty hopping about on a bank on warm days in the winter, perhaps come out to reconnoitre.

How many people fancy that the robin and wren are really mates, on the authority of the nursery rhyme ! and how many more will aver that hen robins have no red breasts, deceived perhaps by the brown plumage of the newly fledged ! Golden-crest darts about in the quick-set hedge. He is permanent here, and does not go north for his beautiful nest.

Gunnery, though somewhat checked, is too rife for curious birds, especially by the river. Some four miles hence there used to be a decoy, which I once saw. I do not know whether the institution survives in the north of England, but many people only know the word in its proverbial use. It can only be used in such frosts as are so uncommon here, that to keep up the skilled establishment is not worth while ; and this is well, for it is a treacherous affair. When all other waters are frozen over, an artificial lake is cleared of ice to attract the water-fowl. Round this are arranged screens of reeds gradually doubled into a path, narrowed till they become a tunnel ending in a net.

Tame decoy ducks are trained to entice their congeners into this fatal passage, and a clever little dog shows himself just enough to prevent a retreat, but not enough to cause the creatures to take wing. The victims swim on, led by the treacherous ducks into the net. The tame ones are taken out and petted ; the deluded victims have their necks wrung for the market.

When we went to see this great trap, many years ago, we were very cold, and very cautiously and silently were allowed to peep between the screens, where the birds were to be seen swimming, and now and then alighting on what was to be their Styx—and it was black enough ! They were not near enough to be

distinguishable, and of course we might not show ourselves, and could only be allowed to admire the dead ; the mallard with his glossy green head, blue marks on his wings, and the inimitable fawn colour of his breast ; the pretty little teal, with the green pocket-hole and green streak over the eye, and the widgeon, with rust-coloured head and breast.

There are snipe and woodcock in the meadows, but my only acquaintance with them is when sportsmen bring them down. Nor do the fieldfares visit us much. I fancy the birds that come from the north for the winter, stop before these southern counties are reached.

This is the sleeping time of vegetation. If the season is mild, violets can be gathered in the gardens. resolutely blossoming on every tolerably warm day, and the leafless jessamine on the houses still shows pale spark-like yellow flowers. These yield to frost and rain ; but the buds seem to be indestructible, and endure anything before they open. There are some of the ‘steadfast Christmas roses’ in gardens, to which their creeping roots have ‘taken,’ and where they are not disturbed in the time of their handsome green foliage, and a primrose or two peeps out. It is possible to gather fourteen or fifteen garden flowers in some Januaries ; but these are almost all lingering remains of last year, not to be reckoned as the promise of the incoming season.

And 1890-91 was a winter to be remembered, with seven weeks of frost, five of unbroken snow, falling windlessly, and thus regularly, not in drifts, while the air, being still and clear, *felt* far less cold than it often does when the thermometer is lower. But the partial thaw, suddenly arrested, made the roads slippery beyond measure, and a walk became a story of casualties. Rooks came in black clouds to fields where food was provided for them, and rare birds appeared—alas ! only to be shot by the unscrupulous.

It must be more individual character than the species that gives ascendancy among birds. At one window where they were fed, a water-wagtail acted tyrant, and drove off the others. At another, a hen blackbird made no scruple of driving off her own ‘mavis cock so black of hue, with orange tawny bill.’ At another, a thrush ruled as long as these birds were brought by famine. And, usually, the little blue-cap showed himself more than a match for the much fiercer-looking oxeye, whose bravery seems to reside in his colouring.

KIRDORF: A STUDY.

TWENTY minutes away from *Homburg*, there lies a little German *Gandersleugh*, called Kirdorf. It has no business to be entitled thus; its proper appellation is, without any doubt, *Gänsedorf*, and here the Goose Girl was born. It is all full of geese; to every man or woman that you see, there must be ten at least. They muster strongly in the evening, and then it is evident that what churches are to Rome, and what smoke is to London, geese are to Kirdorf—its characteristic feature, its *raison d'être*, in fact. There is about certain creatures a mysterious link with literature, which makes them dear to lovers of books. It is not fair to count Pegasus, for he had wings and was mythical; but even the common Horse, with only four legs, has ridden through so many romances, that he is quite historical, and has local habitations and names, as though he belonged to the recording race of man. There is a devilry about the goat, which goes far to justify presumptions of witchcraft in the middle ages; and the Goose, though of a low order of wickedness and not poetical, divides with the Stork the honours of a distinct connection with princes and princesses in disguise. He is not sung of by the poets, like the swan, the sea-gull, the swallow, the lark, the nightingale, and the dove. He is not mentioned in the Psalms, like the sparrow, and the owl forestalled him with Minerva. But he has a charm that is all his own, and the village wherein he lives in flocks is a Fairy village, a village Grimm would have liked to see, and even Andersen, that Laureate of the nursery, would never have despised.

One evening on the road thither, we encountered a sort of Charge of the Light Brigade of geese. On they came, wobbling, gobbling, with a military enthusiasm that defies all description, a martial orator bringing up the rear, and stopping midway to deliver himself of a tremendous oration upon the Fatherland, while the others listened excitedly. A long way behind came an

old woman. ‘*Ach, Herr Fe!*’ she said ; she had been running after them all day, she could not catch them. What o’clock was it? I did not happen to have anything with me? No? Well then, she thanked me all the same. The Witch and her Rebellious Subjects—it was a picture ready to the hand of Dicky Doyle.

Green hayfields compass Kirdorf round, and the low hills are just near enough to look green also. The whole thing was made for a box of toys. A road with trees out of a Noah’s Ark leads into it. A sluggish stream, spanned by three arches and a tiny plank-bridge, meanders alongside. Within are gardens, full of bright dahlias, crimson and yellow, and little houses, the walls of which are hung with gold-green clusters of grapes. The people are Catholic ; at every step you come upon a Cross of pink stone or a Station. At the entrance to the village, between one timber-yard and another, is set a wayside shrine, ‘The Agony in the Garden.’ Raised slightly above the level of the houses, on a mound of its own, there stands a tall red church with two grey pointed towers, a landmark for many miles. The presence of this church is a mystery. Who could have built it ? No one above the social rank of a tailor appears to inhabit the place. It is not an old church either. It has a deep melodious bell, that is too grand and solemn for the summoning of these simple folk, and would more fitly sound above the clamour of a great city. I think it is a church that lost its way, and wandered into Kirdorf by mistake. I am sure the children that play truant from it on Sunday are haunted, like that child of Goethe’s, by a fancy that the walking bell is tumbling after them. If you stand outside it on a glowing day in August, when the soft yet brilliant colour of the sky throws out the white figures of the Crucified, of Mary, and St. John, and the afternoon sun is casting long shadows from the gables and resting over the vine-leaves on the walls, you might almost think yourself in some forgotten corner of Italy.

When I entered the Church, it was quite empty. The usual bad pictures disfigured the dull walls, but such stately pillars and arches as these are not usual in a village church. A bucket of Holy Water stood in the doorway ; it looked very cool and inviting. A little red lamp hung burning before the altar. The thing that touched me most was an inscription, wreathed with faded leaves, in memory of two soldiers, who *starben den Helden-tod für König und Vaterland* in the war with France. It is

common enough throughout all Germany. There is not an insignificant hamlet among the hills but some one who was born there 'died the heroic death,' and they blow his trumpet bravely in the face of oblivion.

Doubtless, I might have heard all about the building of the church from an old woman ; the village abounded in them, and one was very friendly, and brought me out a chair to sit on whilst I sketched. The genus Old Woman varies considerably in different parts of the world. The oldest woman of all, the Old Woman of London, is a sad sight—too sad to see at all, if one could help it. She seems to have lived past all possible reckoning of her years. The Old Man in whom the seven ages culminate would be a youth compared with her. She sits upon a doorstep selling matches. Horrible fancy is this the Mother of Light ? Sometimes she sells nothing at all ; there she sits, hour after hour, never moving, never smiling. I would rather have the house adorned with a skull. She is deaf, dumb, blind ; she has no consistency ; if any one took hold of her, the flabby, unclean thing would crush together in his hands. Yet even she is less practically dreadful than the Old Woman of the Sea, whose constant residence beside that element has given her an involuntary taste for strong waters. She has always 'seen better days' —but I have not seen worse than those I spent with her. She is a harpy of the most terrible description. I still remember with dismay the fortnight that I once passed in her society at Brighton ; her horsehair furniture, slippery as ice that should be the colour of ink, and the plain puddings she was wont to make ; *milk puddings* she called them, but there went little of the milk of human kindness towards that cookery. There was an ancient Litany, one of the petitions of which ran thus : '*From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord deliver us.*' Were I revising it, I should be much inclined to add a clause, beginning : '*From the Old Woman of the Sea.*'

With the Old Woman of the Mountain I am not personally acquainted. I have seen pictures of her carrying bundles of sticks, and she looked harmless enough, but there were traditions that haunted one in early childhood, according to which she was not a very reputable character, though a certain fascination attached to her because she usually inhabited caves.

But the Old Woman of the Village is almost always a thing to love ; it is she that understands the trade better than any one else. In *Germany* one feels an irresistible desire to call her

Grossmütterchen. She recalls the prettiest of *Heine's* songs. She is kind and gracious and fond of gossip; she chatters gaily to her neighbour across the street in the intervals of her passive minding of numerous babies. The old woman of Kirdorf talks a queer *patois*, with here and there a French word that she has picked up, I suppose, from the people of Friedrichsdorf, an old Huguenot village that lies not far off. '*Sieh, da komme die pouleke,*' I heard her say once to a little grandchild she was nursing. She wore a blue apron and a white cap. The other women called her Caterina. They seemed to be chiefly employed—when they had any employment at all—in walking about with bundles of green stuff on their heads. Others were haymakers. I saw these coming home in the evening with pitchforks over their shoulders.

Three things connected Kirdorf with the wide world elsewhere. One was the *Kaiserliche Post*, which rattled through in its yellow carriage, driven by a coachman in a glazy hat with a black tuft to it. One was an advertisement, stuck up about the walls and posts, to the effect that His devoted Georg Fleck invited every one who might read it to take a seat *bei der Germania* (the principal Inn of the place), where he might assist at the production of an historical *Ritterschauspiel* in ten Acts, called *Genoveva*. The list of *dramatis personæ* certainly did possess great attractions. I subjoin the manager's notice of the secondary parts, which, even as in the *Waverley Novels*, aroused still greater curiosity than the principals.

• Dracko	-	-	-	The Cook.
Spitznel	-	-	-	Governor of the Jail.
Heinz and Kunz	-	-	-	Executioners.

The Witch of Strasburg.

A Ghost, a Deer, and various Wild Animals.

There are some lost opportunities that we regret all our lives after. I shall never get over the disappointment of not having seen Dracko the cook and the rest of the wild animals in the barn *bei der Germania*. It would have been within my slender means; the stalls were threepence each. But alas! that unique performance had come off (if it ever did come off) on Tuesday, July 2nd, and it was just two months too late. *Wilhelm Meister* Georg Fleck and his troupe were hopelessly, irretrievably lost to the English.

The third link, whereby the village is hooked to larger

destinies, was an advertisement of a very different kind, headed magnificently *Raubmord* (Robbery and Murder). It offered a reward of three hundred *marks*—which sounds a good deal more than fifteen pounds—to anyone who would discover the murderer of an inhabitant of Frankfurt, who had been found dead in the woods, rest of a silver watch, an umbrella, and one or two innocent things of that kind, which, it would seem, were hardly worth the price of blood.

I found it hard to believe this discreditable story. It was out of character with the rest. I thought some one must have invented it and stuck it up in Kirdorf for a joke. Dying was not the fashion there. It was natural to think that, if people did die, they were buried ; but not a sign of burying was to be seen. There were no graves under the shadow of the church ; for some time I thought that there were none at all. But afterwards, hidden away in the back regions out of sight, I found a little cemetery. *Ruhe sanft* was written at the back of most of the crosses it contained ; they seemed to have been there for a long while, and there was no one to disturb the sleepers.

Here and there, I could not but think that I had discovered some faint clue to the former history of the village. The fine carving upon a panel,—a lock curiously wrought,—some stone ornament that seemed to have survived the wreck of other than its present surroundings, made one think. Not that I set much store by such slight indications ! Indeed, I never even questioned Caterina, though she went in and out of one of the oddest doors of all. I was perhaps too fond of my fancies ; I did not wish to have them murdered, like that man who went for a walk in the woods. A little ignorance is as harmless as a little knowledge is dangerous, and in some ways it is even more enjoyable.

It is with places as it is with people. Some are charming when they are young, and never at any other time ; while others improve in middle age, and others again not until the coming on of years has bent and wrinkled them. Some few—and these the rarest—are lovely all their lives. It is difficult to conceive how Venice can ever have been otherwise. Manchester, on the other hand, will not be lovely if it live to eight or nine hundred. How old Kirdorf may be, I have no means of judging. The Church is a mere infant of twenty-six ; the village is a lady, and keeps her age dark. Nor do I know why, on a few of the half-timbered houses, the beams are smeared of a dull red. The small community is full of secrets.

But besides the long life of years, there is the little life that people and things lead every day. What Kirdorf is like in the morning, I do not know, for so long as the morning hours lasted, I was fain to tarry in Greece or Italy ; but the afternoon turned it into an habitation for geese, goats, and grandmothers—the scenery of endless Fairy-tales. This is the first and last word of it. It even possessed, or might have possessed, a heroine, a fair-haired Esmeralda, to be seen in the company of one particular black goat. Had I been Esmeralda, I should have bestowed my affections on an engaging milk-white creature, which also frequented the meadows round about ; but of course she had her own reasons for preferring the blackamoor. Her Fairy Prince was never visible. But when ‘the dew was falling fast,’ and ‘the stars began to blink,’ then Kirdorf became poetical. The sun left it alone and went away to die upon the hills. The little wind-worn trees and shrubs that grew on the edges of the red quarry behind it, looked desolate and cold. The mists came rolling up around it ; the detail of the houses was all confused and lost. Only the twin towers of the church rose, flat and spectral, up against the sky.

QUILLA.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXCIII.

1724-1744.

THE GEORGIAN COLONY.—PART I.

THOUGH these were such evil days, it was still most true that 'of her saints, the glorious home is never quite bereft.' George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the Christian philosopher already spoken of, was full of an ardent desire to convert the Red Indians. His scheme was almost an anticipation of the great Bishop Selwyn's and Bishop Patteson's Norfolk Island work, namely, to take out a staff of fellow-workers, and establish a Missionary College in one of the Bermuda Islands, where Indians might be trained so as to minister to their brethren, and form a branch of the Church. He wanted to give up his Deanery, worth £1100 a year, and become head of the college on a hundred a year, and he hoped also to do much for the promotion of religion among the English settlers who formed a fringe along the coast of North America.

Even his fellow Dean Swift was interested in his cause, and he actually, by extreme earnestness and importunity, obtained a charter for his college, and a promise of a grant of £20,000 from Government. In great joy, he married Anne Forster, daughter to the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and went out to America, where, in Rhode Island, he purchased a farm which he intended to be a feeder to his Bermuda college, and there waited and waited for the payment of the sum which was to enable him to begin building and carrying out his scheme.

Alas ! it never came. Walpole hated nothing so much as enthusiasm, and withheld it till, in 1732, after four years wasted, Berkeley got an answer tantamount to a refusal, that it should be paid when it suited the public convenience. He came home, his Deanery gone, and much of his private means spent, a cruelly disappointed man, whose aims had been too high for his contemporaries.

Queen Caroline, however, who greatly admired him, insisted on his being appointed to the Irish Bishopric of Cloyne. There he was greatly beloved and respected even by the Roman Catholics, to whose priests he addressed a remarkable letter, not controversial, but brotherly, and entreating them to make common cause against the standing defects of their flocks, sloth, improvidence, quarrelsomeness, and the like, and his remonstrance was taken in thoroughly good part. Later, the good Bishop took up one of those medical fancies that sometimes prevail, and thought every one might be kept in good health by drinking tar water, so that it became so much the fashion that the chemists said they sold hardly anything else ! He died in the year 1753, just as he had gone with his family to settle his son at Oxford. He had seen, however, a more successful attempt at Christian work in America begun by another hand.

James Oglethorpe was the son of Sir Theophilus and Lady Oglethorpe. The latter, a very clever Irishwoman, was a great favourite of Queen Mary Beatrice, and in after years her daughters used to say (or an old nurse reported them to have done so) that a little brother of theirs had been taken to the palace ; they never saw him again, but heard he was dead. The notion is, however, disproved by dates as well as by circumstantial accounts of the royal nursery.

James, the third son, was baptized on the 1st of June, 1689, and grew up in a family still enjoying Court favour, for Queen Anne was fond of Lady Oglethorpe. The elder sons were in the army, and James, after a brief stay at Oxford, followed them thither in 1710. Marlborough became interested in him, and on his own dismissal, recommended him to Prince Eugene, under whom he served in the great campaign in Hungary when Belgrade was gallantly taken, and the Turkish invasions finally repressed.

Young Oglethorpe was offered high rank in the Austrian army, but he chose to return to England, where by the death of his father and brothers he had inherited the family estate at Godalming. The pocket borough of Haslemere likewise descended to him as a matter of course, and he sat for it for thirty-two years, whether in England or out of it.

He turned all his energies into the cause of the oppressed. His maiden speech was against Bishop Atterbury's exile ; and he later did his utmost to obtain from Government a remonstrance with the Austrian Government in favour of the persecuted Moravians and people of Salzburg. The former are a sect with

little that is unorthodox in their faith, claiming to come down from Cyrillus and Methodius, the original Greek missionaries of Bulgaria and Hungary, and with a Bishop, but unable to prove any part of their history further back than the time of Count Nicholas Ludwig Zinzendorf, who certainly revived them and gave them an organisation on the model of primitive Christianity, placing a great family brotherhood of them on his estate at Herrenhütten in Lusatia, a province of Bohemia. The Saltzburgers were the remnant of those Hussites who had prevailed throughout Bohemia in the Thirty Years' War, when the House of Austria had used every effort to stamp them out. In 1732, however, the earnest remonstrances of the Protestant States of Germany, whom Charles VI. needed to propitiate, obtained permission for them to migrate, and they were received with enthusiasm in Prussia. Oglethorpe, their advocate in England, had further plans for them ; but in the meantime, his attention was called to the condition of English jails.

Imprisonment for debt was still the law, and so remained till the beginning of the present century. The debtor could not hope to come out till payment was made, and his life in the meantime was hopeless misery. Sometimes he could carry on a little trade, sometimes he angled with a stocking at the end of a string for the alms of passengers in the streets, sometimes he starved ! The bankrupt clergy in the Fleet prison, of whom in those lax days there was no lack, made a living by marrying couples who wished for secrecy. A marriage without banns was still valid, and what were called 'Fleet marriages,' though disreputable, were not illegal. Around these prisons were streets where the debtors who had any kind of supplies were allowed to live, within the rules, namely, a sort of boundary of the jail, which they never crossed save on Sundays, when law was not put in force. The mixture of riot, revelry, and misery, and the general wretchedness and wickedness passed all conception.

Moreover, the Wardenship of these dreadful places was quite irresponsible, and was a matter of sale, the Wardens being expected to board and lodge the prisoners and extract payment out of them ; and this was in the hands of men who expected to make a fortune. The appointment to the Fleet had been sold by the great Lord Clarendon to John Higgins for £5000, and for the same sum it had been bought by one Bambridge, a savage tyrant, who tortured those who could not comply with his exactions, though as his prison was for debtors, he did not send

his inmates out on marauding expeditions as did the Warden of Newgate with his pickpockets, who were expected to bring him a share of the spoil.

An unfortunate inventor, named Castell, having ruined himself like too many others, was thrown into the Fleet ; and as long as his friends could help him, he was in the comparatively comfortable state of living within the rules, but when means failed, Bambridge removed him, in spite of his remonstances, to a sponging-house, a place where privation was supposed to wring out the last drop. The small-pox was raging there, he caught it and died.

On hearing this, Oglethorpe resolved to go and see the state of things in the Fleet, making the excuse of visiting Sir William Rich, whom he had formerly known. He found the unhappy gentleman actually in chains, ragged, filthy, half-starved, in absolute misery, and this was only a sample of what numbers were enduring, those from whom there was any chance of obtaining money being tortured like martyrs of old.

In grief and indignation, Oglethorpe brought the matter before Parliament, and prevailed that a Committee, of which he was Chairman, should be appointed to investigate.

Hogarth, that wonderful, though harsh and often coarse caricaturist, who always worked in the cause of virtue and humanity, produced a print showing these gentlemen at their work. In court dress, they sit at a table in a grated dungeon, with thumb-screws and other instruments of torture upon it, and a half naked prisoner, with one of these on his head, being examined, while Bambridge stands by angry and frightened. In fact, Sir William Rich was brought before them in fetters, and though they desired these to be taken off, the wretched Bambridge restored them immediately after—for which Oglethorpe caused him to be placed in the custody of the Serjeant-at-arms, and finally he and one of his turnkeys were tried for murder, but acquitted.

At the Marshalsea, a prisoner who had tried to escape, had been tortured with thumb-screws, and an implement like a pair of tongs was placed on the back of his neck to squeeze it, besides being shut up with iron implements called shears upon his legs. Another man had been kept for ten days in a cell with four dead bodies ; a poor Portuguese was under such heavy irons that he could not rise ; another man had lost memory and power of motion ; and some were actually detained after being acquitted by juries, because they could not pay their fees. Women had

often no beds, no attendance, and scarcely any food, and died of neglect. There were about 24,000 debtors in the jails of England, besides the felons, all in this frightful state, unless they could pay exorbitant fees! Sickness of course prevailed, and there was a form of typhus known as jail fever, of which it was said that one of every four prisoners died annually. Twenty had died in Winchester jail, and it was so infectious that in 1732 the Judge, one of the Serjeants-at-law, and many others in Court, caught it and died at the Dorchester Assizes, and the High Sheriff of Somersetshire was another victim.

One unfortunate African Prince, an educated man of Arab race, was discovered in this dismal captivity—having been captured, made a slave, and drifted to England. He was released, and finally sent home to his city of Bunda, after he had assisted Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum, in Arabic translations.

The poet of the Seasons, James Thompson, might well write in his enthusiasm—

‘ While in the land of liberty—the land
Where every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom—little tyrants raged ;
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed ;
Even robbed them of the last of comforts—sleep.
* * * * *

Ye sons of mercy ! Yet resume the search ;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression’s iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still remains untouched in this rank age,
Much is the patriot’s weeding hand required.’

Nothing could be more true.

Things were improved in some degree for the time, though in twenty years they had fallen back again, and another son of mercy, Howard the philanthropist, found the same horrors in county jails as those which Oglethorpe had brought to light in London.

Many debtors were liberated, and the discovery of so much distress led Oglethorpe to devise a scheme for their employment in a new colony, which he hoped to make a pattern of good regulation, and a refuge alike for them and the German Protestants.

MR. FRANCIS.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER.

‘Sweet are the uses of Adversity.’

P A R T I.

FOR those who have visited Derbyshire, there is no need to describe the endless succession of round, soft, green hills, which meet the eye on every side, with a kind of soothing monotony. Dotted over with sheep, divided from each other by little valleys, through which perhaps a placid stream runs in leisurely fashion : with here and there a patch of briars which produce in their season a crimson wild rose which I have never seen anywhere else ; boasting but few trees ; utterly lonely ; yet full of a quiet beauty rather felt than seen ;—these hills take possession of the imagination, and once seen, are never forgotten. Their monotony does not weary, their loneliness does not alarm you. There is something home-like, simple, and kindly about them ; and I can fancy that one ‘weary with the march of life,’ looking about for a quiet resting-place wherein to wait patiently till his time shall come, might remember these green hills, seen perhaps during some gay holiday in early youth, and decide that among them he would seek for his desired haven of rest.

One of the roads from Buxton leads through scenery of this kind. There are places in Derbyshire wild enough to satisfy the most romantic tastes, but this road avoids them. It is very lonely—you may drive along it for miles without meeting any one, or seeing a human habitation. One feels quite pleased to see, at last, half-way down a gentle slope, a cottage ; a small reddish brown cottage with a thatched roof, which looks to you as if it stood all alone in the midst of the fields, approached by no road, and without even a fence between the low door and the open field. But about half-a-mile further on you see a tiny hamlet in the valley, with a little old church near it, and a narrow

road running parallel with the high road you are following. Presently, this narrow road turns and climbs the hill to join the high road, and a very rough lane leads from that turn to the cottage of which I have spoken. The door of the cottage which opens on the field is the back-door ; that on the other side has a little latticed porch, and before it a narrow strip of garden, with a gravelled path to a green gate, by which you may pass into the lane, which ends here. A lonelier spot it is impossible to imagine.

But the place has a wonderful charm about it. I saw it but once—just passing along the road above it—and it is long since that day, yet I can see it now, as I write, and have often thought how quiet and pleasant it might be to dwell there. The world-wearied man of whom I spoke just now might well take a fancy to the spot, and say, ‘Here will I dwell until the end shall come.’ But one would hardly expect a young man, well born, and but lately full of life, gaiety, activity, and restless energy, to select this tiny residence, and to settle himself there as if he meant to remain. Yet this was exactly what happened, to the astonishment of such persons in the neighbourhood as thought about it.

It was on a lovely afternoon in May some years ago, that a young man, who had evidently but just recovered from a severe illness, left the Hotel in Buxton in which he had been staying for the last few days, and having hired an open carriage, got in and seated himself with a weary sigh. The driver stood waiting, as in duty bound, to know whither he was to drive ; but the young gentleman, sinking back in his corner, sat gazing at the cushion of the front seat, and seemed quite satisfied to remain where he was.

‘Which way do you wish to go, sir ?’ said the man at length. ‘Matlock road ?’

‘Eh ?—Oh !—I see. Drive to the quietest, loneliest place you know ; I don’t care where,—just keep me out for an hour or two.’

‘All right, sir,’ said the driver, and immediately turned his horses towards the road I have described.

The young man who lay back, listless and weary, in the carriage did not seem to belong naturally to the class of men who desire solitude, or who have any reason to avoid their fellow-men. He was very handsome : dark blue eyes, well cut features, and a tall, finely proportioned figure, though just now he was painfully thin and evidently very weak. His glossy chesnut-tinted hair was so short as to suggest that he had recently been

shaved. He wore a moustache, but no whiskers, and there was something about him which betrayed the soldier, for though he could not walk without the aid of a stick, the drivers and Bath-men all dubbed him 'Captain,' to his evident annoyance. He had been in Buxton for some days, but never left his rooms, except early in the morning for a bath, and in the afternoon for a drive.

The driver, as Buxton drivers do, turned now and then to point out anything of interest ; but as the only response was a curt 'Drive on,' he left off these attentions and jogged on half asleep. But he was suddenly roused by the quick, imperious voice, saying—

'Driver, you see that cottage on the slope there ? It seems to be uninhabited. Do you know anything about it ?'

'No, sir ; I can't say I do.'

'How do you reach it ?'

'Never was there, sir. But yonder's the village of Green-mount ; and they'll know all about it there, no doubt.'

'Drive there, if you please.'

In about twenty minutes the carriage drew up at the door of the village public-house. The landlord came out, evidently much surprised, and from the other houses various heads were poked forth.

'What do you please to want, sir ?'

'Merely to know how I can reach the cottage which stands alone in the fields over there. That is, if I am right in thinking that it is empty, and can be hired.'

The landlord gazed at the speaker, scratched his head, and grinned.

'No such cottage—not for such as you, sir, do I know.'

'Yes, you do, George Skerry,' cried a woman's voice ; and out bustled Mrs. Skerry, who was very decidedly her husband's better-half in every way.

'The gentleman means the Haven.'

'Not he,' said Skerry.

'He do, I tell you ; and yes, sir, 'tis empty, and 'tis to be hired. It belongs to us. M' 'usban's uncle, which was a sailor, built it, and lived and died in it—at a great age,' she added hastily ; 'and he named it the Haven. Just a fancy name, sir ; and what he meant by it I don't know, unless he meant it to be understood for Heaven—but there he lived, and he left it to m' 'usban'.'

'Can I see it?'

'Yes, sir, certainly. Driver! follow the lane instead of turning off towards the high road—you can't go wrong, because the lane goes nowhere else; and in five minutes I'll be there with the keys, sir, and show you over it.'

'Sha'n't trouble you, thanks. Here, you'—to the landlord—'jump up beside the driver, and bring the keys with you.'

Mr. Skerry complied with a grin, Mrs. Skerry retired with a toss of her head.

The carriage made its way along the rough, dirty lane, and stopped at the little green gate. Mr. Skerry having opened this, the gentleman got out of the carriage and went up the slope to the house, 'very gradual' as Mr. Skerry afterwards remarked. 'There are six rooms,' said Skerry, as he unlocked the door. The stranger walked in; gave a quick, keen glance at everything to which Mr. Skerry called his attention, and to several things which that worthy passed over in silence.

'That grate must be set to rights. The windows are broken in three places. That board is rotten.'

'There's a right of way through the fields,' said Mr. Skerry, opening the back door, 'which my uncle considered a convenience when he returned from Buxton not quite so sober as he might have been.'

There was a tone of grievance about this remark, and the stranger smiled slightly.

'It was inconsiderate of him to get drunk anywhere but at your house—eh?'

'He was an ill-considered man,' said Skerry gravely.

'Six rooms, you said?'

'My uncle always meant to marry, sir. That's why there are so many.'

'My meaning is that I see only four,' said the stranger.

'There's a parlour, or sitting-room, three bedrooms, a kitchen, and a back kitchen.'

'Back kitchen! Where?'

'Why, you're in it, sir.'

'Oh, this little hole!' He turned as he spoke, and went again into the parlour, where he sat down on the window-seat.

'It suits me,' he said; 'what's the damage?'

'The—rent, sir?'

'Yes; the rent.'

'By the year?'

'Yes.'

'House *and* garden' (there was only the strip of ground in front, just the width of the house), 'and—and the right of way?' said Mr. Skerry imposingly.

'I suppose so. Well?'

'Well, sir, I shouldn't be doing myself justice as a man with a family, if I said a penny less than—thirty pounds a year.'

'All right,' was the reply; and Skerry gasped with mingled surprise and sorrow—surprise that he had not been promptly offered fifteen, sorrow that he had not asked forty. After a moment's thought he said, 'And you to pay the taxes?'

'All right. I shall send in furniture at once; get those repairs made to-morrow. I don't know how long I shall stay; does that matter?'

'Then you'll pay in advance, sir. And that's but reasonable, seeing I ask for no references.'

'Neither do I,' said the young man drily. 'Yes, I'll pay in advance; but I have no money with me just now.'

'You'll need a servant, sir. Now I have a little girl, my wife have trained her, and she's—'

'Mrs. Campbell will see to all that.'

'Your—your lady, sir? Then your name is Campbell?'

'My servant's. My name is Warrington—I mean Warrington Francis.' He looked hastily at the landlord as he spoke.

'Yes, sir; and you'll want milk, and—'

'Mrs. Campbell will arrange all that. Keep the keys until I send for them. Good-bye.'

'A haughty-like youth,' said Mr. Skerry, as he locked up the house, 'but one can swallow it. Thirty pounds a year and taxes, the missus herself could hardly better that.'

The missus was indeed surprised at 'm' usban's' good luck, but she insinuated that 'your fine thirty pound a year' would never be heard of again at the 'Cat and Fiddle.'

Mr. Warrington Francis, having dismissed his carriage, said to the first waiter he met in the hotel, 'Tell Mrs. Campbell to come to me when you bring up dinner.' And presently dinner and Mrs. Campbell appeared. She was a tall, severe-looking woman, well but plainly dressed in sober brown. She sent the waiter away.

'You've overtired yourself, Master Frank; you are as white as ashes. You'll kill yourself, sir.'

'What matter?' he asked quietly.

'Oh, Master Francis ! when Heaven's mercy is giving you time to—'

'Repent !—Yes, I know. But, Mrs. Campbell, did I not say that I would stand none of this ?'

The woman looked at him gravely, but was silent. He pushed away his plate, saying, 'Ring, Cammie, and send these things away. I must lie down. Sit with me for awhile, and I'll tell you some news.'

The waiter came and went, and the sofa was made as comfortable as dexterous hands could make it ; it had peculiarities, but she had found them all out, and knew how to manage. Her charge lay down at full length—six feet two of it,—and she covered him with a soft shawl. And while her face was stern and even disapproving, and her voice cold and repressive, her ministrations to the invalid were marvellously tender and skilful.

'Now sit down, nurse. I've found what I want. A cottage at the back of everything ; a place where no chance travellers will ever come. There I shall wait till I get stronger or weaker. I suppose one can buy furniture here ?'

'Bless me, Master Frank, you take my breath away.'

'A pity, nurse, that you don't return the compliment.'

'You have quite determined on this, sir ?'

'Oh, yes. Taken it by the year, to pay in advance. I can't stay here, I must be out of the crowd, and I'm not up for America yet. You drive out there to-morrow, then you must buy furniture for me, engage a servant, and so forth ; and when you have finally settled me in my new abode, take my advice, leave me to my fate, and go home.'

'Not so, Master Frank ; I have cast in my lot with yours, unless you tell me you will not let me abide with you. You will need no other servant for the present, sir.'

'Nurse, I cannot have this. You leave all the people you love and respect, your comfortable, easy life, respected, made much of, and all to work hard for me, and to live in a wilderness. And why should you do all this ? For you think me a precious rascal, you know.'

'We're all sinners, Master Frank. You were tempted as, I suppose, some never are.'

'And fell ? Well then, leave me, Cammie. I am as well as I shall ever be. Go home and forget me, as the rest will.'

'That they will not, sir. And as long as you permit it, so long I stay with you. You could ill do without me, even yet.'

She paused, then added more softly, 'I have always loved you, Mr. Francis.'

'Cammie, if our positions were reversed—I mean, if I believed of you what you believe of me—I should not love you. I don't understand it.'

'My heart clings to you, Master Frank. I think it's just the difference between a man and a woman. And then I look to see you a——'

'No more of that. Remember our compact.'

'Yes, sir. It slips out sometimes, because I am always praying for it.'

'Oh, yes, pray away! and when I repent I will let you know. By the way, Cammie, I made a great slip to-day, myself. In giving that fellow my name, I said Warrington, without thinking; and then I added Francis—I could not remember Percy in my hurry. But Francis as a surname will do very well.'

'You were always so heedless, Master Frank. It cannot be helped. After all, the place may not answer.'

'Oh, yes, it will. I liked it. I should feel effaced there, and that will suit everybody, myself included.'

'But after saying Warrington, sir?'

'The fellow will not remember; he may suspect that I am not giving my real name, but that does not matter. A rascal may be allowed an alias or two. I am dead-tired, Cammie, I can talk no more.'

Mrs. Campbell did not visit the Haven the next day, nor for several days; her charge had overtired himself, and was very ill during the night. He had fainting fits, one after another, and more than once they thought he was dying; then followed fearful nerve-pain and utter prostration, which kept him in bed for several days; but as soon as he was a shade better, he insisted upon Cammie, as he called her, going to inspect the Haven, and paying the half-year's rent in advance. He would not hear of quarterly payments.

'Fancy being bothered to pay seven pounds ten every three months!' he said; 'and I'm afraid, Cammie, you won't bury me yet a bit. I am awfully strong,'—and the word 'awfully' was used in its true meaning, and not in the sense absurdly ascribed to it now.

Mrs. Campbell was better pleased with the Haven than she had expected to be. It was a dry, well-built house, in fairly good order. The old sailor had amused his leisure by putting

up cupboards and shelves, painting them thickly with white paint, until the rooms looked like the cabins of a man-of-war, and were very convenient and comfortable. Mrs. Campbell took great pains to choose furniture in accordance with her master's tastes, but he refused to take the least interest in the matter. He never asked a question, even when he had to sign a cheque for her.

'All right, Cammie,—don't bore me! Any kind of hole is good enough for a wreck to go to pieces in ; and when the process is complete, you can go and tell them I'm all right.'

'And I do trust and believe you will be all right, sir—but I hope you'll live to do some good in your generation, yet.'

'The one is as likely as the other. May I ask what you mean by saying that I shall be all right yet? Thinking of me as you do, what would set me all right in your eyes?'

'If I answer, Mr. Frank, you'll be annoyed with me again.'

'Oh! I understand now; and on this chance you stick to me Cammie, with all my sins upon my head?'

'Yes, sir,' she answered, in her cold, dry way; 'and now try to get some sleep—I'm fairly longing to get you away from this noisy place.'

* * * * *

Greenmount was such a very small place that there were hardly any resident gentry. The Rector and his family, and the doctor, an elderly man who had been a naval surgeon, were the only gentlefolk who lived near the village. The Rector, Mr. Bernard, was a very good man, but getting old now, and not very strong. His son and curate, Walter, was the real worker of the parish now. It was a large parish, though not very thickly inhabited. There was a second church in another village three miles off, where Walter Bernard held a mid-day service every Sunday, morning service on Festivals, and one evening service weekly. Add to this Sunday and day schools, vigorously visited, and all the work of the church and schools at Greenmount, and it will be admitted that Walter Bernard did not eat the bread of idleness.

He had been away for a few days on some business connected with the parish, and on the very day of his return Mr. Francis had driven out from Buxton, to take possession of the Haven.

Mrs. Bernard was busy in her garden, when she espied her

son coming along the walk from the house. Dropping her rake and a bundle of small sticks which rolled about in all directions, she set out to meet him.

'So here you are, my son ! home again with the old daddy and mammy. I hope your father will cheer up a bit, now—he's lost without you. Now I can amuse myself very well !'

'Perhaps I had better leave you, then—ah ! I thought so. Don't try to humbug me, mother. By the way, I am full of curiosity—I met a carriage—was passed by it, I mean, in Sweet-hay Lane—followed by a light van with luggage and furniture. Where on earth could they be going ?'

'Another van ! Why, lots of things came last week ; and an old woman was there, overseeing everything. I rapped at the door, but they were laying down carpets and did not hear me. She was in the carriage, I suppose ?'

'He was. I saw a man very much wrapped up ; I think there was a woman, too. Where are they going to live ?'

'At the Haven. Skerry came to tell us of his good luck ; he said a young gentleman had come from Buxton and taken it by the year, and he would not tell what the rent was to be, so I concluded that he had cheated the young gentleman, who is rich and short in his temper, according to Skerry. Your father said I was uncharitable. The woman came some time later, and she furnished it—I suspect the young man is only taking the place for her—an old servant, you know. No young man would care to live here unless, like you, he had his work here.'

'Time will tell. If he is going to live here I hope we may like him ; no doubt we shall see him in church on Sunday.'

But when Sunday came Walter had forgotten the new tenant of the Haven, having been exceedingly busy since his return home. But his mother was on the watch, and she perceived a stranger seated all alone in the seat reserved for chance visitors ; a tall, elderly woman, somewhat grim of aspect. Mrs. Bernard remarked that she seemed highly to disapprove both of the church and the service. She gazed sternly at the painted windows as if she longed to smash them, and when the choir boys came in, she shook her head at the sight of surplices. When they began to chant the first canticle, she read every alternate verse aloud ; thereby getting little Sylvan Kirke into a scrape, for that volatile and unlucky treble laughed outright, and his father, who sang tenor, and sat just behind him, had a few remarks to offer on that subject in the evening. However, as

Sylvan was always in trouble, one scrape more or less did not so much matter.

But Mrs. Bernard felt that these things were hard to bear ; and if she felt thus during the service, imagine her feelings during the sermon ! Walter Bernard began his sermon in a way that is now familiar to most people—without a prayer. The stranger plumped down on her knees, and was not back in her seat again until the text was a thing of the past and the sermon was some sentences on its way. She listened for a few moments, and then, taking from her pocket a good-sized piece of wadding, she therewith stuffed both ears tightly ; then opening her Bible, she resigned herself to reading and meditation.

Mrs. Bernard waited for the two clergymen at the gate which opened from the churchyard into her own garden.

‘Walter, did you see her ? Did you ever see such conduct ?’

‘Her ? Why, mother, it was that little rogue Sylvan Kirke who laughed.’

‘Yes, and Sylvan is a bad boy, who ought not to be in the choir. But this time he really had some excuse—it was all that old woman’s fault.’ And Mrs. Bernard proceeded to give a graphic account of the old woman’s misdeeds. Walter followed Sylvan’s example.

‘You may laugh, Walter ; but really it was most scandalous. Think of the example ! It was that woman from the Haven, and *he* was not there at all ! A nice pair of new parishioners !’

‘Perhaps he is ill, and he may come next Sunday.’

‘Don’t wait for that ! Call, both of you, and speak seriously to that wretched old woman.’

‘My dear,’ said the Rector mildly, ‘I am sure you will see presently that it will be wiser not to do that until we have seen this gentleman, and have some idea of the relative standing of our two new parishioners. It would not simplify matters to begin by making some egregious blunder. They may be mother and son, they may be master and servant, they may be husband and wife, they may be——’

‘Oh, very well, Robert ! I’ll say no more. When you begin to speak as if you were reading from a printed book—a very stupid one sometimes—I know that it means that I am too hot, —or that you think so.’

‘And you will think so in five minutes, dear heart.’

So they waited ; but all that week they saw nothing of the inmates of the Haven, nor heard anything of them except that

Bessie Skerry, the girl to whom Mr. Skerry had referred as being a desirable servant, was engaged to spend the daylight hours in helping Mrs. Campbell.

Sunday came, and Mrs. Campbell occupied the same seat and behaved in the same way. Mrs. Bernard could restrain her feelings no longer. She left the church by the vestry, and hurrying round, met Mrs. Campbell in the porch.

'I think,' said she courteously, 'that you are our new neighbour at the Haven?'

Mrs. Campbell removed the cotton from her ears. 'I beg pardon, ma'am; I could not hear you.'

'I fear you suffer from ear-ache.'

'No, ma'am, thank you. I used the cotton to deafen myself. The preaching here is so very popish.'

'My good woman, are you sure that you are capable of judging of that? My husband and son have never had any leaning towards Popery, I assure you.'

'Please to excuse me, ma'am. I did not know that you were the minister's lady, or I should not have passed a remark.'

'It does not matter, I am not in the least annoyed about that. But your example in church is not what one could wish, and if you stop your ears how are you ever to learn?'

'There are things better not learned, ma'am. And I must wish you good-day, as I've been longer away than I care to be.'

'Away from——?' said Mrs. Bernard suggestively. But no notice was taken of the suggestion. 'Tiresome woman!' thought the Rectoress. 'You are not alone at the Haven, are you?' she said aloud.

'No, ma'am. My master is there.'

'I have not seen him at church, have I?'

'He has hardly left his bed since he came here, ma'am. He is only recovering from—a severe illness.'

'Ah, indeed! Dr. Pearson is a *very* clever man, and *most* attentive. My son and Mr. Bernard will call soon,—we did not know that he was an invalid. Will you kindly tell me his name?'

'Francis, ma'am. Good-morning,' and Mrs. Campbell walked off, without having greatly satisfied poor Mrs. Bernard's curiosity. She hurried home to assure her husband that he certainly ought to call the next day—and so ought Walter.

Perhaps they agreed with her, for at three o'clock on Monday, father and son were walking up the neglected path to the green porch, where they knocked on the door with their sticks, as

there was neither knocker nor bell. Bessie Skerry opened the door.

'Well, Bessie! Is Mr. Francis at home?'

'Yes, sir,' with a curtsey.

'Then I hope he will see us.'

'The master is in bed, sir. He's poorly to-day.'

'I am sorry to hear it,' said the gentle-looking old Rector; 'but perhaps he would like to see me. Go, Bessie, and inquire.'

'Mrs. Campbell bade me say no,' Bessie said, in a low voice; but she went, for the idea of disobeying the Rector did not enter her flaxen pate. She left the door open, and they saw her enter the little kitchen; from which presently emerged the tall form of Mrs. Campbell, who went into another room, whence they heard a murmur of voices: hers, and another replying. This voice was singularly sweet, and though languid at first, the words 'I wish to be left in peace' were presently pronounced with sufficient energy to remind them that Mr. Skerry had found his tenant 'short in his temper.'

'My master cannot see any one, gentlemen.'

'I fear he is very ill,' the Rector said, kindly; 'but I will call again, some day, soon.'

'You will only take trouble for nothing, sir. My master does not wish for visitors.'

'Will you kindly tell him what I say?—for you know, as his clergyman, I cannot accept this decision. Good-morning.'

'There is something very odd about this,' said Walter, as they walked away. 'That poor woman looks very sad.'

'I will call again—and, I think, alone,' said the Rector. And he did so, in a day or two, but with no better success, though Mr. Francis was better, and was in his sitting-room, Mrs. Campbell said. Then Walter called alone; still no admittance. They could do no more, though they were sorry to admit it.'

But one day towards the end of June, as Walter Bernard was coming down Sweethay Lane, having been visiting in the distant part of the parish, he saw Bessie Skerry run past the end of the lane, by the road which led from the Haven. She looked frightened, and had no hat, although the sun was very hot.

'Bessie! Wait, child—what is the matter?'

'Oh, the doctor, sir. I'm running for the doctor, the master is very bad; and Mrs. Campbell says that whether he's pleased or not, she must have the doctor.'

'Dr. Pearson is at home, he passed me just now. Go back

and tell Mrs. Campbell that he is coming—I shall go faster than you. Put your apron over your head, Bessie; you'll have sunstroke.'

Bessie ran back, and Walter was soon at the doctor's gate. The little croydon was still at the door.

'Doctor, go to the Haven as fast as you can,' cried Walter.

'All right. You jump up, and I'll leave you at the Rectory gate.'

'No; let me go with you—you may need a messenger,' Walter answered.

The hall door of the cottage was open, and the doctor flung the reins to Walter, hurried up the path, and went in. Walter tied the horse to the gate, and followed as far as the porch, where he sat down to wait.

All around was very fair and still. Walter Bernard was one of those to whom the strange charm of the scenery in the midst of which his lot was cast was very real. Principle and religion made him an active worker, but Nature had meant him rather for a student or a poet. One effect of this temperament was, that a few quiet minutes in the course of his busy day were real rest and refreshment; because his mind, in a moment, shook off all thought of his work and his difficulties, and seemed to become one with the beauty and the musical silence of the surroundings—not thinking, not consciously feeling, but enjoying—this is really rest; and Walter was resting now, gazing quietly at the sunny green hills and the blue shadows, letting the sweet peace of the June day sink into his heart. He had forgotten his weariness, his trouble about Sylvan Kirke, who had defied the schoolmaster and was in open rebellion; he had forgotten the mysterious stranger and his illness, when he was roused from his day-dream by the old doctor's voice.

'Wat! Wat Bernard! Come here.'

'Where are you, doctor?'

'First door to the left.'

Walter lost no time in obeying. And when he reached the door indicated, he saw a sight which he never forgot. On the floor, with his head resting on Mrs. Campbell's knees, lay the new tenant of the Haven, and at the first glance Walter thought he was dead. His handsome, pale face was calm and still, but there was a look of suffering, although he was quite insensible. Mrs. Campbell watched him as though she could bring back life by gazing, and the doctor was arranging the pillows on a low

couch which stood near, and which he now pushed forward until it was close to the prostrate figure.

'Help me, Wat ; I want to lay him on the couch. But it must be done carefully ; don't shake him. You're stronger than I, you lift his head ; put your arms under him, so. Now then, I'm ready. Slowly, that's it. Seamanly done, parson. Get up, Mrs. Campbell, you're stiff and dead-beat.'

'Is he dead ?' whispered Walter.

'Wouldn't need quite so much care in lifting if he were, Wat. No, poor boy, he's not dead. A frame like that makes a hard fight of it. He's coming round, and I didn't want to have to lift him when he is more conscious.'

Mrs. Campbell was now fanning her master diligently. 'He is getting better,' she whispered, and the two men came to the side of the couch. A tinge of colour had stolen back into the lips, a quiver passed over the set, white face. Then he spoke. The first words, spoken very low, sounded like some brief word of command, so the doctor thought. Then came, louder—

'Never again—my last wild ride. Oh, you believe all that ! Did I ? Oh, yes. Where am I ? Cammie, are you here ?'

'Yes, Master Frank, I am here, and so is the doctor, sir. I had to send for him, I was so frightened.'

He did not answer, lying for some time with closed eyes ; then he said—

'Nearly gone this time, Cammie. Why did you stop me ? Would it not be best so, for me and for you ? Then you could—'

'Hush, Master Francis, we're not alone.'

In a moment his face was crimson, and he made an effort to rise. Dr. Pearson put a hand on his shoulder, saying—

'Don't move, unless you want to faint again. Have you any brandy in the house, ma'am ? Oh, it is here. Just a few drops, and lie where you are for some time. Then go to bed, and stay there till I come in the morning.'

'Pray do not trouble yourself to do that,' said Mr. Francis. 'I know all about my illness, and will not trouble you further. Mrs. Campbell can do all that I require.'

Poor Cammie, though she tried hard to maintain her usual demeanour, had been so thoroughly frightened that she could not help casting an appealing glance at Walter ; who came forward and bent over the pillow, so that the other could see him without moving.

'Pray, let Dr. Pearson see you in the morning,' he said, 'if only to relieve your nurse's mind. She has been terribly frightened.'

'But why? I faint pretty often.'

'Sir, it was so long; nothing seemed to do any good.'

'Well, I can't argue the matter now, I feel so sleepy. Will you come to-morrow, doctor? I believe you've given me—'

'I'll come, Mrs. Campbell. Let him sleep. I gave him something in the brandy; he'll sleep for a good while.'

'He hasn't slept for nights and nights,' she said sadly. 'He's worn out with pain. Thank you for coming, sir. I can manage very well now.'

'What's the matter with him, doctor?' said Walter, as they left the house.

'Can't say. All I was told was that all the usual remedies had failed to bring him to. Come, Wat, I'll drop you at your own gate.'

The doctor rode up to the Haven at ten o'clock the next morning, to find his patient leaning over the green gate, instead of awaiting his visit in bed, according to orders. He raised his soft felt hat with the unmistakable air of a gentleman, and said—

'Very kind of you to come so early, Dr. Pearson. Will you come in?'

'Told you to stay in bed,' said the doctor, as he tied up his horse.

'I feel just as usual, so I got up. It makes no difference, and I don't care if it did. I was too ill yesterday to think of this,' he added. They were now in the sitting-room, and as he spoke he offered the doctor a little white-papered packet. Sit down for five minutes, Dr. Pearson; I want to tell you frankly that you can do nothing for me, and that I know it. I don't know what frightened poor Campbell yesterday, she has brought me through these attacks often enough. But I have promised her to tell you how the case stands, as she will be happier if she knows that you are in a position to give her help when she finds it necessary.'

'Yes. Well, go on. Tell me what you like. I'll ask no questions, nor answer any if asked.'

Francis looked hard at him, and coloured faintly.

'About a year ago I met with a bad accident; I had a fall, and my horse rolled over me. I was a good deal smashed, and my head was injured. I lay unconscious for some time, and afterwards I had fever. I was out of my senses for weeks, and stupid—

nearly silly, in fact, after that. The spine was injured, and ever since I get these fainting fits.'

'Mrs. Campbell said something about not sleeping, how about that?'

'One can't sleep on the rack. Now I am sure you know the cause of all this better than I do, and that only time and quiet can cure me, if I must needs live. Sometimes I think that it will not last long.'

'How old are you?'

'What matter? I'm like some old fellow about whom Cammie used to tell us when we were children. Few and evil have my days been——. I am six-and-twenty,' he added, suddenly checking himself.

'It is just possible that you may recover, if you will take care of yourself.'

'Think so?' Francis said carelessly.

'Yes. And, anyhow, you'll suffer less, and not frighten your old woman so often. Take nourishment, be out in the open air, don't over-tire yourself, and don't sit brooding over what can't be helped. Make friends with Wat Bernard; he's a thoroughly good fellow, though a parson, and so is his father. Now mark me, if you don't take care of yourself, it's suicide.'

'That's what I say to him,' said Mrs. Campbell, who had just entered the room. 'But he will take care—and I will do my best for him.'

'May I look in now and then, Mr. Francis?'

'Thank you—but, no. If I see you I must see others, and I came here to be alone.'

'Very good. Send for me if you want me. Now I must be off.'

'I'll see you to the gate of my estate. The day is—why, where's your horse?'

'The young villain!' shouted the doctor, meaning Sylvan Kirke, and not poor old Benbow! 'I saw the imp lurking in the lane—he ought to be at school, of course. Born to be hanged, that boy is. Look, Mr. Francis, your eyes are better than mine—is that a boy's head bobbing up and down behind the hedge there?'

'Yes; dark boy with blue cap. He is riding. We shall soon see him plainly, for he must pass that gate.'

But when the rider reached the gate, he flung himself off the horse, jerked the bridle over the gate-post, scrambled over into

the field, and ran off like a hunted hare. The doctor shook his head.

'Just wait till I catch you, Master Sylvan! Yet I'm sure, if flogging could make a good boy of that monkey, he'd be a pattern boy by this time. His father does not spare the rod; his stepmother had an active pair of hands; yet Sylvan goes on getting worse.'

'Gets too much rod, perhaps?'

'Couldn't! What he really wants is four dozen well laid on by a boatswain's mate. Good-bye, Mr. Francis; don't come any further. Nice pickle I shall find Benbow in!'

When Walter Bernard called later in the day, he was not admitted; nor was he more successful on future occasions. After a while, indeed, Francis was generally out; he seemed stronger, and spent much of the day in roaming about alone. Old Mr. Bernard, too, tried to see him, but never gained admittance; and after some time the Bernards ceased to call.

But in the village there was much talk about Mr. Francis. Events were few, and the letting of the Haven and the arrival of the tenant had been valuable topics for some time. At first the gossips made sure that he was dying, and had merely come there for a quiet resting-place, 'handy to the churchyard' as one of them remarked. But when, as winter passed away, Francis began to look less like a dying man—began to be out alone for many hours of each fine day—their opinions began to change. That there was something amiss was plain enough. Why should a young gentleman with plenty of money come and hide himself in so lonely a place as the Haven, unless there were something to hide, some good reason for hiding himself? What had he done?—this question came next, and was asked pertinaciously in the tavern parlour, and in the little gatherings of tired men resting in warm corners of the lanes in the lengthening evenings. The women discussed it too, and it seems likely that the answer presently accepted as true by the whole community was first heard among the women.

Mrs. Skerry had frequently given a graphic account of the curt way in which her civil offer to show the cottage had been set aside; the story was quite a favourite, and, like most stories, it grew. Francis had at first been 'mighty short,' next 'very rude and masterful,' and before spring he had 'sworn at her dreadful; and she had thereupon declined to go to the Haven,

being really afraid of him. The tale had reached this stage of development, when the Skerrys went to Derby one day on business, and Mrs. Skerry saw in a shop window a print, which was, to her mind, so like her tenant, that she went in and asked who it was. Finding that it formed part of a penny illustrated paper, she bought it ; and next day, having invited her principal cronies to tea, she described the purchase thus—

‘ I just entered in, careless—and I said, ses I—“Who is that man in the picture yonder ? ” and you might have knocked me down with a feather when the young man made answer—not that I was surprised, for didn’t I always say he was a murderer ? (as a matter of fact she never had said so, but they all felt that this was a mere matter of detail, unworthy of notice)—‘ and if you don’t believe me, look at that ! ’ and she laid the wretched print on the table. It was the likeness of a fair-complexioned young man, with the upright bearing of a soldier, a huge beard and a villainous squint ; the features were straight and good, and there certainly was a shadowy look of Mr. Francis.

‘ O, Mrs. Skerry, for goodness’ sake ! ’ they all cried ; one lady adding, ‘ But Mr. Francis has no beard.’

‘ Can a beard be shaved off, or can it not ? ’ inquired Mrs. Skerry coldly ; ‘ and do you remember, his very head was shaved when he came here ? And who do you think *that* is ? ’ pointing with considerable dramatic effect at the portrait. ‘ Lewis Carstone, a deserted soldier, that murdered an old gentleman near Bristol with a penknife, took his watch and money, and walked away as cool as a cowcumber ! ’

When the excitement had a little subsided, one lady who ‘ was a scholar ’ proceeded to read aloud the account of the murder printed under the portrait, and it was then discovered that Lewis Carstone had been tried and hanged for his crime. Consequently, Mr. Francis could not be Lewis Carstone, which annoyed Mrs. Skerry very much. But they agreed that it was unpleasant to have a man lurking about the fields who looked so like a murderer. There was much talk about the picture and Lewis Carstone, and it was some time after this that one of the men informed his comrades that ‘ some folk ’ suspected that Mr. Francis up at the Haven had committed a murder, though it could not be proved against him. As Francis was already the object of that vague distrust with which uneducated people regard any one who, for any reason, does not mingle freely with his kind, this idea was gradually accepted as true ; and when

it came to Mrs. Skerry's ears, she exclaimed, ' Didn't I tell you so ? ' and felt reinstated in her position of village prophetess. The children heard it, and if in their rambles they caught sight of the tall, soldier-like figure, they scampered screaming away. Bessie Skerry refused to go to the Haven any more, and Mrs. Campbell asked her for no reason, and did not attempt to replace her. She said that the work was nothing now that Mr. Francis was stronger.

Ay, Mr. Francis was stronger, at least for the time. But whereas when he was ill and deadly weak, he had found the Haven a quiet resting-place, now that youth and strength asserted themselves, he found it a prison. By nature, a man of action, by training, a soldier ; a restless, energetic being, with the memories of a bright life of ease and pleasure as boy and man, ended by a bitter, crushing blow, which had made him what he now was. Oh, how the peaceful beauty of the place maddened him ; how he longed even to be ill again, if only thus he could have the comparative content that he had lost ! The loneliness, the idleness, the horrible silence, how long could he bear them ? And yet he knew that the life he was leading was the only life for which he had strength. One place must be much the same as another, and there was always the hope that it might not last long. So he steeled his heart to endure.

Mrs. Campbell, active and busy, knew nothing of his misery. He was out for hours at a time, and she seldom left the house. And he made no moan—she would hardly have understood it if he had. With bodily suffering she could sympathise, or with a sorrow that she could understand, but she had no idea that his self-chosen solitude was driving him mad. To her, the employments of his former life had seemed no whit less idle than his lonely wanderings now. She cared for him, worked for him, nursed him, loved him, and prayed for him, but she never understood him, and never could.

One day, when June had come again, and the crimson roses were flaunting their long trailing wreaths from every hedge, Francis stood in the little porch with his hat in his hand. He looked about, thinking how fair and lovely the day was, and how little real pleasure its beauty gave him ; wondering if his strength would serve him to walk to a place he had visited once from Buxton ; a wild valley, known as the Wynyates, or Windgates. He felt as if that weird, desolate place would be quite a relief after the eternal green hills and bright sunshine. The green gate

was swung open, and a boy walked swiftly up the path and stood before him, staring with all his might.

A wild-looking urchin of perhaps thirteen, well-made and active-looking. Unlike most of the children of the locality, he was very dark, with black hair and big bright dark eyes. His features were good, but his eyebrows were peculiar ; very thick and rough, they almost formed a straight line across his forehead. His expression was reckless, almost impudent. He stood staring, and Francis considered him gravely in return.

'You're Mr. Francis, ain't you ?' inquired young hopeful, presently.

'I am. What brought you here ?'

'My feet,' said the boy, glancing down at them.

'What do you want, then ?'

'Nothing. I've done it ; I said I would.'

'You said you would do what ?'

'The boys are all afraid of you, and I said I wasn't ; and so they dared me to come here and look you in the face, and speak to you. And I've done it.'

'You certainly have. But may I know why you considered it worth doing ?'

'They dared me to it. But, after all, I don't believe you'd hurt any one.'

'That is kind of you. Why should it surprise you, pray ?'

'Because folks say you killed a man ; on purpose, you know. But I don't believe it now, because you don't look *it*.'

Francis reddened a little, then laughed and said, 'How many murderers have you met with, young man, that you know so well how they look ?'

'My uncle, Kit Stanley, killed a man, and was in prison for it, long ago. It was in fair fight, and the man was only a game-keeper. Still, Kit has a way of looking at you that is not *your* way.'

'That is satisfactory as far as it goes. Who, and what, is Kit Stanley ?'

'A gipsy. My mother was a gipsy.'

'I can believe that.'

'And a lady taught her, while poor Kit was in prison. You may believe what I tell you, mostly : the young Parson says I'm a liar, but I ain't. I said I had not done it, and I had not ; and they would not believe me.'

'You had not done—what ?'

'I disremember—some mischief, and they thought it was me—it mostly *is* me. I ought to be in school now, and if I go in old Bones will lick me, and when I go home my father will leather me, and very likely give me no supper.'

'What is your name?'

'M. or N.—no, it ain't, it's Sylvan Kirke.'

'Master Sylvan Kirke, I greatly fear that you are a very bad boy.'

'So they all say; I suppose I am bad, but I don't quite know why, neither. But then you're bad, too, if you're a murderer; so you've no right to talk, have you, now?'

'Ay, by the way, who told you that I am a murderer?'

'They all say so,' the boy answered in his clear, careless young voice; he had a remarkably sweet voice even in speaking, and was the best treble in the choir.

'That is very pleasant. Well, it does not much matter. Don't you think you had better ask your feet to take you to school?'

'No! they're all in long ago; I'm safe for two lickings, and I shall get no more than two if I stay out all day—so I shall go to the Wynyates and see if Kit is there—he often is.'

'I was thinking of going there myself,' said Francis, absently.

'Come with me, and I'll show you a short cut over the hill, there—saves three miles of road, and is so pretty, you never saw prettier! Primroses will be gone, but there are sure to be flowers of some kind. Do you believe in fairies? I have seen them in the place I'll show you.'

'Oh, come, Mr. Kirke! you know you say your word may be believed.'

The boy looked at him earnestly, and even sadly.

'You're like all the rest, you don't believe it. My father thrashed me for saying it—but I do see them. If I sit very still listening to the stream, I see fairies—sometimes.'

Francis looked thoughtfully at him.

'Boy,' said he, 'perhaps you do; but you will not make me see them. They're real to you, but not real in themselves. Come, I'll get some grub from Mrs. Campbell, and you shall show me your short cut to the Wynyates.'

Think what a hunger for human society, and for the sound of a human voice this high-bred, educated man must have felt when he was glad—though he scorned himself for it—of the company of the scapegrace of the neighbourhood; queer, wild, idle Sylvan Kirke, of whom his own father was wont to say that if he wasn't

half-witted, he wished to be thought so. That good man generally added, 'But I'll stir up his wits with a tough ash stick.'

Even with the advantage of the short cut, the walk to and from the Wynyates proved too much for Francis, though he rested in the dusky shade while Sylvan hunted up his gipsy friends. Francis shared his luncheon with the boy, and listened to his ceaseless talk with something more than patience. They walked back in the cool of the evening, and reached the back door of the Haven just as the moon was rising.

'Look here, Mr. Francis! give me a good big piece of bread, and I'll stay out all night, and go to school in the morning. Maybe if I don't go home now, father will forget to beat me; and though I don't mind it much, still I may as well get but one flogging if I can manage it.'

'You poor urchin!' Francis said, gently. He knocked at the door, and desired Mrs. Campbell to bring some bread and cheese and a cup of milk; these he gave to Sylvan, who drank the milk and pocketed the bread and cheese—also the shilling held out to him by the same hand. Then he gazed hard at the young man's face, white in the moonlight, and said—

'A murderer! No, nor not even a bad lot; and if the boys say that again, I'll smash them—see if I don't. Good-bye, you've been real good to me.'

(*To be continued.*)

S. CATERINA DEI RICCI.

OLD Florentine chronicles recount an eminently characteristic scene enacted in the year 1587, in a cell of the Convent of S. Vincenzio at Prato, the little city some twelve miles distant from Florence. Sisters clad in the white flannel garbs of the order of S. Domenico, were busied about the pallet of one of their number lying ill beneath the outstretched arms of a wooden crucifix, that symbol of redeeming love. To the excited imaginations of the nurses, nay, to the very doctor himself, the cell seemed full of fire and flames. The patient's body, strangely enough, appeared to be burning ; in all her limbs she felt flames of fire, her tongue was like a charred ember. Yet although she was so afflicted, her face nevertheless appeared serene, and she bore all her sufferings with cheerfulness of soul. The pious daughters of Christ refreshed her, washing her in baths of water and oil ; and to cool her gave her drink from the Villa well, but all medicaments seemed vain. The doctor confessed that the illness surpassed his comprehension, and gave it at last as his opinion that the sufferer must be doing vicarious penance. For forty days was the poor nun continually in extreme torture, and her torments, far from abating, augmented, till it seemed as though her whole person were steeped in burning flames. When at her worst, which lasted 'about the length of a *miserere*,' she could neither speak nor move, and burnt so hotly that the Sisters could hardly approach their hands to her flesh.

This sufferer from a strange disease, from which she recovered entirely, yet further supporting her physician's diagnosis that she was but doing vicarious penance for the Grand Duke who had died just then, is known to posterity as Santa Caterina dei Ricci ; and the sinner for whom she bore the pains of purgatory in the flesh, imitating the Christ that hung above her, in her vicarious sufferings, was Francis dei Medici, Archduke of Tuscany. In the contrast presented by these two personages we realise the extreme types of Florentine life at the close of the sixteenth century, types whose fundamental characteristic of shrewdness and moderation in excess, whether towards good or evil, still inform the Tuscan of to-day. On one side we have the devotion of the Saint, passionate yet devoid of narrowness or bigotry ; on the other the wordliness of the Archduke, full of vices he made no attempt

to hide, just as he made no attempt to hide his religious impressionableness, or his admiration for one belonging to a religious order representing the party politically hostile to his house. For between Dominicans and Medici, there had been for the past century a great gulf fixed. A hundred years before, Savonarola was stirring with his inspired eloquence the huge crowds which thronged the vast cathedral to overflowing ; his scathing denunciations of vice in high places, whether of Church or State, were drawing upon him the hatred of the Pope and the enmity, mingled with admiration, of Lorenzo il Magnifico ; while among the Florentine people they excited a veritable religious revival, a reaction against the prevalent moral filth, which, though it led in its enthusiasm to the ' Burning of Vanities ' in the great public square, was yet neither fanatic nor iconoclastic. Under Savonarola's sway the order of S. Domenico was enlarged and reformed, and the monastery of S. Marco, of which he was Prior, became a centre of purity. So great indeed was its reputation for honesty that its very enemies trusted their jewels to it when forced to flee the city. Religious reform, brought with it, as usual, a longing for political freedom, especially in this case in which the oppressors of citizens of naturally republican tendencies displayed in fullest development exactly those vices of which their subjects were conceiving an enthusiastic hatred. The Prior of S. Marco, therefore, his reputation raised by the fulfilment of his prophecies, notably the one predicting the entry of the French under Charles VIII., was impelled into politics ; with the result that he became the head of the party hostile to the return of the vicious and tyrannous Medici. Savonarola's plans of government are familiar to all who have read ' Romola ' or Professor Villari's admirable monograph. The city was to have Christ for its nominal head, but the citizens were to govern themselves by laws, whose shrewd common-sense and severity reveal their author to have been as great as an administrator as he was as religious enthusiast. Unfortunately for Savonarola and for itself, Florence was not capable of the calm persistency by which alone it could preserve its new liberty among the intrigues which surrounded it. Spirits began to cool ; the State became divided. The emissaries of the Medici, joining now with one party, now with another, undermined the friar's popularity, secured the election to the government of his enemies, warmed unpopularity into hatred, and finally brought him and his two most faithful adherents to the gallows and the flames. There, in the noble, sombre Piazza della Signoria, died the great preacher whose voice, like the bell in the Torre della Vacca above his head, had successfully called the people to assert their liberties. The wind, rising while the body still hung from the gibbet, blew away the flames from beneath, and lifted the arm as though in sign of benediction. The people trembled at the sight, and felt they had killed their prophet. High-born ladies, dressed

as serving maids, pushed their way through the crowd to the funeral pyre to collect as relics the ashes of the martyr ; and when the Signoria, afraid that by such tokens miracles might be wrought, caused the remains to be cast into the Arno, learned and ignorant vied with each other in fishing them out. Pico della Mirandola, famous for his vast stores of knowledge, affirmed that he had found the heart, with which he worked many wonders.

That great Italian scientist, Professor Cesare Lombroso, among the distinctions he makes between revolts and revolutions, asserts that the latter do but grow stronger after the loss of their leader. Savonarola's was, according to this definition, a true revolution. Persecuted by State and Church, the Piagnoni or Weepers, as Savonarola's followers were scornfully called (reminding us of the Lollards of three centuries back), nevertheless continued to increase in number, counting among their members the best Florentine families. The misfortunes and sufferings of the city after the friar's death, kept his memory and his prophecies constantly before the public mind, and but enhanced his reputation. His works, multiplied surreptitiously, were widely read in convent, home, and shop, nay, in the very palace of the ruling house. The Dominicans, continuing to grow in power and number, claimed him as a saint. They wrote the letters P. M. V. (Prophet, Martyr, Virgin) after his name, and treasured any memorial of him with reverential care.

Now of all Savonarola's followers none was more profoundly inspired with his spirit, none embodied more perfectly his attitude towards the Church and the world than Alessandra dei Ricci, daughter of a noble Florentine house, better known to fame by her monastic name of Caterina. Born in 1522, near that Church of the Annunciation which Andrea del Sarto afterwards rendered marvellous with the beauty of his frescoes, and almost within a stone's throw of the famous monastery of S. Marco, Alessandra early gave evidence of combined sweetness and strength of character, together with an ardour of religious enthusiasm which in those days led inevitably to the cloister. Her father's family, adherents of the House of Medici, were as turbulent in their domestic and political relations as the other great houses of the time, and like the other great houses, they too united religion to their turbulence. Alessandra had two aunts, nuns in the neighbouring convent of Monticelli ; and an uncle, Fra Timoteo, an inmate of S. Marco itself, known in Florence for the purity of his life and enthusiastic devotion to Savonarola. Nor was direct monastic influence wanting. At the age of seven, the child was sent to a convent to be educated, according to contemporary custom. Under the care of her aunts (for Monticelli was the retirement chosen) she gave abundant proof of the fervour of religion which possessed her. 'There,' says her biographer, 'while her young companions were enjoying themselves in games suitable to

their years she used to go all alone into the choir, and from a grating which overlooked the church, adore Jesus in His crucified image, like to the Bride in the Song of Songs, who looked longingly at her Groom through the lattice work. And she accompanied the recital of her prayers (as the sisters of that monastery testify) with gestures proportioned to the mystery of that ineffable Passion for which, though as yet unable to contemplate it, she felt filled with pity.' On her return home she earnestly begged her father to allow her definitely to adopt the religious habit. He was unwilling to lose the companionship of a child whose good sense, gravity, evenness of temper and general usefulness in the household especially endeared her. Her own gentle insistence, however, and the persuasion of Fra Timoteo overcame his reluctance, and Alessandra received her nun's dress from her uncle's hands on Whit Monday, May 18th, 1535, entering the convent of San Vincenzio at Prato as Sister Caterina.

The story of Suora Caterina as saint, of her illness and miraculous cure by Savonarola, who, with his two co-martyrs appeared to her in a dream; of the manifestations of love accorded her by Christ and the Virgin; of the transfigured beauty of her face; of the entrancing odour which emanated from her person; of her extasies; of her weekly participation in the Passion of our Lord, may all be read in the many lives of her which have appeared from the pens of devotees. More interesting to nineteenth-century minds are the stories, warm evidently from the enthusiastic devotion of those who lived with her, of the strength of her human sympathy, of the ardour of her love for the suffering, of her power, so great as to appear supernatural, of reading the hearts of all who came into contact with her. Through all the legends which have collected round her name, under all the halo of her sanctity, we recognise a commanding personality, strong in its unfeigned sweetness and humility, inspired with a burning hatred of vice and especially of hypocrisy, combined with a profound love for sinners, and in a very high degree with that intuitive knowledge of the human heart which, united to a warm charitable nature, endows its possessors with surpassing tact in their relations with the world at large.

That S. Caterina had extensive relations with the Florentine world, notwithstanding the retirement of her convent life, is plain from the great number of letters lately collected and given to the world by Cesare Guasti, on the occasion of her elevation from a Beata to a Saint, an event that took place in Florence, in the Church of S. Maria Novella, Michael Angelo's 'Sposa,' in the summer of 1890, on which occasion for a whole week high festival was held all day in the lovely edifice, and at night its slender campanile was illuminated by starlike lamps shedding their radiance far and wide through the still summer air. It is interesting to pass from the atmosphere of the life, oppressive

with its ceaseless stories of wonders and miracles, like to the incense-laden air of the convent church, into the crisp brightness of her letters. There is little of the ‘odour of sanctity’ about them ; now earnest, now playful, now affectionate, they are always free from exaggeration, and quite devoid of posing. Even when writing on distinctly religious matters she is never pedantic, and avoids anything which might seem like preaching. ‘Sister Bernarda,’ her amanuensis, says ‘that a little serpent (cause of offence) may have crawled out of its hole here,’ she writes to Filippo Salviati, after having earnestly though humorously upbraided him with want of faith in his own salvation, in answer, apparently, to a doubting letter. Filippo Salviati was the great benefactor of the S. Vincenzio Monastery. The story goes, that as he was once crossing the Apennines on his way to Bologna, his whole company, little son, friends, priest, and servant were dispersed by a dense snowstorm. Then Filippo, turning to God with contrite heart, vowed to do what the Lord wished if they should be saved. Presently he heard a voice resound among the howling of the wind saying—‘A church at S. Vincenzio, in Prato.’ As soon as he had made the vow, the party all met in a little hut to await the break of a calmer day ; so Filippo built the church at S. Vincenzio, enlarged the monastery at an expense of 30,000 ducats, and made some rooms there for his own habitation. To these rooms he used often to retire from the business of his shop, and his public duties as a leading citizen ; helping the convent in times of need, and holding intimate religious converse with Sister Caterina, to whom he assumed the relationship of spiritual son. Nor was he the only one who stood in this relationship to the Santa di Prato—a title, by the way, which she refused with real displeasure—saying in one of her letters, ‘Who is this Santa di Prato ? I know of no such person, tell me where she is, that I may visit her !’ We encounter the names of many of the best Florentine families among those who called her spiritual mother. It is curious to find in the Saint’s letters to these devotees, side by side with religious exhortations, little glimpses into the public life of her correspondents and their duties in processions, in receiving princes, and arranging masques, as well as of her quiet convent life. ‘The day of the most Holy Circumcision,’ she writes to Lodovico Capponi, grandson of that Pier Capponi who made the famous retort to Charles VIII., ‘being New Year’s Day, we drew lots in our oratory for the Saints, and the feasts of Our Lord, and the Virgin, and when these feasts occur, all our prayers, in common and in private, are for the person who drew that lot ; and I have wished to put both of you (Lodovico and his wife) into our community ; and so for you I drew the glorious assumption of the Madonna, and for Magdalen I drew our most Holy Father, S. Vincenzio ; and this year you will take the Holy Virgin more than ever for your advocate and protectress, and S.

Vincenzio will be intercessor and protector for Magdalen ; and we, in the solemnities we hold in their honour that day, will make all our prayers, in common and in private, for you.' Sometimes she sends to her friends socks, or collars, or handkerchiefs, sewn by the novices and the sisters ; or boxes of biscuits and lozenges (made perhaps of meat or fowl), which she gives these spiritual sons instructions to take in the evening, or in the morning if they have to wait too long for their breakfasts. For the Saint disliked exaggeration of all kinds, and never failed to administer a gentle scolding to any whose asceticism interfered with his health. 'I have news of you from Antonio,' she writes to Filippo Salviati, 'that you do not look well and are weak. It all comes from your not wishing to do as I want ; you are in the cavern' (she has been making some allegorical allusions to David in the Cave of Adullam) 'but I cannot direct you. If I am Abigail, I can get no permission to go for food, I may not direct this David. I should like my Jesus to keep him well, so that he might remain in Thy service, and in thee, holy cavern, where he can bring forth fruit for himself and his neighbours. But the naughty fellow will not let me speak to him like this, so that I am almost disposed not to say anything more to you, and if you *will* go from Prato to Florence in the rain and snow, to let you go ; if you *will* pass an entire year without eating in the evening, spend the whole night in watching, reading, weeping and such things, go to the Compagnia' (the religious brotherhood which assisted the poor and accompanied the dead), 'and many other disorders which you commit—let you do them all. But I love this little son, this little child of mine too much ; and therefore, with that affection which God knows I bear you, I remind you to take care of yourself, for otherwise you will have to give account of your actions. We must not tempt God, and therefore take care to keep well. I do not say that you must give yourself up to the body, but follow the middle path, which you know pleases Jesus, who has shown it to all His elect.' Writing to Antonio Gondi, who also carried his asceticism to extremes, as well as to Buonaccorso Buonaccorsi, she reminds them that they are not in the church, but in the world, and must, to a certain extent, conform to the ways of the world. 'When the spirit wants to go to extremes,' she says, 'the reason must stand in the middle, and not let the spirit take everything to itself, so that the body is prostrated.' Even to the Bishop of Pistoia she writes with emphatic clearness in the same strain : 'Your age is great, my father, and you have been lately ill ; you will please God better by not keeping Lent as far as food and fasting is concerned. Leave, then, that part which you cannot support, and do whatever you can do, according to the rule given by the Holy Gospel.'

The larger part of her letters to her spiritual sons treat, of course, of religious matters. In this connection she is always highly allegorical,

reading new applications into Bible expressions in true Savonarola fashion. Characteristic is a letter in which she congratulates Filippo Salviati on having to suffer some temporary monetary inconvenience on account of the expense he had been at in providing wood for the convent: 'I find your most welcome, or, to speak more correctly, your two most welcome letters, from which I drew great contentment, learning that you are well, and that a desire of mine and Sister Bernarda with regard to you has been heard; for reading the Gospel of St. Matthew at table yesterday morning, we came to the place where Jesus said to the crowd how, on the preceding day, the people had gone to pay the tribute of alms to the temple, and how each of the great ones had put into the treasury what seemed good to him; and a poor woman coming, put in a mite, which was all she had. And Our Saviour adds: all the rest had offered what was superfluous to them, but the widow put into the treasury her necessity and livelihood, having nothing else; and therefore she alone earned the reward. And when I heard this saying, my fancy at once flew to my father' (she uses father, son, and child, indiscriminately in these letters), 'thinking what I could do so that this praise of Jesus might apply to him also, and in his letters I just spoke of, to my great contentment I found it specified and fulfilled; since, to lay in for us a stock of wood you have had such an expense as to throw your affairs into disorder, and put you to inconvenience. Ah, my little widow! how delighted I was to hear it, holding for certain that Jesus would not permit my father to go with all the rest to put into the treasury what was superfluous to them, but has made him keep company with the widow, who put in what was necessary to her, because He does not want this work to be in vain; but as the widow's offering was reckoned to her account as a merit, so does He want it to be with my little widow, and this could not be if she only put in what was superfluous. And see, my father, how God conducts all things well; who has so brought it about that you may have greater merit, seeing that you have voluntarily made the offering in the treasury of His Temple? These are mysteries, my father, and should give you great contentment; and He, in whom is everything, will not fail to render you one hundred for one in that happy Fatherland, and also here. And I pray that He may make you gain in some other way, so that you may plainly see that He has wished you to do this good work, and build this, His house, in which He is to live to the end of His days in the most Holy Sacrament, and to be honoured with continual prayers; for I think one can do nothing more pleasant to Him, especially when to this house are added so many conveniences.'

The Saint's eminently business-like turn of mind peeps out in this letter amid her allegories. For she was a notable manager, accustomed to direct the business concerns not only of the convent (a difficult task

when the great number of nuns rendered the poverty of the community very real), but to superintend the buying and selling of her brother's farm produce, and even to some extent to administer the estates of her spiritual sons. Her letters to her brother Vincenzio contain most exact and business-like accounts of the rye, vetch, and flour sold, with advice concerning the times, seasons, and places propitious for his buying and selling operations.

Her excellent good sense, whether in matters of this world or of Church observances, did not prevent her sharing the prevalent belief in relics and the efficiency of repeated prayers : 'I have received your most welcome letter,' she writes to Bartolemmeo Gondi, 'but was sorry to learn the news you give me in it of our and your dear Antonio. May God free him from it if it is His Holy Will. I received your account of the matter yesterday, and now send to know what has happened since ; and I am writing to him, as you tell me, and send him two excellent physicians, S. Cosimo and S. Damiano. I should like you to make the sign of the cross with them every evening and every morning, being content to do this office in my name. But cross him on the head and breast and all over, and then put them back into the box, and leave them there in bed in his company. And I give them into your keeping, begging you to be careful of them, and not to break or spoil them, and to let no one take them from you : keep them with all exactitude and reverence, remembering that they are relics of Saints. And may it please these holy physicians to intercede for his recovery.' Again, writing to Giovanna d'Austria, the unfortunate neglected wife of the Grand-Duke Francesco dei Medici, the Saint gives her a list of the prayers which she considers will be most efficacious in obtaining the Grand-Duke's preservation. She advises nine *Salve regina* every day, in honour of the nine privileges accorded to the Virgin ; the repetition of the rosary—150 *Ave Maria* with a *Pater Noster* after every ten, reciting them, however, not all on one day, but taking a dose of fifty *Ave Maria*, and ten *Pater Noster* per diem ; a short prayer, which she transcribes to the Virgin, and the salutation of the five wounds of Christ with five *Pater Noster* and five *Ave Maria*.

Not only, however, do the Saint's spiritual children write to her on matters of religion and business, they also make her their confidante in their most intimate home affairs, and she consoles them for the evil deeds of their sons, or advises them in the management of their daughters, with most delicate sympathy and insight. Only once do her religious beliefs make her apparently a little hard. 'I hear,' she writes to one of the 'sons,' 'that your and our very dear Madonna Ginèvra is well, by the grace of God, and that she has had a baby which having received the holy baptism went away to Paradise ; at which I much rejoiced, for it has gone to happiness. I do not tell you to have

patience, and I do not comfort you, because it would seem superfluous to me ; but I rather tell you to rejoice, for you are certain of its salvation.' The advice she gives, whatever be the subject, is never obtruded. She hangs back when bidden by her uncle Fra Timoteo to accept a devotee as spiritual son, and more than once gently but decidedly refuses to accede to requests her sons sometimes made her that she would write letters of advice or consolation to individuals not personally known to her. Only when stirred by some act which she considers unjust or oppressive of the poor does S. Caterina speak out without preamble and without apology. Thus, in her correspondence with the Bishop of Pistoia (who asks her advice in difficulties and her prayers in illness), she roundly accuses him of acting unjustly in the matter of one of his servants ; and the Bishop exculpates himself in a long letter of explanation. She once boldly takes up the cudgels in defence of her nuns, writing to the Superior of the Order at Rome, when, in consequence of a quarrel between those in authority and the Salviatis who were repairing the church, the Sisters ran the risk of being left for an indefinite period without mass, and murmured accordingly. In addition to her correspondence with her spiritual sons, with nuns, monks, prelates and Florentine ladies, S. Caterina was in active communication with the Duke of Urbino, with two Medicean Grand-Dukes of Tuscany (Francesco and Ferdinand), and with Francesco's two wives, Giovanna d'Austria and Bianca Cappello. She was not eclectic in her sympathies. She seems to have had the rare power of drawing out the good in every character with which she came in contact. For Francesco, with all his vices, she conceived, as we have seen, a very real interest. He seems to have come to talk with her more than once. She sends him little presents of preserves, etc., made in the convent, promises him her prayers, entreats him on the various Church holidays to follow the precepts of his religion and put his spiritual concerns into order, and reminds him of duties God expects him to discharge towards his people. To the unfortunate Giovanna d'Austria, neglected by her husband, openly flouted by the splendour of her rival Bianca Cappello, S. Caterina would naturally feel drawn. Her letters to her are marked by as much intimacy as their different positions would allow ; although with true delicacy, the Saint never alludes to the domestic misery which was sapping the Grand-Duchess's life. Giovanna d'Austria came repeatedly to hold communion with the Saint in her cell ; and so well known was the friendship which existed between them, that people recounted how when the Princess lay dying, the figure of the Saint was seen to cross the palace courtyard. Having entered the Palace, it vanished, but the Princess died happily, declaring that her friend stood beside her bed. To Bianca Capello, first mistress and then wife of Francesco, S. Caterina writes somewhat less intimately, though it is evident, from the tone

of the letters, that she has known how to touch a responsive chord in this courtezan's heart. She sends her little presents, and interests her in the affairs of the convent, and in cases of distress among the inhabitants of Prato, now in some girl who wants a dowry, now in some man whose punishment at the hands of the law she considers excessive, begging her intercession with the Grand Duke.

It is, however, in her letters to her family that the human side of S. Caterina's nature reveals itself most perfectly. Here, there is no trace of asceticism. She loved her father, brothers, and sister-in-law, with a thoroughly filial and fraternal affection. She puts forth all her efforts to maintain peace in the family, she leaves no stone unturned to secure the future of her young half-brother Vincenzio, and to persuade him to abandon evil ways, and lead a respectable life. When Vincenzio is ill she sends him medicines, restoratives, and advice; when he is going to be married she gives him some shrewd counsel about his dowry: 'Don't let the value of your bride's presents be subtracted from her dowry,' she says, in one place; and makes all sorts of useful articles for her sister-in-law. When the first baby is expected, she sets to work busily at its little *trousseau*, and when the child has actually appeared, never fails to tell them to caress it for her. It is she who looks out for a wet-nurse for him and interests herself in true auntly fashion in its upbringing. 'Mona Margherita says,' she writes, '"that you should not keep him in his little carriage too much, for he would get his little legs twisted; but you should have him taken hold of by his little sleeves behind, or by the hand, and so encourage him." He should not be kept in the carriage except when the nurse is busy; and I tell you this because Mona Margherita seems to me to understand the matter; but do what seems best to you.'

Very touching are the letters to her father in which she conjures him to keep peace in the family, and pardon a brother and a son who had offended him. The son was Ridolfo, a Knight of Malta, a young man of dissolute habits, whose conduct towards his father even S. Caterina can in no way excuse. But he seems to have repented of some specially evil deed which had roused the father's ire, and to have begged the Saint to intercede for him; just as another brother, Robert, applied to her by letter to put matters straight between him and his uncle, and Lodovico Capponi's son between himself and his father. One of the letters of intercession for Ridolfo is moving in its importunity:—

'My honoured and dearest father in our Lord, health . . . I have not yet heard that you have made peace with Ridolfo, for which I am extremely sorry. I therefore pray you, my good father, that for the passion of my good Jesus, as well as for the love of the Holy Virgin, you would be content to grant me this grace at any cost; because I tell you that the sorrow I feel is so great as to do me much harm; therefore

I pray you, my father, be content to ease me of this grief. And I should like you to pass over everything and remember nothing more, and place everything in the most holy wounds of my good Jesus ; and I should like you to speak to him (Ridolfo). Deh ! my father, do not say me no ; and if I am your daughter and you bear me that affection which you make show of, you must do me this grace and ease my heart of this grief. I am very certain you let him want for nothing, and provide him with everything, but think how little good it can do him to attend to doctor's orders when he has this grief in his heart, that you will not speak to him. I beg you to tell me as quickly as possible that you have done what I have asked you. I thank you for all your kindnesses ; may God reward you for them.'

The Saint's letters to Vincenzio give us quite a picture of the course of the young man's life. She felt a mother's love for this half-brother, twenty-two years younger than herself, and orphaned at a very early age. Her first letters show him to us a gay young spark, eminently impatient of the routine work of the bank in which he had been placed. She writes to reprove him :

' My dearest brother, health The love and affection I bear you, and together with these the hope I have had in you, have caused me to feel especial sorrow at what Antonio (Gondi) has told me of your actions. He came here quite resolved to tell me he intended to dismiss you, and had given me a very good reason for doing so. I, struck by the ruin which was preparing for you, begged him so earnestly that he promised me to have patience a little while longer to see if you would mend your ways ; and I was at no small pains to obtain this, for he affirmed he had no more patience ; nevertheless, he promised me. But of a truth, my brother, I did not expect this of you ! I who so warmly begged the Principal to take you, and Antonio to watch over you and teach you virtue, to which he has given so much trouble, so that you may learn something ; and now it seems to me very strange that you should do so little credit to him and to me, and that you should so injure yourself in consequence ; for if you lose this start in life, consider where you will go. Unhappy one ! I think that in this case you are wanting in judgment, for if you will have respect neither for Antonio nor for me, nor for anyone who wishes you well, you should at any rate have respect for yourself ; but I think that the cause of every evil is your present manner of not living in the fear of God. Therefore I wish you to correct yourself without fail, and first of all to live like a good Christian ; and abandon the desire for childish trifles such as you willingly seek for. And now that we are in Lent I want you to get up early in the morning and hear mass and sermon, and then to be eager about the duties that are given you, doing them willingly and not of necessity ; and to do nothing Antonio does not

want you to do, and when you want leave for anything, ask him and not the Principal, because even if the Principal gave it you, you would not have it if Antonio did not wish it, and he does everything for your good ; but you do not know him, and concern yourself with trifles that will be your ruin. And as to wearing open slippers and shoes cut down the sides, and silken stockings with clox, I should like you to tell me if they are yours, who have nothing in this world. For pity's sake, my brother, do not run into such errors, for I know you would be the first to repent of them ; and live like a well-conditioned youth full of virtue, first with regard to the Christian law, and next to the business in which you have been placed.'

A year later she reopens the same theme, though with less warmth. Vincenzio, though improved, has still a boy's love of holidays. 'I beg you as much as I know how, my dear brother, to be good and fear God ; for if you do this, everything will go well with you. I beg you too, to be obedient to Antonio, who loves you more than you think. And although it seems hard to you that he does not want you to go out to the Villa on feast-days, and you complain you have nothing to do on those days, I tell you that if you wanted to do something you could easily find it ; especially since, as he comes up here, some one must remain for needs which may occur, the more because, as the Principal is ill, you ought to go to see him at least three or four times a day. Then you should not, on those days, neglect vespers and prayers, or reading something good ; doing thus the time would pass without your knowledge. And I should like you to take some devout book into the office and read it often, and if you exercised yourself in these things, Jesus would help you, and make everything turn out well for you.'

Nor is she only concerned with his spiritual welfare. She manages his temporal affairs at Prato with the greatest diligence and exactitude ; and she shows a continual deep interest in his health, which appears to have been delicate. There is hardly a letter in which she does not beg him to be careful of himself. 'You tell me not to be anxious about you,' she says in one place, 'but that is impossible.' Or again, 'I am not satisfied about you, for it seemed to me you were not as well as I should wish.' When he is ill she never tires of sending him dainties, and begging him to play no pranks with himself : 'And so, as much as I can, I beg you to do as I want you, and to have a consultation and hear what the doctors say of this illness.' And again : 'For pity's sake content me, and nurse yourself up, and take care of yourself And this I say to you from my heart ; begging you not to despise it, for when I have spoken for your good, and you will not hear me, and take no thought not to give me this displeasure, then I shall take no further thought for you.' When he is about to be married she reminds him that he must be careful both of his health and his money, for the

sake of his wife : 'Be careful of yourself that Cassandra may be satisfied with you,' she says. And again, 'Now great expenses are beginning for you, and you must earn abundantly.' Cassandra, the young bride, came in for her full share of the Saint's affection : 'I beg you to be careful of Cassandra,' she writes on the wedding day, 'and to remember that she is only thirteen years old ; act in such a manner that you may both retain good health. I know you understand me I send you with this some little things in a box, that you may give to Cassandra from me. These things have been given me for her, for here we make nothing like them ; and I would not give them to the first comer ; but I want to treat her differently from an ordinary person for love of you and of her. But I beg you not to tell anyone, except her and your mother-in-law I send them now, without waiting for Cassandra to come, because I don't want anyone else to see the things, so that I may not be thought to have favourites, and yet with my Cassandra and Vincenzio I must have them.' She never writes to Cassandra without sending her some little gift, a flower if she has nothing else at hand ; she is delighted when Cassandra sends her a letter in her own handwriting, having evidently just learned to write ; and greatly upbraids her when she does not hear from her : 'I really think I should get a reply from the Queen of France more readily than from you !' she exclaims.

It is in these letters to Vincenzio and Cassandra that the Saint's strong family affections stand revealed. Those to her other brothers, to Ridolfo the Knight of Malta, to Robert, and those treating of another brother, Andrea, are full of sisterly affection and interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare. But these young men were all of them somewhat of scapegraces to the very end ; their mode of life offended her too deeply, and although she wrote to them continually, tried to keep the peace among them, and helped them in every possible way, it is evident that she could not feel to them the same fervour of affection which she felt towards Vincenzio. Vincenzio was her Benjamin, half brother, half son. He followed her advice, he loved her with equal love. He and his family were the sweet human affections which kept her heart glowing in the retirement of her monastic life, and when, her life of illness, ecstasy, and love ended, he was admitted to see her dead body, he threw himself upon it in an agony of tears, refusing to be comforted for the death of one whom, although he had never seen her face to face, he had always thought of with the reverent and warm affection of mother, saint, and sister.

The corpse which so moved Vincenzio may yet be seen. A visitor to the Convent of S. Vincenzio is led to the same heavy grating from behind which S. Caterina so often talked with her brothers, her spiritual children, or the innumerable persons who came to her for advice or

consolation. The white-clad sister, dimly visible, promises to show the Convent's treasure—the Saint's body miraculously preserved from putrefaction. Returning to Salviati's church he stations himself before the high altar, and while awaiting the impressive moment looks round at the bas-reliefs representing various scenes of the Saint's life; her miraculous cure of children, her wondrous appearance to S. Philip Neri at Rome; but he fixes his eyes specially on the relief above the altar, which depicts her in the act of receiving in her arms the Christ who descends from the cross to meet her as he enters her cell. After some little time a shutter beneath the altar is let down from the inside, and through the gilded grating the Saint is seen lying amid candles. She is crowned with gold; the black Dominican cloak which covers the white flannel under-dress is embroidered richly with gold and silver. But these are mere accessories; the attention is instantly riveted on the face, which though blackened as by age is not withered; and though thin, even emaciated, not drawn. The lips, full and somewhat prominent, are significant of sweetness and power, while the upper part of the face indicates calm reflection.

Across the roar and tempest of three critical centuries does this child of Savonarola speak to our hearts. In Cesare Guasti her biographer, she inspired dead, a devotion such as she inspired living, in her spiritual sons. He was a constant visitor to the convent, and kept a beautiful picture of her over his bed. And even the Protestant, sceptical though he may be concerning her miracles, reading her letters, cannot fail to be powerfully drawn towards S. Caterina's truth of nature and strength of personality. And as we look on her face, and reflect on her mingled enthusiasm and good sense, on the enormous influence she exerted on corrupt sixteenth-century Florence, and on the influence she is still capable of exerting on those who know her, we cannot help quoting to ourselves those lines of Emerson—

‘He who feeds men, serves a few,
He serves all who dare be true.’

She was a noble specimen of womanhood in a vicious age, and one that may even yet serve as a lesson and an example.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

Church History Society.

SUBJECTS FOR 1892.

PRECURSORS OF THE REFORMATION AND THE REFORMATION TO 1540.

WYCLIFFE AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

Questions for January.

1. Give a brief account of Wycliffe's life.
2. Show that he was rather a Protestant than a Reformer.
3. Half a dozen lines each on Sir John Oldcastle, Langland, John Badbee, Reginald Pecocke. Was this last a Lollard? Give a longer account of one of these four.
4. Mention quite shortly the provisions and dates of the three great limiting Statutes known as Mortmain, Provisors, and Præmunire.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by February 1st.

Books recommended for this year's study: From Epochs of Church History Series, 2s. 6d. each (Longmans), *History of the Reformation in England*; and *Wycliffe and Movements for Reform*. From Epochs of Modern History Series, 2s. 6d. each (Longmans), Moberly's *Early Tudors*; Seebohm's *Era of the Protestant Revolution*. Also Perry's *History of the English Church*, 'First Period' and 'Second Period,' 7s. 6d. each (Murray). Miss Yonge's *Cameos from English History*, 3rd Series and 4th Series, 5s. each (Macmillan). Seebohm's *The Oxford Reformers—Colet, Erasmus, etc.*, 14s. (Longmans). Hardwick's *History of the Christian Church during the Reformation*, 10s. 6d. (Macmillan). Aubrey Moore's *History of the Reformation in England and on the Continent*, 16s. (Kegan Paul). And for those who can consult them, Creighton's *History of the Papacy during the Reformation*, 56s., 4 vols., unfinished (Longmans), Canon Dixon's great work on the Reformation in England, and Villari's *Life and Times of Savonarola*, 32s. (Fisher Unwin). And for the earlier portion, Trench's *Lectures on Medieval Church History*, 12s. (Kegan Paul), and Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, vols. V. and VI. (Murray).

October Class List.

Class I.

Andromache }	.. .	40	Papaver }	37	Crataegus }	33
Ierne			Erica }		Gooseberry }	
Etheldreda }	39	Water Wagtail	.. .	36	Veritas	32
Hermione }		Honeysuckle	.. .	34			

Class II.

Menina	28	White Cat.	24	†Fidelia	22
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Class III.

Miss Molly	17	†Verena	14	*Robin Redbreast	7
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* One answer only.

† Two answers only.

‡ Three answers only.

REMARKS.

Only seventeen papers. Bog-Oak supposes the younger Members have found the subject too abstruse. But those who have attempted the Schoolmen have done them justice. This year the subjects are easier, and the papers will probably take less time.

33. Most excellent lists of Schoolmen come from *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Papaver*, *Andromache*, and *Ierne*. *Water Wagtail* gives hardly any dates; and why does she divide Earlier from Later Schools at 1150? The decisive years for the introduction of Aristotle's metaphysics, etc. (which mark the difference) were 1220-1225. And the later, far from stopping at 1300, lasted on to the Renaissance. *Gooseberry*: Berengar was a student of Erigena, not a pupil, as about a century intervened between them. *White Cat*: Gerson and D'Ailly, theologians at the Council of Constance, were quite among the later Schoolmen.

34. The five great Schoolmen and their contributions to Scholasticism are admirably worked out by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, *Andromache*, *Ierne*, *Honeysuckle*, and *Veritas*. The five meant were those called by Milman 'a supreme Pentarchy'—Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas, St. Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, and William of Ockham. But Alexander Hales, another English Franciscan, may be accepted from those who give him in lieu of Ockham. He first invented the *Thesaurus Meritorum*, and taught the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. If *Gooseberry* will read the life of St. Thomas in Baring-Gould, or any good 'Lives of the Saints,' she will cease to think him 'dark, mysterious, and unapproachable.' Notice such stories as his walking about Paris with a lay Brother who did not know him, and who asked him to go on his errands with him. He was the best preacher of his time to the uneducated, because he gauged the depths of ignorance as well as of knowledge, and explained everything, e.g. he was the first to explain the manner of crucifying, i.e. by nailing to the Cross on the ground, before elevation. The right title of his great work is *Summa Theologiae*—sum of Theology—not *Theologia*, *Theologica*, *Theologicæ*, nor *Theologicum*, all of which are given in the papers. Perhaps his greatest contribution to Theology (and few notice it) is his exact defining power. Theological terms, hitherto vague, now received a fixed meaning.

35. The life of a Schoolman, showing causes and basis of this Theology, is best done by *Andromache*, *Erica*, *Honeysuckle*, and *Gooseberry*. St. Thomas has been the favourite, but SS. Anselm and Bonaventura have been taken, also Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and William of Ockham. The causes are hardly enough shown in *Hermione*'s excellent paper on St. Thomas. By the causes, Bog-Oak meant the progress of human intellect under the awakening in the 11th century, and afterwards, under the teaching of the Friars in the 13th, combined with the dearth of anything but Theology to exercise that intellect on; and the intense desire to harmonise philosophy (the only other learning in vogue) with the Faith. The basis being all that had gone before in Theology and philosophy, and not any new ideas or productions. On this basis they re-arranged, systematised, defined, till Theology became almost an exact science.

36. *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Andromache*, *Ierne*, *Verena*, and *Erica* have defined Thomists and Scotists, Nominalists and Realists very well. *Papaver*: It is quite a mistake to think the two former were divided equally on the latter points. A Thomist might be either, so might a Scotist. Hardly any one does justice to the Scotists, who rather tended to semi-Pelagianism, than actually taught it. They were constantly trying to correct this tendency. It was a Scotist, however, and a Nominalist to boot, who first taught 'grace of congruity,' mentioned in Article XIII., which Article does not condemn this tenet, of *meritum de congruo*; but only the application of such merit to works done before the Grace of Christ—not to

good works in general. We must also remember many of the Scotist opinions are tenable and never condemned. One of our most orthodox modern Divines writes—

• The Spirit is not tied to means,
 But sovereign is and free ;
 But when God hath prescribed the means,
 Tied to those means are we,'

which is pretty clear Scotism. Bog-Oak feels bound to say this, because her sympathies go with the Thomists. By-the-way, it was probably as much his barbarous Latinity as his theological subtleties which caused the word 'Dunce' to be made from the name of the founder of the Scotists. In the interests of that language, Bog-Oak must suggest that the Conceptualist's motto was *Universalia in re*, not *in rem*. *In* only governs an accusative when the idea of motion is present.

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

Class List for November.

Class I.

Jon	40	Jessamine	35	Aphrodite	34
Lisle}				Alexandra	30

Aphrodite 35, marks for paper omitted in September.

The historical allusions in this Book have been most carefully and thoroughly brought out both by *Jon* and *Lisle*.

The question on the Reformation is also very well answered, especially by *Jon*, who brings out its joyful freedom. But the imagery of the House of Holiness is of the old day, nor does it owe its spirit to the Reformation. Puritan, and man of the Renaissance, as Spencer was; where he is most definitely and technically religious, he is certainly the most Catholic. I think the *Faery Queene* is a chivalrous romance, perhaps the last genuine one; but it is invaded by the rush of thoughts and feelings too powerful for the fantastic mould intended to contain them. It is said that men of the present day could not wear old armour. In Spencer's time it was getting rather tight.

Compensation, as *Jon* remarks, is certainly the way in which Justice is supposed to work in the natural world. The remark of *Jessamine* as to the disorder among the planets affecting the course of life is also to the point.

CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1892.

THE Prize Story was *too* successful as a competition to be soon repeated. Until the Editors have worked off the really excellent stories resulting from it still in their hands, they cannot ask for more. The Waverley Essay produced some very good work. The Editors now wish to set their contributors to study an author to whom they both feel that they owe much. The subject set is a Prize Essay on the works of the *Baron de la Motte Fouqué*, value £2 10s.

N.B.—He wrote a great deal besides 'The Four Seasons.'

Conditions to be observed:

1. Competitors must be under thirty years of age.
2. All essays must have the writer's name and address on the MS.
3. Stamps must be enclosed in each MS., which will be returned with a short criticism (if desired) by the Editors.
4. All MSS. must be marked *Fouqué Essay on the outside*, must be written on one side of the paper only, and sent in to the Editors before March 30th.
5. No essay must exceed 3000 words. Should the Prize Essay reach the standard of publication, it will appear in an ensuing number of the Magazine.

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STUDIES IN THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

**CONDUCTED BY MISS FLORENCE HAYLLAR, WITH QUESTIONS,
CLASS LIST, AND COMMENTS.**

Further particulars of this Class, which will begin in April, will appear in February. It will be succeeded in October by the Papers on Italian Literature in connection with the Higher Cambridge Examination for 1893.

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CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS.

Much regret having been expressed at the discontinuance of *Debatable Ground*, the discussions will be continued, and will be chiefly as heretofore, of an Ethical and Practical character, occasionally interspersed with discussions on Art and Literature.

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Chelsea China thinks that no one can be so unfortunate as to be involved in more than twelve delicate complications requiring a correspondence in the course of life. Egg Shell China will therefore be removed from its shelf, and its place supplied by

'VARIETY SPECIMENS.'

A different Competition will be set each month, with a Prize of 5s. attached to it. The Prizes will, however, be given all at once at the end of the half-year.

The Search Questions will be continued as in the last half of 1891.

The China Cupboard is open to Correspondence, Notes, and Queries, Comments, Criticisms, and Complaints. Its contributors have the privilege of sitting in judgment on the contents of the Magazine, and of offering what suggestions they can for its improvement.

Book Notices and Charitable Appeals will also be inserted as space permits.

FIRST SHELF.**BLUE CHINA.****DEBATABALE GROUND.**

By some unfortunate accident all the answers to the Debate on the Classical Spirit in Art have failed to reach Chelsea China (as also probably some of the other papers). The Debate must therefore be deferred till the February number, and the next subject only be set in this one.

SUBJECT FOR JANUARY.

Define 'Goodness.' Is it a foe or a friend to Goodness?

Answers to this and all other competitions (marked with their subject outside), to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before January 30th.

SECOND SHELF.**EGG-SHELL CHINA,****OR****THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.**

Chelsea China has got her figures all wrong, but *this* is the Fifth Complication, and that set in December the Sixth and last. In August last *Isabella* reproached *Mary* with betraying her confidence to *Dora*. And now *Mary* defends herself, and tries to mend the breach. *Honora Guest* denies the fact, and writes a letter, which certainly ought to have set *Isabella's* mind at rest. *Mary Morrison* takes the harder course of confessing to the breach of confidence. In answer to her question, Chelsea China thinks that, no promise having passed, she was within her rights in speaking out; but she doubts, as *Dora's* conduct appears to have proved, whether she was *wise*. Facts are food for gossip as well as fancies. But most certainly *Isabella* ought to have forgiven her for it. Chelsea China owns to an ardent curiosity to know *what Mary* had done!

Kenville, November 23, 1891.

MY DEAREST ISA,—

I fear you will think I have sadly transgressed the laws of friendship when I tell you that I have indeed repeated to Dora the greater part of what you confided to me last June, and my only excuse is that it was my love for you that prompted me to do so. You confided in me as your friend, and as your friend I have tried to do what seemed to me best for you. Dora had heard a horribly distorted account of the whole affair from other quarters—I will go more fully into particulars when I next write, as I have only a short time before the post goes—she had heard your conduct altogether misrepresented and much blamed, and owned that she had repeated to others, in all good faith, the version which she had heard. Therefore, much as I hated the idea of betraying my friend's confidence, it seemed to me to be clearly my duty to exonerate you from such false charges, and let it be known how nobly and generously you had acted throughout the whole affair. I hesitated for some time before I finally decided, doubting if any good could arise from such an evil thing as a breach of confidence; and after turning the matter over in my mind, my better judgment seemed to me to say 'yes.' I know how much you shrink from publicity, but believe me, dear, it is much better that the whole truth should be known than a garbled version of it.

Until I got your letter, I did not intend ever to tell you what I had done, as I hoped that that troublesome time had been in some degree forgotten by you, and I did not wish to revive any painful memories; but as the subject has come up again, let me say once more what I have so often said to you, there is no use in distressing yourself over what really could not have been prevented, and you have nothing to regret in the way you acted.

I hope, dear Isa, that you won't think my conduct unpardonable. I am most grateful to you for writing to me as you did, and I will hope for another kind letter, telling me of your full forgiveness.

I remain always your loving friend,
MARY MORRISON.

Rogersthorp, November 13th.

MY DEAR BELLA,—

I have just got your letter, and hasten to write at once and put you out of suspense. How can you think I would repeat your confidences to anyone? Of course I have not done so, and anything Dora may know of your private affairs she had certainly not learnt from me. You must not forget, however, dear Bell, that, though you have been so reticent on the subject, there were other people concerned who were possibly not quite such good hands at keeping a secret. I am afraid little Dora is rather too fond of talking; but she is a good-hearted girl, and only errs from thoughtlessness, and an inordinate love of teasing.

Would you like me to try to find out how much she knows, and put her on her honour not to chatter, or had I better let it alone?

Now I suppose I ought to be terribly put out with you for suspecting me of repeating your secrets, but I am not easily offended, and never *can* be angry with you for more than two minutes. I am so sorry about this, but hope that you will have no more annoyance, and be able to 'let the dead past bury its dead' in peace! Write again soon, please, dear, and in a less tragic strain.

And believe me always your loving and *trustworthy* friend,
HONORA GUEST.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITION FOR JANUARY.

The six works of fiction, the six poems, the six pictures you love best *at the present time*, with reasons; each reason not to exceed twenty words.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER QUESTIONS.

1. Roderick, the Last of the Goths.—Canto II. SOUTHEY.

'He slept in a grave every night for a penance ; but was buried elsewhere in "a humble tomb." ' Canto XXV.

2. Sir Jacob Kilmansegg.

'And would gladly have made a bow to himself,
Had such a bow been feasible.'

HOOD.

3. The duck in *The Notorius Glutton*.—'Original Poems.' JANE TAYLOR.

4. *Sir Galahad*.—TENNYSON.

5. *The Pied Piper*.—BROWNING.

6. *John Inglesant*. When disguised as a miner during the siege of Chester.—SHORTHOUSE.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Swanzey China, 12; *K. Anstey*, 24; *Rule of Three*, 18; *M. R. A.*, 6; *Unsigned*, 18; *Helen*, 18; *Magnet*, 30; *G. Festing*, 27; *Ali Baba*, 12; *Sandford and Merton*, 24; *Laleham*, 18; *Ethane*, 6; *Old Maid*, 24; *Three Rock*, 12; *Child of the Mist*, 12; *Crown Derby*, 12; *The Cousins*, 12; *Olwen*, 24; *Hileg*, 6; *Halliday*, 6; *The Muffin Man*, 18; *Cedar*, 24; *Nemo* 11.

Sintram and *John Alding* are allowed half marks for the hymns, and *Malvolio* for the bow. *Wamba's* coat was only *lined* with yellow. *Charles V.*, half marks for the grave.

QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

1. Who rode down the Black Lane?
2. Who transfixed a salamander with his lance?
3. Where was a mystery explained by a waxen image?
4. Who was a lady of Nature's Own?
5. Whose nature was connected with the shape of his ears?
6. When was a life saved by a talent for fiction?

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Miss Kerby, Hermon Hill, Wanstead, asks for a book of Old Testament Stories for child of six, and also how we came by the national flag and its meaning?—(Which flag?)

'Aunt Charlotte's Stories' from Scripture, by C. M. Yonge (Marcus Ward), 'Bible Stories,' by the Rev. A. Church (Macmillan).

If you mean the Union Jack ; St. George's Cross is red on a white ground ; St. Andrew's, like an X, white on blue ; St. Patrick's, of the same shape, red on white. These are combined.

Will you kindly tell me if Miss C. M. Yonge has published any drawing-room plays for acting by girls? and in particular if she has written one called 'Blue Beard,' and where they can be procured?

No 'Blue Beard' has been written by Miss Yonge. The 'Apple of Discord' and the 'Mice at Play' were written by her, and published by Groombridge. She recommends 'Half-Hour Plays,' by Amabel Jenner (Innes & Co.).

A. M. B. would be glad to know where she could find the rest of the verses which contain the lines—

‘The bride she then fainted,
For she was acquainted
With manners and knew what was right ;
But they fanned her and brought her
Some brandy and water,
And so they recovered her quite.’

Will some one kindly give reference for the quotation ‘Mon oncle des îles Philippines.’ Also can some one tell me the name of an old child’s story-book giving the escape of a Russian exiled family across America to Siberia. They come across an egg of the great auk and make it into an omelette, amongst other adventures. E. M. C.

The quotation is in ‘Gil Blas’; but I have no copy for the reference.

Will some one tell me the authors of the following verses, and give me also—if possible—the rest of the two poems—

‘Thou shalt know Him when He comes
Not by any din of drums,
Nor the vantage of His airs,
Neither by His crown,
Nor His gown,
Nor by anything He wears ;
He shall only well known be
By the holy harmony
That His coming makes in thee.’

‘An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless.
The world is wide—these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are all.’

THE MUFFIN MAN.

ANSWERS.

A. M. N.—Declined with thanks.

Mrs. Tothill has a copy of ‘Aunt Charlotte’s Stories from English History,’ which she would have no objection to part with. It has been a handsomely bound book, with gilt edges, and illuminated frontispiece, and is still in very good condition, though rather shabby. *Mrs. Tothill* thinks that it is quite worth 2s. (free by post), and will, if *Dionea* wishes it, forward it to her for that amount.

APPEALS.

So many excellent charities and institutions call for notice that we cannot do more than call attention to the fact, which is less known than it deserves, that *Girl Art Students Abroad* can hear of safe lodgings, and can obtain protection on journeys through the Girls’ Friendly Society. Apply, The Secretary, A 21, Sloane Gardens House, 52, Lower Sloane Street, London, S.W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

I cannot hold with all the praise the writer of the Prize Essay pours out upon Walter Scott. Kashleigh Osbaldistone, for instance, appears to me the villain of melodrama pure and simple. But she has not mentioned some of Scott's highest merits. I do not think any writer in the language can draw scenery with such wonderful truth to nature and in so few words. I cannot imagine better practice for a young writer than to study such passages as that paragraph near the beginning of the 27th chapter of *Rob Roy*, beginning 'The road which we travelled,' or the passage in *Guy Mannering*, describing the misty hills among which Dinmont took Brown fox-hunting, and to try to draw a scene he knows with equal vividness. It was a great loss to him and the world that he did not live in a more critical age, when we think how little we have of his best work when we look at the artistic construction of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, or the blood-curdling vision of Claverhouse and the white-hot pipes in *Redgauntlet*, and still more when we think how few he gave us of those inimitable lyric touches which occur here and there, such as 'Proud Maisie,' 'The moon's on the lake and the mists' on the brae,' and more than any, perhaps, 'When the gled's in the blue cloud, the laverock lies still.' He was a giant as it was, but he had powers in him which the taste of the day left dormant. M. BRAMSTON.

BOOK NOTICES.

Hatherley's Homespun (S. P. C. K.), by Annette Lyster, is one of the best of this author's stories, and deals with a sister's devotion to a backward little brother almost ruined by the petting of an old nurse. She trains him and rescues him at the cost of much self-sacrifice.

Miss Pussy (S. P. C. K.), by Maud Carew, is a wise and sensible little story.

Miss Benson's book on *Capital, Labour, and Trade* (S. P. C. K.), is most clear and convincing, and might be studied to great advantage.

Neal Russell, by Mary Bramston (Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co., 3s. 6d.), is highly to be recommended. It is an attempt to depict the ideal hero, so fascinating to all young readers, as a man of the working-class, and tells of a grand act of self-sacrifice steadily and religiously carried out in a way to raise the tone of every reader. The adventurous part in Canada is very spirited, and all the characters are clearly drawn.

At Sundry Times and in Divers Manners, by Eleanor Mary Benson (Kegan Paul & Co.), is full of interest. The memoir prefixed to it, with the extracts from personal letters, shows a most original and helpful soul in the young author, whose early loss has been regretted by so many. The book, though rather shadowy as a story, if full of thoughtful studies of religious experience, and Mrs. Hawes, the working woman, is a person never to be forgotten. Never has the type been so well hit-off, or more sympathetically.

Lilian and Lili and Twilight (A. D. Innes & Co.) merely need mention here. We wish we had heard more of Lili in her French home in the former, where she is so delightfully original ; in the latter the interest lies in the quaint and original situation and in the very pleasant and worthy hero, but Louis Lorimer is shadowy, and is a difficult person to realise. We see him in 'twilight' as well as Katrine herself.

From Haytime to Harvest, by Mabel Hart (Hurst & Blackett), is a two-volume novel, quite worth reading, with a well-concealed plot.

Fields hath it of its own, green fields,
 But they are rocky, steep and bare ;
 Their fence is of the mountain stone,
 And moss and lichen flourish there.

And when the storm comes from the North
 It lingers near that pastoral spot,
 And, piping through the mossy walls,
 It seems delighted with its lot.

And let it take its own delight,
 And let it range the pastures bare ;
 Until it reach that group of trees,—
 It may not enter there !

A green unfading grove it is, .
 Skirted with many a lesser tree,
 Hazel and holly, beech and oak,
 A bright and flourishing company.

Precious the shelter of those trees !
 They screen the cottage that I love ;
 The sunshine pierces to the roof,
 And the tall pine-trees tower above.

When first I saw that dear abode,
 It was a lovely winter's day ;
 After a night of perilous storm
 The west wind ruled with gentle sway.

A day so mild, it might have been
 The first day of the gladsome spring ;
 The robins warbled, and I heard
 One solitary throstle sing. .

A stranger, Grasmere, in this vale,
 All faces then to me unknown,
 I left my sole companion-friend
 To wander out alone.

Lured by a little winding path,
 I quitted soon the public road ;
 A smooth and tempting path it was,
 By sheep and shepherds trod.

Eastward, toward the lofty hills,
This pathway led me on,
Until I reached a stately Rock
With velvet moss o'ergrown.

With russet oak and tufts of fern
Its top was richly garlanded ;
Its sides adorned with eglantine
Be-dropp'd with hips of glossy red.

There, too, in many a sheltered chink
The foxgloves' broad leaves flourished fair,
And silver birch whose purple twigs
Bend to the softest-breathing air.

Beneath that Rock my course I stayed,
And, looking to its summit high,
'Thou wears't,' said I, 'a splendid garb,
Here Winter keeps his revelry.'

'Full long a dweller on the Plains
I grieved when summer days were gone.
No more I'll grieve ; for Winter here
Hath pleasure-gardens of his own.'

'What need of flowers ? The splendid moss
Is gayer than an April mead,
More rich its hues of various green,
Orange, and gold, and glittering red !'

Beside that gay and lovely Rock
There came with merry voice
A foaming streamlet glancing by ;
It seemed to say, ' Rejoice ! '

My youthful wishes all fulfill'd,
Wishes matured by thoughtful choice,
I stood an inmate of this vale,
How could I but rejoice ?

D. WORDSWORTH, Senr.,
Rydal Mount, September 26, 1829.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

CHAPTER IV.

INEVITABLE.

THE Misses Dorset lived on in the house that had been the family home for many generations, and which would have been far too expensive for them but for its situation.

Holland had evidently furnished the model to the original owner, for the house was tall, and had a steep roof, broken by queer little dormer windows of a red brick modified by time, with elaborate stone quoins and tall doorway, opening on a broad flight of stone steps, heavy sash windows, and a walled court leading to the street. On the other side, it was as near the sluggish estuary as safety permitted, and indeed, in certain conjunctions of wind and tide, the cabbages, not to say the lawn, became acquainted with salt water; although it appeared to Miss Dorset's friends, as if by far the greater portion of their time there was little to be seen from the window save an expanse of mud, with the river lazily creeping through it, and green banks and white houses shining beyond. The vessels, when there were any to see, could only be discerned from the broad balcony that ran round the great bay of the drawing-room. Inside, the house was panelled, painted white, and provided with as many heavy doors and big windows as could possibly be got into the compass of each room; but the oak staircase was very handsome and very comfortable, and the broad handrail was a delightful place for gymnastics of all degrees.

As to the furniture, most of it had suffered a period of degrada-

tion to the servants' hall, attics, and nurseries, till it had been of late dug out with rapture, mended, renovated, and installed in the places of honour, while all the Regency articles that had not become favourites had in their turn to go into retirement.

Miss Dorset's own particular sitting-room, opening out of the drawing-room, was entirely of the rosewood and chintz period, to her, the old and beloved. She was fifteen years older than her sister Anne, and had never had such strong health, having been forced to become head of the household, and to mother young brothers and sisters so early that the strain had been overmuch for her bodily strength, though not for her mental vigour.

She was not exactly an invalid, but she was obliged to take care of herself and not overtax her powers, and it was understood that while her sister and Juliet had their own occupations within and without, she sat alone in her pretty, quiet room, with her cockatoo, her cat, and her canary birds, her books, her letters, and her accounts, looking like an old fairy, especially when she put on her cap, which she never did if she could help it.

It was an ominous thing when any one of the family knocked at her door before half-past one, and of late she had had only too many of such knocks.

This time it was Agnes whose voice asked 'May I come in, Aunt Minnie ?'

'Ah ! I thought you would be here,' said her aunt. : 'So they have sprung the mine on you, poor child.'

'Isn't it dreadful ?' said Agnes, kneeling down by her aunt, and throwing off her sailor hat, while the elder lady kissed her forehead and stroked her silky hair.

'You are surely used to it. I thought you had been Red Riding Hood as soon as you could speak plain.'

'Oh, I don't mind the Armytage acting so much, though I am very sorry to miss going to Stokesley, and I think Lewis might have waited a year before beginning all that again. It is the rest of the scheme,—then at a little sound of sympathy—'Aunt Marion, do you like it or approve of it ?'

'A great many more things are done than one likes,' said Miss Dorset.

'Then you don't. Oh, if you would only tell me what you really think of it !'

'Think ? Well, my dear, I think that while Lewis's affairs are settling themselves, and he is waiting for some appointment to

turn up, it may be as well that he should have some occupation, and with his wife and all of you at his back he can't very well get into mischief.'

'Lewis! Oh, no,' said Agnes, as though mischief were impossible to her elder brother, the head of the house; 'but for us—' she hesitated. 'Most—many good people think it horrible for ladies to act in that *way*, and all my feelings revolt against it.'

'Many people are prejudiced, and forget what a different thing it is to belong to a company of relations and friends.'

'That is true, and Juliet and Selva are crazy about it, and even Aunt Anne—but oh, if they would only leave me out! Juliet acts ten times better than I do. Why, Lewis told me once that I could only stand like a stuck pig!'

'At that rate,' said her aunt, laughing, 'there's no fear of your head being turned by vanity. Nevertheless, I suppose Lewis will not let you off.'

'Oh, no, he was very angry at the bare idea, and so was Selva. Indeed, I did not know she *could* be in such a passion, though it was over in a moment, and she kissed, and hugged, and coaxed, and said it would hinder her boy's fortune and Rupert's, till she almost wiled me into promising, but I said that I must think first, and then they were nearly as angry as before. Do you think it really would make a difference to Rupert's going back to Oxford?'

'Not an atom. Anne and I should settle that matter. That's a pleasing delusion. In fact the whole concern is fudge, my dear, and they'll find it out before six months are over their heads; they are all very well for amateurs, but as to the real article—!' she waved her hand. 'But they all believe in it with all their might, and your voice and your figure are such a part of their programme, that if you refuse, Lewis will be bitterly hurt now, and the collapse, which is inevitable, will be ascribed to you for the rest of your life, though they may magnanimously forgive you.'

'Yes, it is horrid to stand aloof, and it is not absolutely a question of right and wrong,' said Agnes sadly. 'Perhaps the wrong is in vexing one's brother, and the right in crossing oneself.'

'I like the instinct,' said her aunt. 'I wish others had it, but you can trust Anne and Lewis to avoid anything undesirable for you; and really it will be more wholesome for them, and especially for that little wild pussy cat Juliet, to have you among them.'

'Very well, aunt,' said Agnes, drooping her head a little in resignation, with the feeling 'If Aunt Marion does not uphold me, it is all up with me!'

Miss Dorset looked at her with a doubt whether the heart had any part in her reluctance, and whether any prospects could be imperilled by her sharing in the scheme of the 'Wills of the Wisp.' But with all her shrewdness, Marion Dorset belonged to a reticent generation which would not try to draw back the veil, or make revelations to a spirit as yet unconscious. She was not sure either that the idea of the beautiful Agnes giving her heart to a clergyman in the Black Country was attractive to her.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Harris, be not alarmed, not reg'lar play-actors—"hammertoors!"'
See *Life of Dickens*.

WHEN the 'Wills of the Wisp' started on their professional career, the objectors and the promoters of the scheme were about equally ignorant of the real difficulty of it. Agnes felt vaguely that the publicity and display went against her tastes, and knew also, somewhat vaguely, that some people would not think it quite nice; but she had no definite objections to bring forward. Rupert, to whom on first coming home she had appealed, had stated that he did not think it was wrong or even undesirable, he wished it was; in his opinion it was simply beastly.

Aunt Nance regarded it as only an extension of old habits, likely to lead to seeing their friends in pleasant ways, and not making any real difference in their lives. Sir Lewis was the only one of the party who had ever acted outside their own somewhat unsophisticated neighbourhood, and he had never had anything to do with the management of any other company. His connection with the 'Undiscovered Stars' had been brief, and, naturally he had not troubled himself at all as to the sort of people with whom he had to play. He was a fairly good actor of character parts, a little careless and happy-go-lucky; but with plenty of dash and fire, and, like Miss Anne, some natural humour. He was the star of the amateurs in the neighbourhood, and had got up parochial entertainments for every clergymen for miles round, who would allow his school or parish-room to be used for such purposes, and on such lines was a skilful and popular stage-manager.

The dramatic company of Ousehaven had numbered sundry amateurs who could not be expected to come beyond their own circle, and would not have been worth training at any price, as Lewis said. However, young Buckley was not without talent of a certain kind. He was a tall, slim youth, with rather pretty girlish features, dark eyes, and a cherished little black moustache, and had always been clever in scene painting, stage carpentry, and arranging. He had nothing to do in the office, and being the only son among a family of sisters, was allowed so much of his own way that he was unmolested in adhering to his friends.

'Poor dear George,' said his mother, 'I am glad he has something to occupy him in good society!'

Ernley Armytage was the younger brother of a neighbouring squire. He was a lieutenant in the navy, who had been severely wounded in Egypt, and since that time had been so constantly harassed by recurring fever as to be unfit for service. He had just now been considered able to apply for employment, and was heartily tired of doing nothing; besides that there was an attraction among the Willinghams, to which his sailor heart was decidedly accessible.

He had always been the prime actor on board his ships, and was supposed to excel, especially in the heroic line; for he was very tall and large, much too big for a sailor, and was commonly called in the company 'The Giant.' He was very good looking, though heavy, even though fined down by illness, and was the soul of good humour and courtesy, a regular *pièce de résistance*.

The other member of the troop was Major O'Connor—a kind old friend who had settled in the town for love of his former Colonel, the elder Sir Lewis, and had married a young wife and lost her early. He kept near her grave, and retained a fatherly interest in the young people, who could make him do whatever they chose.

'Go with you, little one?' he said, when Juliet propounded the scheme. 'What! and make a fool of myself?'

'That's as it may happen,' replied Juliet, demurely. 'We'll keep Olivia's fool for you. Come now, Major, you know no one else can do Sir Lucius. We can't get on without you.'

'And that's true,' said the Major. 'A pack of hare-brained youngsters, as you are! You need a heavy father to keep you in order. Oh, yes, I'll be after you, and help Miss Anne to keep you out of mischief.'

Last, but not least, there was Dolph, otherwise Dorset Willingham Adolphus Cobb, the only child of a former maid-servant, first of the one family, then of the other, who had married a tailor in a small way, and died after a few years. Dolph, something of a pet, and a good deal of an imp, was preternaturally clever, and galloped through the standards at the utmost rate possible. The ladies would fain have made him a pupil teacher, but he was absurdly small in stature, and neither the master nor the boys liked him—never being sure whether he was not laughing at them—nor had he arrived at the virtue of being patient with stupidity. Moreover, his father, who was going down in health and prosperity, claimed his unpaid assistance. But in two years the poor tailor died, and as the others of his trade were abhorred by Dolph for having destroyed his custom, and would as soon have had a monkey for an apprentice—as one of them told Miss Dorset; the boy was on the world, and was finally disposed of at the Bank as office-boy. He was a creature who excited strong likes or dislikes—and had a reputation for tricks and sauciness which his friends repelled. They could truly state that evidence never brought a misdeed home to him, and that it was his queer elvish face and twinkling eyes, with the convulsive chuckling of his neighbours, that roused suspicions. A very solemn curate had insisted on his being turned out of the choir—unjustly, as the organist and Juliet held, especially as the others had behaved no better without him. But he had always been the main strength of the recitations and other entertainments of the Band of Hope, and after hours, was delighted to turn his hand and heart to anything, so that he had often assisted in the local theatricals of the Willinghams.

He had got on fairly at the Bank, but old Mr. Buckley could not endure him, and always attributed every accident to his mischief. So when the question had been raised by Agnes as to what was to become of him, Lewis's answer was—

'He is one of the reductions—Buckley would not have him at any price.'

'Besides, he is indispensable to us,' said Juliet. 'He is small enough for Puck, and makes up big enough for Fag, and he has the spirit of it.'

'He can pack, and he can sew, and knows the use of a hammer and nails,' added Lewis. 'It is quite true! He is a mere necessity.'

'But what can be done with him in the intervals,' put in Miss

Dorset. ‘I thought Agnes was going to get him taken as an errand-boy somewhere.’

‘Well,’ said Agnes, reluctantly, ‘I did propose Rowe’s library to him, where he could take out the books ; but the poor boy went into a state of despair, and I am afraid he shewed his theatrical capacities, for he clasped his hands over his bosom, and implored me to speak for him. Wages was no object, he would do anything if only he might stay with Sir Lewis and help sometimes in the plays—with him and Miss Juliet—as was all he cared for on this blessed earth. I really was afraid he would go on his knees to me, and he had tears in his eyes.’

‘It’s a clear case of mutual affinity,’ said Lewis.

‘The boy will be spoilt, utterly spoilt,’ said Aunt Marion. ‘What is not intolerable for you who have something to fall back on, is a different thing for him, at his age too ; you’ll have him going off with some disreputable circus——’

‘I’ll take care of that,’ said Lewis.

‘And,’ said Miss Anne, ‘the surest way of spoiling is to give a violent twist in an alien direction.’

‘In fact, the spoiling is a *fait accompli*,’ said Miss Dorset.

‘And,’ said her sister, ‘he would be far more likely to run away from Rowe’s than if we were to employ him more congenially ; and we might find a safe opening.’

‘Nonsense ! we *must* have him here,’ added Lewis ; ‘that’s a fact !’

‘Well,’ said Aunt Marion, with a sigh, ‘that being the case, I suppose we must have him here to help James when you are not at home. At any rate, it will keep him out of mischief.’

‘I was thinking that the number might be too much for James,’ said Miss Anne, ‘when you come down to us.’

‘Aunt Minnie, you are a very jewel of an aunt !’ exclaimed Selva.

‘Will James think so ? Poor James !’ sighed Aunt Marion.

For James was the old man-servant inherited from their father, of mighty weight in the household, alike physically and morally.

James, however, had to give way on this point.

Mrs. Armytage, partly for her son’s sake, proved a most useful ally, and procured two other engagements for them during the first fortnight of July, one for a great Conservative Festival to be held at Lassington Castle, a nobleman’s seat out of the Willinghams beat of visiting ; and another to act at a bazaar in aid of a

Children's Hospital at Homsworth, a large town in a neighbouring county. She also advised them to get some sort of programme printed, which could be sent about from one friend to another, and serve as an advertisement.

The drawing up of this proved to be a difficult matter. It soon became evident that, to pay all expenses, including the purchase and hiring of wigs and costumes, and to leave a sufficient profit, the charge for pieces on the scale of 'The Rivals' would have to be far too large for any but the most public and important occasions. Smaller and shorter pieces must therefore be added to the list.

Their selection did not err on the side of diffidence, but included 'Shakespeare,' 'Old Comedy,' and Sir Lewis Willingham's compositions, with equal audacity.

Their simple little programme having been drawn up and sent to the printers, Sir Lewis proceeded to work his company very hard with preparations and rehearsals ; and, before the first performance, the difficulty of depending on people with prior claims on their time made itself felt.

Agnes and Juliet were responsible for sundry pieces of parochial work, and were also engaged in the usual classes, lectures, and mutual improvement societies with which young ladies amuse and interest themselves in large country towns. Juliet, as soon as she saw how things were going, gave up all her share in these occupations. She could not, she said, do justice to Lewis's scheme unless she gave her whole time and thoughts to it. Agnes could not deny the force of this ; but it went to her heart and pricked her conscience to resign her evening class for young women in business, her district visiting, and all the other good works into which she felt that her visit to Coalham had poured new life.

'Aunt Nance means to keep on with the Branch Secretaryship and with the Cambridge examination business,' she said.

'Aunt Nance will get into a muddle,' replied Juliet. 'Besides, the case is not similar. She can get more people to help her, and she doesn't study her acting ; she just does it as nature tells her, and she'll never do it differently or get beyond the lively knack of it. But you and I have got a great deal to learn. We have never been really criticised yet ; we've been thought wonderful for the Miss Willinghams. Each one of these parts has got to be thought out and invented.'

'Why,' said Agnes, 'when I know the words, I always hope the way to say them will come.'

'And does it?' said Juliet, rather drily.

'I shouldn't know how to do it beforehand.'

'Why, I see it all quite clear. It *is* so tiresome when Rupert *will* stand in a different place every time, and spoil all one's effect!'

'I don't suppose the audience notice. But really, Jetty, I can't see how George Buckley, or any one who has any profession, *can* take it up in that way. And he will get something to do, I suppose.'

'Nor I,' returned Juliet. 'I don't see it either, unless we kept to very small pieces, and Lewis won't do that.'

'Then how can the scheme go on?'

'Schemes have to be modified sometimes. It does for a beginning. But really, Agnes, I don't see why you should be so miserable. I think Lewis and Selva are perfectly splendid. They never fret and grumble. Do you suppose they like giving up their home and looking on the aunts' as their home, as the kind old things call it? It is very hard lines on them. And, as for what people think, I don't begin to care for what people think when I know I am doing right! Are you afraid the Whartons won't like it? I'm sure Mr. Luscombe is every bit as good a clergyman as Canon Wharton; Rowhurst is a lovely parish, and the church is sweet—so old and solemn. He doesn't object to it. I've had a letter from Gertrude; and their friends, the Lambournes, quite belong to all your Whartons and people. And Mr. Lambourne was on the stage himself once. Canon Wharton preached at Rowhurst once when I was there. There was a Mr. Martin Lambourne that was a kind of a saint; and the Rev. Alaric wrote a book called the "Country Pastor." Canon Wharton said it helped on the new methods of work immensely; but I don't know if he is the same as the one who acted.'

Juliet fired off this logical uniting of the Church and the Stage at intervals, with her head in a box out of which she was turning theatrical costumes; while Agnes sat by the window sewing in Lydia Languish's lace ruffles. She was much the best dress-maker and milliner of the party, and contriving costumes was one of her chief stage duties.

'That book was written forty years ago; I saw it at Coalham. I don't think the present Mr. Lambourne is at all that sort of person. I believe he's a Radical!'

'Oh, well, never mind,' said Juliet; 'you know we can act at Primrose fêtes, and do good in that way. But, Agnes'—standing up in the midst of a heap of royal robes, fairy skirts, hats and feathers, crowns, coronets, and with a large donkey's head belonging to the part of Bottom, in her arms—'I'm going to work hard, and so must you if we're not all to make fools of ourselves in public.'

Poor Agnes sighed as she daintily set in her lace. Perhaps she would rather have known herself to be justly blamed by some of her Coalham friends, than have to condemn them for narrow-mindedness in blaming her.

Probably Sir Lewis and Lady Willingham did shut out the hard facts of their loss of fortune from their minds by the perpetual demands of the new plan on their attention.

The difficulties were surmounted or succumbed to, it was not very easy to say which; the theatrical wardrobes were all packed up, and on the 30th of June the 'Wills of the Wisp' drove over in a couple of waggonettes to Armytage Park for the performance of the 'Rivals.' Dolph, who, as proposed, had been cast for Fag, being literally the fag of the party.

The audience consisted of the Armytages' tenants and of the neighbouring families, who had all seen the Willinghams act so often before, that even Agnes could not feel as if facing the public.

The 'Rivals' was to be played in a large barn, in which a fairly good stage had been erected.

All the audience could see, and if those behind could not hear, they did not know that they ought to have done so, and were delighted with the gay dresses and the fine show, the pretty young ladies, and the dancing and fighting, the rapid action of the piece. Miss Anne was a capital Mrs. Malaprop. Bob Acres suited Lewis well. Fag was an unexpected success. Sir Lucius' Irish accent was undoubted. Mr. Buckley interposed with effect in Sir Antony Absolute. Few people had any preconceived ideas of Lydia Languish, and so did not know how unlike Agnes's reticent stately grace was to the sentimental, sulky charming and gushing little heroine; while Rupert looked so handsome in uniform that nobody considered how utterly impossible it would have been for him to run off with an heiress or sustain a disguise. Mr. Armytage was solemn as Falkland, and Juliet made more of her part than any one gave her credit for.

All ended happily, and actors and audience were alike de-

lighted. Even Agnes felt that it was not nearly so disagreeable as she had expected. Only Juliet stood for a moment when the curtain had been drawn up to give light and air, and the audience were filing out for supper, looking down the rows of seats. ‘Satisfied, Jetty?’ said Lewis gaily, as he collected his pistols and other properties.

‘Y—es,’ said Juliet, doubtfully; ‘but I didn’t seem to *feel* as far as the back benches.’

‘I’m sure they could hear well enough,’ said Sir Lewis.

‘I know what you mean, Miss Juliet,’ said Dolph, confidentially, as he put out the footlights, causing a fearful smell of paraffine to arise. ‘I didn’t feel somehow as if I did it big enough.’

‘That’s it, Dolph,’ said Juliet. ‘No more did I.’

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

THE Conservative fête at Lassington Castle somewhat enlarged the experiences of the ‘Wills of the Wisp.’ They played ‘She Stoops to Conquer’ in the evening in the great ball-room, and scenes from the ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ out of doors in the afternoon.

Everybody was very courteous and gracious, Mr. Buckley and one or two others of the Ousehaven helpers felt themselves to be in high society; but the chief event of importance was that Lord Lassington, as he thanked Sir Lewis, paid a very marked compliment to Juliet’s acting, so as to show the manager that little Juliet was undoubtedly his star, and the hope of his undertaking. She was made to feel herself that she had been a success, and the encouragement was good for her, for all the while every performance gave her a keener sense of the defects and incongruities of the whole company, her own included.

The Homesworth bazaar was to last two days. Dramatic performances were to be given each evening, apart from the actual sale, and high prices had been charged for the best places at them. Recitations or shorter pieces were also wished for at intervals during the afternoon as an additional attraction to the ‘Street in Cairo,’ which the Drill Hall at Homesworth was supposed to represent.

They had no friends in Homesworth; but to lessen the expense

and so increase the profits, the committee of the bazaar offered to entertain them, and they were billeted upon the chief houses of the place. Sir Lewis and Lady Willingham found themselves the guests of the Mayor, a nice old gentleman, much pleased at having to entertain a baronet, and quite unable to believe that the said baronet was there for anything but his own amusement and the benefit of the charity. Agnes and Juliet went to the Rectory, the other members of the troupe were variously disposed of, and Miss Dorset found herself the guest of Mrs. Martin Lambourne, who lived in Homesworth, near which place her late husband had lived and worked, before his uncle had left him the vicarage of Monks' Warren in Heathshire, and the guardianship of the present squire, who had married his cousin, Martin Lambourne's only child. Mrs. Lambourne was a fresh-coloured sensible lady, great in many good works, and as Miss Dorset was, at present, more familiar with the *G. F. S. Advertiser* than with the *Era* or the *Dramatic News*, and nearly as much interested in it, they found many connecting links before touching on theatrical topics.

Miss Nance was to play Mrs. Hardcastle, and the severe mother of the hero in 'A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing,' at the two evening performances which were to take place in a large concert room above the Drill Hall ; but she did not sing or recite, and so had leisure to help her hostess with the arrangement of her stall, and, by the help of a little art muslin and a couple of Indian shawls, she transformed herself into a most appropriate and attractive saleswoman for a Cairo bazaar.

'That is very charming,' said Mrs. Lambourne, as the two ladies arranged their goods on the stall. 'I have some girls coming to help in costume, but I am thankful to say it is optional for the elders.'

'One grows accustomed to costumes,' said Miss Nance, cheerfully.

'Yes, you must find so much moving about rather fatiguing ; but I have heard praises of your undertaking on all sides. Times are changed since my son-in-law's fancy for the stage so upset my dear husband and myself.'

'We are complete in ourselves, you see,' said Miss Nance, 'which removes all objections. Does Mr. Lambourne ever act now ?'

'Sometimes ; but he dislikes amateur performances, and never thinks them satisfactory. He is very critical on such matters.'

'I am afraid he would think us very amateurish! I don't agree with him. Professionals are never so fresh as good amateurs,' said Miss Nance. 'But Clarence Burnet, the rising young actor people talk of, is a connection, I think, of yours, isn't he?'

'Well, hardly of mine,' said Mrs. Lambourne; 'he is—connected certainly with my son-in-law's family. He is extremely clever and likely to get on. And most respectable, and well-conducted,—Alaric, my son-in-law, thinks very highly of him. Of course there are excellent persons in every profession.'

If Miss Dorset had known the past history of the Lambourne family, she would have been aware that this speech represented an entire change of front, and a considerable conquest of past prejudice, on the part of the speaker; nor did she feel herself sufficiently 'professional' to range herself among the excellent persons mentioned; but as it was, she thought the tone dry, and gathered that Mrs. Lambourne did not like the rising young actor. She was not called upon to reply however, for a bright-faced lady, with a slight cleverly-managed suggestion of the East in her costume, came across from the opposite stall.

'Your things look charming, Mrs. Lambourne; do introduce me to Miss Dorset. I'm commissioned to ask a favour of her.'

'Mrs. Kingsbridge,' said Mrs. Lambourne. 'It is at her suggestion that we have added the dramatic element to the bazaar.'

'Is it possible, Miss Dorset, that the 'Wills of the Wisp' would assist other performers? Would any of you act with amateurs?'

'Why—I don't know why we should not, supposing we knew all about them. But my nephew is our leader. What is the proposal?'

'Let me explain. That great place Hildon Castle, not far from here, has been taken by some people called Pettifer, enormously rich—I think they made their money in buttons; but we don't mind that in these days. Well, partly to establish themselves, and partly because the young people wish it, they mean to give a fête on a most splendid scale next month. Their son comes of age. They provide everything in the most magnificent manner, and they want different entertainments for three nights. The young people and their friends are devoted to acting, but can't do it all. They have set their hearts on 'Romeo and Juliet.' That's Miss Pettifer's piece. I am afraid it's very ambitious; but I hope they have really got Clarence Burnet for Romeo—I did that stroke of business for them. They want a nurse, Miss Dorset; and Mercutio, and one or two other parts.'

Then the two other nights would be arranged for them by the professionals, only young Tom Pettifer, who is rather out of it in the tragedy, would like a part found for him. It would be a case of staying there for at least a week. Expense no object, everything done in the best style, and really a great introduction ; for the whole world will be there. Do you think Sir Lewis would entertain the notion ?'

'Why, it is very much the sort of thing he looks for,' said Miss Dorset. 'You had better ask him.'

'I don't know if Mr. Alaric Lambourne would give them a recitation ?' continued Mrs. Kingsbridge, turning to Mrs. Lambourne.

'Really,' said that lady, 'I never can tell what he will do in such matters, and what he dislikes ; but you can ask him, Mrs. Kingsbridge.'

At this moment a bell rang, and all the costumed stall-holders, with every one who could get up any sort of fancy dress, were summoned to form a grand procession to open the bazaar. They were headed by Sir Lewis Willingham as a herald, blowing a trumpet. Agnes and Juliet led a band of fair eastern maidens, with long tails of hair, and veils, *not* over their faces. Dolph was got up as a fool, with cap and bells, Selva as an Irish maiden, and a tall young man half way down the rank attitudinized conspicuously as Harlequin, and was pointed out as young Mr. Pettifer. This was the order of proceeding:

First of all the Rector of Homesworth stood up at the end of the room, made a little speech, and as the local paper afterwards put it 'offered up a prayer.' Then the Mayor declared the bazaar open. Then Sir Lewis blew his trumpet, and spouted in much more audible accents than the Mayor, a rhyming speech prepared for the occasion.

'Well, I'm glad they got the professional to do that,' said one of the eastern maidens. Agnes hung down her fair head as the procession moved on, while Juliet laughed triumphantly, though she whispered to Agnes—

'If I was one of the particular sort, I should dislike all this much more than the acting. I'd rather keep the prayers separate.'

Miss Nance usually took things for granted, and marched cheerfully round, thinking how popular the 'Wills of the Wisp,' were becoming ; but Mrs. Martin Lambourne apologized to her, and possibly to herself also, as the business of the bazaar began, with, 'You see, after all, it is not for a church ; which makes a great difference.'

Bazaar and dramatic performances alike went off with spirit.

Sir Lewis and Lady Willingham were introduced to Mrs. Pettifer, a splendidly attired and showy lady, and made the engagement to act at Hildon Castle in the second week of August.

The 'Wills of the Wisp' had crowded audiences, their names flared on all the walls of Homesworth, and tramped round the town on strings of sandwich men, and the next morning the two local papers came out with long notices of their performances. *The Homesworth Guardian* took the line of high compliment to 'these distinguished members of our county society,' praised everything uncritically and indiscriminately, the beauty and grace of the young ladies, and the genius of the gentlemen, and in short afforded them, what Juliet rather contemptuously called a *succès d'estime*.

The Homesworth Mercury and Literary Chronicle on the other hand, spoke of a company of amateurs who were endeavouring to gain a professional footing on the stage with some claims to success, criticized them impartially and not amiss, praised Sir Lewis as Tony Lumpkin ; prophesying that he would soon acquire the necessary *aplomb*, said that Miss Dorset's Mrs. Hardcastle was clever, but not broad enough in effect for the size of the room ; that Miss Juliet Willingham was arch and spirited, but did not know how to stand still ; that Miss Agnes was stiff and inaudible, but that her striking figure and unusual beauty almost redeemed these defects ; relegated Ernley Armytage and Rupert to the ranks of the merest tyros, and finally assured the 'Wills of the Wisp,' that though they were far from unpromising, months of hard study were needed to cure their performance of its many incongruities, and to lift them to a professional level.

'I like this the best,' said Juliet sturdily ; but to Agnes it brought the first note of that sound that must come roughly on a 'young lady's' ear, the public criticism of work for which she is paid. The praise hurt her as much as the blame. Miss Nance, Selva, and Ernley Armytage said the *Gazette* was a Radical paper, and of course, opposed the *Guardian*.

Sir Lewis said little, but he looked graver than usual, and drilled his troupe more zealously than ever.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT TENNYSON.

MY introduction to Browning ('Monthly Packet,' July, '91) was designed principally as an incitement to the study of that poet by people who for one reason or another had failed to find their way in his works. Such an introduction seemed to be called for, because Browning presents many difficulties ; while those who are best qualified from their own studies to elucidate his meaning and to point the way to others, are over-apt to adopt methods which practically restrict the effect of what they have to say to an inner ring ; because they turn their attention not to the poetry, but to the system of thought.

Tennyson, however, calls for no such introduction. It would hardly be possible to name two poets of equal calibre, and so nearly contemporaneous, who afford such an effective critical contrast as the Laureate and Robert Browning ; unless indeed Wordsworth and Shelley, and they differ in quite another fashion. For whereas these two start from views of the universe and its Creator, which, superficially at least, are directly opposed, our two poets are fundamentally at one. Mainly it is in their artistic methods, their attitude towards certain secondary questions, and generally their *treatment* of the problems that present themselves, that they are contrasted ; and the result, or one result of this contrast is that as there is a Dickens camp and a Thackeray camp, so there is now—since Browning has really made his way to a certain popularity—a Tennyson camp, and a Browning camp ; and the votaries of either poet think it needful to belittle the other in order the more to magnify their own favourite ; and commonly give way to the inclination to turn the very faults of their bard into merits, by way of proving that the merits of the other are very little better than faults. Surely there is a Round Table of the Immortals, where Shakspeare is indeed the king approved by acclamation, but the rest may sit without jars and disputes as to the order of precedence. Seeing, that constitutions vary,

we must all have our favourites, but to justify ourselves we need not deny our neighbours the like privilege.

The representatives of the newest school sometimes shock their elders by the criticisms they launch at the Laureate. Colonel Newcome, in his day, felt very much disturbed at hearing the young men say that Byron was no poet, and Tennyson was going to rank far above him. The whirligig of time is bringing its revenges ; still, it isn't going to stop whirling with our generation. But perhaps some of the elders would be more inclined to recognise that these things are not due to mere *fin de siècle* viciousness if they remembered that there was a time when they were themselves looked at askance by their own seniors for their revolutionary principles. So it has been, so it is now, and so it will be for ever till Utopia is finally established. Every generation thinks that the one which preceded moved too slow, and the one coming after it is moving too fast. So my present object is to suggest that Tennyson is not the less great because he was in sympathy with a time that is past ; nor the greater because he is in some respects out of sympathy with the times to-day ; in other words, to call attention to certain weaknesses which we are frequently bidden to admire, and certain merits which we are called upon to contemn.

Perhaps the two 'Locksley Hall' poems present as good an example as we can find of the wrong bases for admiring the Laureate. I suppose that there is no single poem in which his marvellous command of the resources of his metre, his almost magical capacity for coining a perfect phrase, show themselves so prodigally as in 'Locksley Hall.'

'Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.
Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.'

* * * * *

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands ;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.'

For sheer splendour of diction and glory of sound I do not know many lines comparable to these. So again—

'In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof,' conveys the desired sense of unutterable dreariness and desola-

tion so completely, that I feel almost guilty of a bull in employing the word unutterable. In short, so far as concerns metrical technique and mastery of language, the poem is one which Tennyson has never surpassed. But when we turn to the *thought*—the general purport of the poem—it is astonishing to find how many people will rate you as a philistine, a wordling, and generally no better than you should be, if you venture to hint that the speaker is a decidedly egotistical and conceited youth with a capacity for rant, and a miscellaneous enthusiasm for ideals strong in proportion to their vagueness ; whose sufferings are chiefly due, not to the intensity of his devotion to the spider-hearted damsel, but to his annoyance at her not having thought him quite such a hero as he expected.

But this was a poem of the writer's youth ; it is full of the spirit of youth, of vehement if somewhat superficial emotion ; its ideals, like those of youth generally, are vague but gorgeous ; and probably it appeals almost as strongly to the young people of to-day as to the young people of half-a-century back. It is different with the poem of sixty years later. This is an expression chiefly of disillusionment ; and in direct proportion to the joyousness of the vague youthful dreams is the dreariness of the disgust of old age ; while the speaker remains in his later years just as egotistical, just as incapable of appreciating a different point of view, just as partial and one-sided in his judgments, as in the early days : and just as cock-sure. Dramatically, the new 'Locksley Hall' is the true and necessary epilogue to the first poem, the hero of which would inevitably come to look upon life in the fashion of the speaker of sixty years later ; but the one view will serve no better than the other as a guide in human affairs. Dramatically, the two poems are as consistent as possible ; as admirable in their way as the 'Northern Farmer,' or Browning's 'Bishop Blougram.' Nor need we, in the face of another poem so recent as the 'Ancient Sage,' feel called upon to regard this elderly pessimist as being merely the poet's mouth-piece, instead of a dramatic study. But we protest against having the second poem held up to us as the ripe wisdom of a matured mind which had laid to heart the words of Rabbi Ben Ezra—

‘ Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old.’

So with some others of the Laureate's later poems, which are more or less attacks upon modern doctrines, but are essentially not adapted as medicine for people who have been bitten by the

said doctrines. For this reason ; the things said may be all very true ; the errors attacked may be very pernicious ; but if you wish to convert any one from the error of his ways, you must begin by getting at his point of view : it is worse than waste of breath to start by telling him that he thinks what he doesn't think, wants what he doesn't want, is satisfied with what doesn't satisfy him ; and then to call him names. You must recognise the good in him and let him see that you do so, before you can persuade him to treat you in like manner—for if you follow the other plan, he will straightway decline to listen to you, and adopt your own method in attacking you back. Hence if these poems are taken as sermons or treatises, they must be condemned as more likely to injure than to aid the cause which they support : whereas if they are duly recognised as dramatic utterances their merit is at once apparent.

But if there is to some of us a temptation to praise the poet on the wrong ground, there is no less temptation to others to make light of him on the wrong ground. One finds the very perfection of his workmanship turned against him. The thing is so consummately done that one can hardly believe in the power it implies. Let us recall a certain Roundabout Paper of Thackeray's—‘Notes of a Week's Holiday.’ The critic stands before a picture by Rubens, and discourses:—‘Now you know the trick, don't you see how easy it is ? Now you know the trick, suppose you take a canvas and see whether *you* can do it?’ There's the rub. There are dozens of little people who have learnt the trick to the extent that you can see well enough it is Tennyson they are imitating ; but *they can't do it*. I have quoted already from one of his early poems—here is a verse from one of the latest :—

‘What sound was dearest in his native dells ?
The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells,
Far—far—away.’

A simple trick—nothing out of the way about it, is there ? But match it outside of Tennyson if you can.

Now if such lines as these stood by themselves ; if it were only here and there that they could be found ; one might view them as happy accidents. The thing is that they are everywhere. You could match them out of half the stanzas in ‘In Memoriam’ ; you could match them by writing down his lyrics miscellaneous as they happened to come into your head. There is no English poet, unless it be Milton or Spenser, who displays so consistent,

so unvarying a control of his verse as the Laureate ; and neither of them approaches him in the astonishing variety of the forms of versification he employs. The worst that can be said is that such excellence is like his own Maud's features, ' faultily faultless ; ' such perfection is a little monotonous. There are a good many people who prefer Lancelot to Arthur.

Herein is one of the most marked contrasts between Tennyson and Browning : for the latter abounds in those brusque, unpolished methods of speech which are never to be found in the former's work. On the other hand, exquisite as is the Laureate's phraseology, he never produces the same sense of tremendous vigour. There is in him something of over-refinement, over-delicacy ; and it seems that this is due to a difference in their attitude. Browning is before all things a fighter :

'I was ever a fighter—so, one fight more.'

But Tennyson is far more of the dreamer. If Browning pauses, it is in the spirit of Rabbi Ben Ezra—

'Ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new ;'

whereas Tennyson pauses to contemplate the past for its own sake.

Hence it is that Tennyson is supreme in a field of emotion which Browning has left untouched ; the field of retrospection. It is natural and right that in this he should appeal to the young less, and to those who are growing old more, than does his great compeer. Young men and maidens with their lives before them—what have they to do with lamenting for 'the tender grace of a day that is dead'? They have got to make a new day with a grace of its own. The battle of life is before them ; 'soldiers all, to forward face.' But for those who have already borne the brunt, it is different. They, who have seen the loved friends of their youth pass before them to the undiscovered country ; to whom the sweet companionship of early years has become a memory, a dream full of the sorrow that yet is touched by the dawning light of the joy which cometh in the morning —these can turn legitimately to 'In Memoriam' and to lyric after lyric, to find the noblest expression of those feelings which in the young ought never to be more than a passing mood, but from their own minds can seldom be altogether absent.

Again, to souls struggling under the burden of some over-

whelming sorrow—sorrow under which the heroic attitude of a Rabbi Ben Ezra seems for a time to be little better than a mockery—‘In Memoriam’ must always appeal intensely by its very tenderness ; it is the healing balm they need before they are fit for the stimulant that adds a sting of its own.

I have implied that these poems of retrospection are not wholly suited for youthful minds to dwell on, though it is good to turn to them at times ; and though at times their attraction cannot but be felt intensely, it is nevertheless to-day probably comparatively slight for the young people. The more vigorous minds are too much occupied with looking forward ; the more dreamy have a tendency to prefer what is more introspective and often more morbid. The characteristic note of ‘In Memoriam,’ the lofty fortitude—the profound, if not very enthusiastic faith—which tinges its melancholy and gives the poem an even higher rank than would be secured to it by its consummate melodies and the depth of the feelings it so exquisitely expresses, is just what makes it unsatisfactory to latter-day pessimism. There is a kind of determined despair, a thirsting after the luxury of woe, evident in the writings of some minor authors of the day, which, while Tennyson is wholly free from it, is in favour with a certain cultivated and rather imaginative order of mind most commonly found in highly self-conscious young people. For them Tennyson is not a sufficiently vigorous antidote, while he fails to satisfy their craving for melancholy. Hence it is that the whole class of his poems of which ‘In Memoriam’ is the chief, to a great extent fail in winning the critical approval of the younger generation. They are neither an inspiration to action, nor an expression of ‘the dismals.’

As Tennyson reigns supreme in the field of these emotions which are not indeed the most intense, but are among the most universal and most deeply-rooted of our nature, he is also unsurpassed as a writer of what we generally understand by Idylls ; those lighter flights of fancy which deal rather with tender sentiments than with strong passions ; where a pervading playfulness keeps at bay any sustained seriousness or approach to tragic feeling : whereof perhaps the perfect type is Shakespeare’s ‘As you like it.’ The most elaborate example in Tennyson is his ‘Princess’ ; of the Idylls of the King, ‘Gareth and Lynette’ belongs to the same category, and perhaps ‘Geraint and Enid,’ but no other. The names of ‘The Brook’ and the ‘Gardener’s Daughter’ will suffice to show the precise class of

work to which I am referring ; poems in which the larger problems, the eternal mysteries of Life and Death, Suffering and Triumph, have no place ; in which we are fain to forget the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, in the scent of the wild flowers and the song of the throstle, the chatter of the brook, and the flicker of the woodland sunlight. They call for no intellectual effort ; they do not send the blood leaping through your veins—though the poet can do that now and then when he has a mind to—but they are full of a delightful restfulness and a delicate harmony, which are wonderfully soothing, and render them the choicest company in hours of weariness or of rebellion against the spirit of perpetual introspection.

It is a common complaint to-day that the songs which we hear in drawing-rooms are the most unmitigated trash possible. This is so undeniable that one would hardly have imagined that, for sixty years, Tennyson has been writing songs which south of the Tweed have hardly been matched since ‘the spacious days of great Elizabeth ;’ when the gift of song was so common that —witness Mr. Bullen’s collections—half a hundred anonymous authors produced lyrics of which Shakspeare would have been proud. Is it the composers that are at fault, or is there some technical flaw in the Laureate’s work that makes his songs difficult to sing ? For he has produced any number of songs which, judged by a purely literary standard, are as near perfection as may be ; which you can hardly read without finding that they are setting themselves to music in your head. One need not go back for examples to ‘Break, break, break,’ or the lyrics in the ‘Princess.’ ‘Far, far away’ has been quoted already ; ‘Romney’s Remorse’ is in the same volume :—

‘Sleep little blossom, my honey, my bliss !
For I give you this, and I give you this !
And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss !
Sleep !’

I have heard people jeer at ‘The Throstle,’ but it appears that folks who do so may be confidently expected not to know the difference between a thrush’s note and a sky-lark’s. It has the very warble of the bird in its

‘Here again, here, here, here, happy year.’

In each of these three fields, then—the Elegy, the Idyll, the Song—Tennyson has done work which would place him among

the great masters of his craft. Gray is commonly reckoned among our leading poets, mainly on the strength of a single achievement in one only of these fields. It has been said that the 'Elegy' is a greater poem than 'In Memoriam,' inasmuch as it appeals to simpler and more universal emotions. It would seem reasonable to reply that by parity of reasoning, 'Break, break, break,'—or 'Crossing the Bar,'—is a greater poem than Gray's 'Elegy,' and 'Hush-a-bye Baby' than any of them.

If the end of poetry were merely enjoyment, the exercise of pleasurable emotions in the sense commonly understood by the phrase, there would be little more to say. But we do want something more from our great men: most of us are hardly inclined to admit that any one is entitled to a place at the Round Table of the Immortals unless he can do more than please us: unless he can in some sort inspire us, vivify our ideals, ennable our aspirations: unless the Maker has in him something also of the Seer. Reference has already been made to the practical difficulty, not to say impossibility, of judgment being passed by one generation for the generations still to come. The teacher who does not give just what present conditions have made his hearers ready to accept, is apt to meet with hard criticism. The charm of his verse, the clearness of his language, the flow of his narrative ensure a certain popularity for Tennyson; they secure for him an audience who find Browning insuperable, Matthew Arnold unsympathetic, Wordsworth dreary. But along with the superficial affectation of moral limpness which is supposed to be prevalent just now, there is a very real, if sometimes misdirected, energy, both moral and intellectual: even more marked perhaps among girls than among their brothers. The tendency among the cleverer and more vigorous spirits seems to be to depreciate Tennyson, and to find his ideals inefficient; and for these ideals we must turn to the 'Idylls of the King.'

Now one reason for this feeling becomes apparent at the outset. The whole atmosphere of the Idylls is unreal to an age which is very much in touch with hard facts. The Arthurian age never existed; the knights of the Round Table are somewhat wanting in every-day humanity: they are dream figures, or persons in an allegory. It is not that the story is placed in the past—Chaucer's knight and squire and parson, and the rest of his pilgrims, have nothing of this character—but that it is placed in a *mythical* past. It is the machinery of the Idylls, which, like that of Spenser, prevents a certain order of mind from appreciating

them. You require either more imagination, or too little of that quality. We may appreciate the beauty of the lines, but we fail to find ourselves in sympathy with the characters ; unless it be with Guinevere, who almost alone is *greatly* human in her passion, her sin, and her repentance. They are too much of abstractions, and hence much of their beauty is apt to be lost upon us. It is a matter on which no one can speak with certainty ; we can only give personal impressions for what they are worth—but is not this effect to some extent the consequence of merely passing conditions ?

Perhaps the most remarkable criticism that has been passed upon King Arthur is that he is a Bourgeois ideal. It would be less surprising almost to have him described as Democratic. If courtesy and faithfulness, self-control and self-sacrifice, purity and justice, make up the Bourgeois ideal, then Arthur is Bourgeois ; and to be so described would be a remarkably high compliment. That there is a coldness about him, some lack of sympathy, some incapacity for understanding the force of passion, is undeniable ; some consciousness that he is called to his work not by his brotherhood, but by his superiority. Yet hear the oath of his knights :

'I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the king, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their king,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her.'

The 'bourgeois' ideal appears to involve primarily, self-devotion in aiding the weak against oppression, and loyalty to the king ; who was none the worse under the circumstances for not being a paid elective committee with a caucus.

'For indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.'

A man might do worse than take those lines as a motto. If

he lives up to them, he will leave a fair record. And the maiden who wants to inspire such a passion would need to have a tolerably high ideal too.

The spirit of these lines runs through and through the Idylls. The ideal is not satisfying, because one feels that it starts too much from the point of view of 'noblesse oblige,' and has too little personal sympathy in it ; we are conscious of an inclination to regard our neighbours rather as items than as people with temptations due to circumstances which we don't understand, and trials which we have never experienced. It does not indeed follow that, because the ideal is not altogether sympathetic, it is not one which we require especially to bear in mind. We are restless, impatient, eager for a goal ; while our ideas of the goal, and the way to it, are vague. Patience, self-restraint, subordination, are virtues which can easily be preached until to our indignant eyes they assume the aspect of pusillanimity, and slavish conventionality. But they are virtues all the same. Unduly exaggerated or pressed upon us as if they were the highest qualities of our nature, they are the enemies of progress ; but without them, progress degenerates into chaos. It is possible to lay too much stress on mere graces of demeanour, the 'amiable words and courtliness,' which are always liable to a suspicion of being worn as a mask : but to-day we are more apt to under-rate than to over-value them.

The Tennysonian ideal is incomplete, as belonging to a different set of social conditions : incomplete for men and women alike, because the same conditions which affect the masculine ideal affect the feminine ideal likewise. But the position of women as giving men their inspiration abides, however much

'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.'

And men and women alike may well adopt the Law of the Round Table, though their point of view in doing so may not be altogether the same as that of Arthur and his knights and maidens.

ARTHUR D. INNES.

IN CADORE.

BY MOIRA O'NEILL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GUIDE'S STORY.

'IT is two years ago, signorina, since I tore that picture in two, and nearly four years since I first saw Zualdina.' (He pronounced the pretty name softly and slowly, as is not unfrequently done in like circumstances.) 'She is a girl of San Primolo. Her father was once a hunter like myself; but he is a rich man now, with cows of his own, and nothing to do.'

'It was greatly against my will that I went to San Primolo—the first time. My mother had a cousin there; and she always wanted me to go and live with him for a time, and learn his trade. Cousin Giuseppe Tonon is a carpenter; and that is a very good trade, but not for me! I am a born *cacciator*.

'My mother was a religious woman—rest her soul!—and would mind nothing but that the blessed San Giuseppe was a carpenter, and therefore it was a holy calling. But it was not for that, I often told her, that the Holy Virgin took him. And besides I was not called Giuseppe, like cousin Tonon. But the mother would hear no reason; for women don't go by reason, it seems to me. Pardon, signorina! I only meant our own women; not the like of you.'

'*Capito!*' I responded, gravely.

'So I promised,' continued Vecellio, 'for the sake of peace, to leave hunting, and go and be a carpenter for one year at least at San Primolo. But I told the mother it would be time wasted, for I could never live my days through in a workshop; not to become the best workman in Cadore. But many things might happen in a year. So I went, and left the mother alone with my sister Daria.'

‘San Primolo is a fine place enough ; there are two churches there, and the pine woods are bigger than ours. But every man likes the valley he was born in ; and from Narcolai one can be after the chamois in half the time. But San Primolo is very well in its way too. And Cousin Tonon behaved to me like a man of feeling ; for before I had so much as mentioned the word *caccia*, he told me I could have three days in every month for hunting, not counting Saints’ days. And he kept his word too, though his old wife Maria gave him pretty names for it. She was just one of those that think every minute wasted when a man is not bent double over his work. Now a sensible man will waste his time to advantage ; but that’s a thing no old woman can understand.

‘Well, the time passed, and slowly enough too. *Santa pazienza!* I was weary of cutting wood into lengths, and measuring and smoothing, and chipping at it ; more than weary before a week was over. But I said nothing of it ; for being little more than a boy, I thought much of behaving like a man. And I was determined that old Maria, who was always complaining of my uselessness, should have nothing to say against my manners in addition. I heard her tell Tonon that he had made a bad bargain ; but the good fellow only shrugged his shoulders, and said, “*Ci vuol pazienza !*” It was always his answer. The first time Maria looked with favour on me was when I brought her three hares after my first day’s hunting ; after that she said no more against the sinfulness of holidays.

‘If Tonon had been other than he was, San Primolo would not have kept me a month. But it was a pleasure to serve that man —if his trade had only been anything out of doors. He was determined to make a carpenter of me, he said ; but it cost him all his patience, and a terrible waste of good deal besides. However, he declared himself paid for all when at last I succeeded in making a chair that stood firmly on its four legs together. He sat down in it with an air of state, as if it were the throne of Italy, and blinked at me with his kind old eyes.

“Bravo, Guido ! ” said he, “you’ll be a carpenter yet. Go and fetch Maria to see this fine proof of your skill.”

“Where is the fine proof of skill, Tonon ? ” said a voice from the door. And behold ! there stood Zualdina, the prettiest girl in San Primolo. She had a red handkerchief on her head, after the fashion of the women there, and her white *camicia* was quite dazzling in the sunlight ; but somehow I never noticed much

what Zualdina had on ; her face was so bright that you could not take your eyes off it, and that is a great distraction.

'She smiled at Tonon, and stood leaning against the doorway with one shoulder, and her little brown hands clasped behind her.

"Look there! Did you ever see a better made chair than that, my Dina ?" said Tonon, lifting it up by the back and setting it down with a smart rap on the ground, to show the strength of the article. "Do you think Narcolai won't have a good carpenter one of these days ?"

Pretty Zualdina turned her head, and looked at me critically, while I looked at the chair, and tried not to seem to think much of it.

"Well, I have seen better, and I have seen worse," she replied, with a laugh. And something made me think she meant the words to apply to myself ; this idea made me feel ill at ease. It is one of the uncomfortable ways that women have, to say things that sound harmless, and all the time they mean to make you feel a fool before them. I was positively glad that Maria came in at this moment. She asked the girl, in her sharp voice, what brought her up there, away from her work in the morning ? Zualdina smiled sweetly, without moving from her careless attitude, and said,

"Only the pleasure of seeing you, Maria, and to ask your husband to come and smoke his cigar with my father this evening."

"I'll send him better company," said Tonon. "Here's my young cousin, a *cacciator* after his own heart, who will talk to him of the chamois in the mountains, and the deer in the forest, and the fish in the river, and the birds in the air. If that don't please Luigi Massabon, then I've known him these thirty years for nothing!"

"It is sure to please him, and the hunter will be welcome," said Zualdina, graciously. Then she went out with a pleasant "good-day" to us, and a smile bestowed solely on Maria, because that old woman was scowling. That was the way with Zualdina. She always refused to be annoyed. If any one was unpleasant to her, she smiled calmly, and wasted no words on them.

That evening, after work, I went down the village to her house. Luigi Massabon, her father, kept the *trattoria*, where the men would mostly come at the close of the day to smoke and drink their wine and play *pallone*. He was a little, thin old fellow,

with black eyes, round and twinkling like a bird's, broad-shouldered, with quick movements that showed him to have been a strong, active fellow in his time, but lame in one leg from an accident in his hunting days. I heard the story of how he came by that lameness the very first day of our acquaintance ; not to mention many another time, for it was a kind of habit with him to tell it.

'Zualdina was not to be seen at the *trattoria*, for her father was a well-to-do man, and quite above allowing his daughter to serve strangers with their wine. But as it happened, he took a fancy to me, and would often ask me to stay late after the rest of the company had gone, and then he would sit in his own house and smoke. Our talk was always of shooting and mountaineering ; for when a man has once known what a hunter's life is, everything else is dull in comparison. And he used to say I was the best man at a hunting-story he had ever come across ; but as a matter of fact it was little I ever told him, for Luigi liked to have all the telling himself. Many a time I sat for an hour, saying no more than, "That was done *pulito!*" or, "You were nearly gone to another world that time, Si'or Luigi!" After which he would say at parting, "Good-night, my lad ; that was a fine story you told me ; come again soon !"

'And I was perfectly willing to come again as soon as he liked, just on the chance that Zualdina might be there. She often sat with us in the evenings, spinning all the time, and never speaking ; of course, it is not for a girl to join in talk with men. Indeed, my own part in the conversation was chiefly listening too. But I could listen better when Zualdina was sitting in her low chair, twirling the yarn between her fingers. When her head was bent, and her eyes on her spindle, my own were generally on her face, and I watched, when she raised her head, where her first glance was sent. It was generally sent to me.

'After a time Zualdina would let me walk home with her after mass on Sunday mornings. That was a privilege which I had to share with young Antonio Giraldis. But then, as she chose never to walk with either of us alone, there was nothing to quarrel about. Only I could have wished Giraldis to be a little less regular in his attendance at mass. And I intended to tell him so at some convenient opportunity. But as yet matters were not far enough advanced.

'One afternoon, after I had been about nine months in San Primolo, while Tonon and I were at work as usual, Father

Ambrogio, our priest, came in. We stopped work, of course, as we were bound to do, out of respect (for which I own I was not sorry, being just then in trouble with a wheelbarrow of the most difficult construction). Father Ambrogio said he had come for a few words with me ; but when Tonon would have taken himself off, he stopped him, and proposed that we should go out together. I followed him out without a word, expecting from his face that he had some bad news. Father Ambrogio was a tall, slender man, grave and silent. His forehead had a deep, frowning line between the eyebrows ; when he was vexed the frown got deeper, and his eyes shone.

' He spoke at once. "I have bad news for you, my son. This morning I had a letter from your parish priest, Father Martino. Your mother is very ill."

' I knew from the tone of his voice what he meant, even before he added, "I think you had better go home without delay. You could be ready to-morrow, I suppose ?"

" Yes, Father Ambrogio."

" Then I will go back to the house, and tell your relatives." And he turned quickly and left me alone.

' It's strange the way a man receives news of that kind. I think a great misfortune takes time to realise. At first it seems as if such a thing might happen to someone else, but not to oneself. The strangeness and suddenness of it make it unreal—like a dream. At least, that was the way I felt while Father Ambrogio was speaking to me. But, ah ! it's not long before the awakening comes. And then it's real enough, and hard enough.

' When I went back, Tonon and Maria were talking together in the workshop. They stopped as I came in, and Maria said kindly she was going to get my things ready against to-morrow morning early, and disappeared to do it. Tonon kept his head bent over his work, and when I went back to mine he desired me earnestly to let it alone. I don't know why people should think, when a man is in trouble, the best thing he can do is to sit still and think about it. But that was good Tonon's idea, and I did not want to vex him ; so I went out again, and stayed till I knew supper would be nearly over, for of course neither of them would have had the face to eat a decent amount of *polenta* if I had been sitting there between them.

' I meant to see Luigi Massabon that day ; but having no mind for the company assembled at the *trattoria*, I waited till I knew

he would be alone in his own house, and then went down. Si'or Luigi was sitting in his usual place, and nodded cheerfully as I came in. Zualdina smiled at me from her corner, and went on spinning. It was rather hard to tell news like mine to a man engaged in working the straw through his long cigar before smoking it. I waited till the cigar was lit, then I said,

““I have come to bid you good-bye, Si'or Luigi. My mother is very ill—dying, and I am going home to-morrow.”

““*Corpo della Madonna!* When did you hear this?”

““This morning, from Father Ambrogio ; he had a letter from home. I couldn't read it, of course ; but he told me the news.”

““Then I'm sorry for you, from my heart, *povero giovine!* But never fear ; it mayn't be so bad as you think ! Why, she may be better before you reach home, and we might have you back here within a month. *Chi lo sa?*”

I shook my head, and looked over at Zualdina. Her face was turned away ; she had laid her distaff in her lap, and she neither spoke nor moved. I would have given a good deal to see her face ; but that was impossible. “I don't think I shall come back for years ; perhaps never,” I said. I knew very well that nothing would keep me from coming back to San Primolo ; but no matter for that ! I wanted to make Zualdina speak, or give some sign ; and she did neither.

Si'or Luigi was very kind. He said all sorts of consoling things, and told several stories of people who had recovered from the very point of death. In the middle of one of these, Zualdina quietly left the room. Her father rambled on, and I listened as usual, always expecting to hear returning footsteps at the door ; but they never came.

‘At last I said good-night. What was the use of waiting ? And I had to be up before daylight next morning.

It was dusk outside ; nearly every house door in the village was shut. The stars were twinkling, faint and far apart, and the evening mist was rising down the valley. Well, I never was more surprised in my life than when, half-way home that evening, I came upon Zualdina. She was sitting under a great pile of logs by the pathway, a shawl over her head ; and Nano, my dog, was lying with his head in her lap.

““Guido Vecellio, I was waiting to speak to you,” she said, with the calmest voice in the world. “ You are going away to-morrow. When will you come back ? ”

““Whenever you tell me, Zualdina,” I answered quickly.

"“When I tell you? Impossible!” she cried. “How can I send you an order to come back? Who would take it? Or perhaps you think I could get Father Ambrogio to write it in a letter?” and she gave a little shrug of impatience. The shawl slipped off her shoulders, and I took that opportunity to sit down beside her, and put it on again.

“Listen now, Vecellio,” she said. “You may think it strange for me to come out here at this hour, to talk to you alone; but I can’t help that.”

“I don’t think it strange in the least,” I replied hastily, “but perfectly——”

“Perfectly unheard of,” Zualdina rejoined calmly. “*Ma cosa vuole?* The point of the matter is——”

“It’s this!” I cried, interrupting again. “Will you marry me, Zualdina, when I come back?”

“That depends.”

“On what?”

“If you ever do come back, and if it isn’t too long to wait, and if we both keep the same mind—then I will.”

“Zualdina mia!”

“Now, don’t!” she cried hurriedly. “You’ll—you’ll wake up Nano. He’s just going to sleep again, nicely.”

“Oh, very well, then. Of course I shall come back; I can’t tell when, exactly, but certainly within a year.”

“Then I shall wait a year for you,” said Zualdina. “That is, I won’t marry anybody else before the year is out. If anybody else courts me, I shall make them understand that I only allow it on the chance of somebody not turning up within a year.”

“*Benissimo!*” I replied. I understood that she alluded to young Giraldis; but nothing could have been more delicate.

“And now,” said Zualdina, I’ll give you a *ricordo* to keep. This is my likeness, that a traveller took last year. The traveller was Italian and could talk sensibly enough sometimes, but I think he was a lunatic, for all that.”

I took the likeness, but could see nothing of it in the dark.

“Of course not,” said Zualdina, laughing. “Why, even in the daytime it looks as dim as if it were done in a mountain mist, and my face all pale, as if I had had the fever. But the handkerchief is very fine; it shows every stripe in it.”

“How on earth did he do it?” I asked.

“Oh, he had a great box stuck up on wooden legs, and covered with a cloth; and he used to get half-way into that himself, and

hide ; he never let anyone see. Who knows what he was after ? Magic, I dare say. And if anyone laid a hand on that box, he would fairly dance round it with anxiety ; and he would carry it about like an infant. But *Santa Vergine !* what am I staying chattering here for, at such an hour ? ”

‘ She started to her feet, waking Nano without the very slightest heed to it. “ I must go. *Addio !* No, I’ve no time for nonsense. Go your way, Guido. *Addio !* ”

‘ She sped away like a hare, across the fields all drenched with dew, and was gone in a moment.

‘ As a hunter, I take blame to myself for my slowness on that occasion.’

CHAPTER V.

THE END OF IT.

‘ WELL, signorina, I will not trouble you with the story of the next few months ; they were long and sad ones. My mother lived, but in a hopeless state. They said my coming called her back to life ; but after that she seldom spoke, or seemed even to know us. Daria, my sister, said she had begun to fail very soon after I left them.

‘ In our country women work too hard, and get worn out before their time. A woman of fifty is considered quite old. It is bad for them to carry heavy loads, and work every day in the fields as they do ; that’s certain. But, then, nearly all the young men go away to Switzerland ; or to work on the railways, or as conscripts to the army. *Come si fa ?* The work would not get done at all if women did not do it. But it breaks them down, and when they get ill they don’t recover ; they die, and most of them a great deal younger than my poor mother.

‘ Well, Daria and I were left to live alone. The winter passed, and the spring ; and things went on again as usual, all the same but for that one change.

‘ I took to hunting again, and Daria kept the house.

‘ Often in long, lonely hours on the mountains I thought of Zualdina. In the evenings at home, when Daria would spin for hours, I used to try and fancy that it was Zualdina sitting there in the flickering firelight. But there was always a want of satisfaction about that. Daria was not half so pretty ; not pretty at all, indeed. She never sat with her head bent in that way, nor

moved her fingers so deftly. And then, if I ever did manage to fancy her as I wanted, that minute she was sure to speak and spoil it all.

'Daria is not a complaining woman ; but she sometimes did observe that it would be convenient to have a person in the house that could hear when they were spoken to, and remember to take a message when it was particularly wanted. She meant me.

'My thoughts were generally far enough away ; seldom nearer than San Primolo. But thinking of it was useless ; I could not possibly go there. In Cadore, no man of decent feeling would propose to himself to seek a wife five months after a parent's death. It's an unheard-of thing. Only once, I remember, a man disgraced himself in that way, and not a woman in the village would speak to his wife when she came to wash her linen at the fountain. I had no mind to make another example of myself for the benefit of Narcolai.

'But nearly ten months had passed since I said good-bye to Zualdina—or failed to say it, rather—and I was bound to find a way of keeping promise with her. It was dreadfully perplexing, as I thought about it day after day ; I never could get it out of my head. Even out hunting, I went out of my way continually, just to get some point from whence I could see the far blue peaks round San Primolo. Many a time for that I climbed the Forcella Grande without the faintest chance of sport ; many a time, too, to find clouds blotting out the sight I wanted, and perhaps wait for hours on the chance of their lifting.

'I think it was one day up there that I resolved on a plan, a very simple one ; merely to go and see Giuseppe Tonon. I wondered it had not occurred to me before. This would be a perfectly proper proceeding. He was a relation, and he had been kind to me. He must have been very anxious about his young cousins all this time ; it was really no less than my duty to go and relieve him on the subject. If my kind-hearted cousin lived very near to Luigi Massabon, I was not responsible for that. I was simply visiting a relation. *Basta !*

'That very evening I represented the case to Daria, while she was putting away the dishes after supper. Her behaviour certainly surprised me considerably. At the first mention of San Primolo she threw a quick glance at me over her shoulder, then turned her back and commenced a clatter with the dishes that was fairly deafening. I waited a moment, and then went on with my explanations. Daria listened in perfect silence

without once looking round ; and when I had finished there was a long pause. At last she remarked—

“ So you think cousin Tonon will never sleep happy till he sees you again ? Is there anyone else in the same case, if one might ask ? ”

‘ Having made this hit, she was so agitated that she plunged a pile of dishes back into the tub of water she had just taken them out of.

‘ I was silent.

“ Ah, the wife Maria, *per esempio !* ” Daria continued, in the same encouraging tone. “ From all you’ve told me, I should say she must feel quite lost without you.”

“ Well,” I rejoined slowly—for I was taken aback by Daria’s sharpness—“ I wasn’t thinking particularly of old Maria. But Tonon might really want me, you know.”

“ If it’s only to relieve his kind heart that he wants you, you can do that without taking a three days’ journey for it. Go and ask Father Martino to write a letter for you to that other *parroco*. You can tell what you please in it, and ask what questions you like. *I shan’t be there to hear, you know.* ”

‘ I had nothing to say. I felt like a great, stupid boy.

‘ Suddenly she faced round. “ Guido, do you take me for a fool ? Do you think I have no eyes to see what has come over you ? Go to San Primolo ; I shan’t keep you back. What matters a sister, when you’ve got a sweetheart ? Oh, I know that very well ! I know what it means when a young fellow carries a glum face about with him, even to the hunting, and lives in the clouds, and hasn’t a word to throw at a dog when he comes home, not if he heard the king was coming to Cadore ! Well, go to your sweetheart ; but let me hear no more about cousin Tonon and his anxiety. You can keep your own counsel, and I’ll ask no questions. There’s no need for you to be at the trouble of inventing any more reasons.”

‘ Daria spoke scornfully, and held her head high, but I heard a little tremble in her voice.

“ Daria,” I said, “ I’ll tell you all about it if you’ll listen. Come, be friends ! I was a fool not to trust you.” Then I kissed her.

“ You can keep your own counsel,” she repeated. But she listened for all that.

‘ A few days after, I sat smoking with old Tonon on the seat beside his house-door. It was in the cool of the evening, the last red glow had faded from the mountain tops, and the *gri-gri*

were chirping loudly in the grass. I knew it was time for the company at the *trattoria* to have finished their cigars and gone home. I was longing to go down to the village, but Tonon still kept me talking ; he wanted to know this, that, and the other.

"Ah, well, *mio giovine*, you're welcome back," he said for the twentieth time ; "though you won't take up with carpentering again. And what about the girls in Narcolai ? Is there no pretty face there that you fancy more than another ? Nor any that fancies you, eh ?"

"None that I know of," I replied.

"Well, I'll engage you won't find a prettier one than that little Zualdina of Luigi's between this and Venice. Why, look at the eyes of her ! dancing in her head like twin stars on a frosty night. Look at the colour of her cheeks ! red under the brown, like poppies in the corn. She doesn't move like any other girl ; she's slender and straight, like a young pine tree that sways with the wind. Will you find me her match in Narcolai ? Come now !"

"I never said I could," was my reply.

"*Bravo !* that's a true word. But I know a young chap from Narcolai that would make her a better match than Antonio Giraldis, with all his money. His shoulders are broad, and his beard is fair—what there is of it. *Capito !*"

"Antonio Giraldis ?" I could say no more for the life of me.

"Just so. He has been after her this long time, and we all know what the end will be. Zualdina doesn't choose to speak of it ; but her father talks enough for two. He is very cheerful just now, is Luigi. No wonder ! Giraldis is the son of the richest man in the village, and no bad fellow either."

Tonon gave me this news with such an air of unconcern, and his eyes fixed so steadily on nothing at all exactly in front of him, that I saw he had understood it all from the beginning, and meant to hold his tongue like a friend.

I did not go down to the village that evening.

The next day was Sunday. I went that morning to Mass quite calmly, having made up my mind what to do. A man's agitation only lasts until his mind is made up ; so the sooner he learns to do that, the better. I waited till the last moment to enter the church, and then took my place beside the door. Zualdina was there, but I knew she would not once turn her head from her place among the women ; she always behaved more demurely than any other girl in church. That morning

though she had on a new bodice as green as grass, she never looked round to see who remarked it. Very few girls could do that. I was the first out of church after Mass, and stood aside to let the people pass ; most of them greeted me as they came out with a "Welcome back." I watched the door only for Zualdina. She came presently, looking round her brightly ; then she saw me, and stopped short. The colour rose red in her cheeks, but her glance was steady ; she made the slightest motion with her hand, and that instant I was beside her. I give you my word, if she had looked away, I should never have troubled her again.

' We walked on quietly amongst the others. By some blessed chance Giraldis was not there. I don't mean to say that would have made any difference ; but there would probably have been a quarrel between us, and that would have been certain bad luck on a Sunday. As it was, Zualdina made no remark when I turned aside on the way home, and took another path which led to a little bridge over the stream, seldom crossed except by the wood-cutters on their way to work. Here I stopped, and Zualdina, leaning her arms across the rough wooden rail, commenced peeling off little pieces of the bark and dropping them into the water.

' I saw she was waiting for me to speak, which I did soon enough.

" "Zualdina, I have come back, and kept my promise. And how about you ? "

" "So have I," she answered. " I shall throw Giraldis over now. But there'll be no need for you to fight him, remember ! I told him what would happen if you came back."

" "He has been courting you, hasn't he ? " I asked.

" "Of course he has. Poor fellow ! he will be disappointed, and father will be furious ; but never mind."

" "Are you glad or sorry that I have come back ? " I asked her next.

" "I'm as good as my word," she answered quickly. " Whatever I said I shall stick to. But I never promised to be glad, that I remember," and she laughed.

" "If you're sorry, Zualdina, you need never see me again. I can go home to-morrow."

" Zualdina got impatient. " Guido Vecellio, I tell you glad or sorry has nothing to do with it," she cried. " What are you driving at ? "

"Just tell me this," I said ; "if you had made no promise to me, and were free to take your own way now, what would you do?"

"I should marry Giraldis, of course," she answered.

"Then marry him. I give you back your promise."

"What! Are you in earnest?"

"Why not?" I said. "Giraldis is a better match for you than I am. I know that. He has two farms—or he will have them ; I am only a poor hunter, and never likely to be richer. Why should I stand in your way? Is it fair to ask a girl to throw away a good match for a bad one? I'll not do it."

Zualdina laid her hand on my arm. "I don't think there are many men in Cadore who would do like you," she said gratefully. "I'll not forget it. You're a good fellow, Guido ; I shall tell Giraldis how much he is beholden to you. But I was ready to keep promise ; remember that!"

"Yes, I'll remember it," I said ; "but there's one thing more. See here ; may I keep your likeness that you gave me?"

Zualdina looked doubtful. "I don't think it would be at all a proper thing," she said. "You ought to give it back, you know."

"But I want to keep it."

"*Ebbene?*"

"Look now ; I shall tear it right across. That shows that everything is at an end between us." And I tore it, but very carefully, to save the face.

"Well, I suppose you may keep it now," said Zualdina. "I couldn't give anybody else a torn picture, could I?"

"Of course not," I answered, stowing it away quickly for fear she should change her mind.

"Come, then, it's time to be going," she said ; "but shake hands, Guido, before we go."

This we did, in the most honourable way in the world. Then I brought her back, and left her to go home alone.

The next day I left San Primolo. Most likely I shall never see it again.

* * * * *

'There, signorina! that is all the story ; and finished in good time, too, for here we are at the *albergo*. If you want another day in the mountains any time, I am at your service.'

'I shall remember. Good-night, Vecellio.'

'*Felicissima notte, signorina!*'

REFLECTED LIGHTS.

I.—T A C T.

IT is somewhat interesting as showing the character of the eighteenth century that the word 'tact' is rarely, if ever, to be met with in its literature. That the thing was certainly as rare as the name, we may see from the pages of Madame d'Arblay and Boswell, though occasionally very real tact was shown in contrast to Johnson's roughnesses by some of the other interlocutors in that wonderful book.

The warmest admirer of the eighteenth century must, however, concede that far more homage is paid to tact by ourselves than by our forefathers. It is one of the things we owe to the greater influence of women, and to the greater delicacy and susceptibility which has been bred in us by the superior polish and comfort of our everyday life. And (without a pun) it may be said the more *contact* we have with our fellow-creatures, the more *tact* we shall need. The old squire who lived in a country village could afford to blurt out his opinion, in season and out of season ; people's wives, children, and servants 'took things from them' which would rarely be tolerated now. Life in these days is made up of perpetual intercourse with people whom we only know superficially, who may differ from us on every conceivable subject, whose personal history is a blank to us, whose tender points we can only guess at. All these things oblige us to use a good deal of delicate handling, what the Greeks called *εὐλάβεια*, in dealing with them. Besides this, people are much more sensitive than they used to be. We may doubt if in any school *now* a foolscap would be put on a child's head, or a card inscribed 'Liar,' tied round his or her neck (as in 'Jane Eyre'). So many books have been written about children and their feelings that most of us have learnt by this time to treat them with more tenderness and delicacy (even when naughty) than of old. For the same reason,

grown-up offenders are spared the stocks and the pillory. I am not sure whether the stocks are not, after all, as good a punishment for drunkenness as could be devised ; but I am glad the pillory is gone.

Sparing people's feelings in this way, however, is perhaps hardly to be designated as tact. Tact and tender-heartedness often go together, but they are not identical. Many of us know tender or, let us say, soft-hearted people who have no tact at all, and it may be questioned whether they are not more trying to live with than even the frankly selfish.

What *is* tact? We all know what it is not. For while the beauty of true tact is that it sometimes does not even allow its own presence to be felt, tactlessness jars upon one like a wrong colour or tuneless note, and will not be ignored. Yet when you say a person is tactless—(I knew a family who among themselves used to stigmatise such an individual in their private correspondence by the initials T.L.... and *they* knew what they meant by it!)—when you say a person is tactless, it is most difficult to substantiate the accusation, just as it is, as yet, impossible to *prove* that anyone sings out of tune. That is a matter of opinion! It is only by the general consent of humanity that Jenny Lind is preferred to the vulgarest ballad singer. Yet the very thought of a tactless person makes one flush all over, though after an interval perhaps of many years, for it is the young whom the tactless cause to suffer most. The boy in his first tail-coat, who has attention drawn to it before a drawing-room full of people ; the young clergyman who is complimented on his first sermon in the presence of people of whom he feels desperately shy ; the young author whose first book is always (literally and metaphorically) poked under his nose ; the 'engaged' young lady ; the unlucky person who has made a laughable blunder of which he is never allowed to hear the end ; the reciter who is pressed for a foolish song or story when not in the vein ; the hero or heroine of the hour who is praised in a fulsome or tasteless way—all these are the recognised victims of the tactless. But to avoid offences of this order belongs to the very rudiments of the art of tact. The truly tactful person not only shuns such pitfalls, but seems to have an instinct which discerns stumbling-blocks where others would only trip over them. For instance, a man or woman gifted with tact seems to look intuitively a sentence or two further in the conversation than the rest of the world, and to see if it is tending in such a way that in

another few moments one of the party will be driven into a corner, and have to make some admission or confession he would rather not have to make. It may be of poverty, ignorance, possibly of peculiar religious views or opinions—something, anyhow, that the person would rather keep to himself. Here is a case where, as was said before, tact often does not let you see its own existence. The speaker has turned the conversation so delicately that most of us never find out it has been turned at all. So in the management of children ; a nurse who has tact contrives, if possible, to avoid a collision, whereas the tactless person goes out of her way to court it.

Tact, again, is a most extraordinary discerner of character, and just *because* it is so discerning, it very rarely ‘talks shop.’ Few people of culture or education like to be talked to about the most obvious idea that occurs to the mind in connection with them. Let us not, for instance, when we meet a person who is connected with a man of rank always begin (many of us do) with ‘Mr. Smith, how is Lord de Vere?’ Mr. Smith is probably heartily tired of his lordship’s name. Everybody at that tennis-party has asked him the same question.

The tactful lady of the house does not express surprise if you decline a dish which you praised on a former visit ; she does not say, ‘Oh, I thought a clever (fashionable, artistic, ritualistic, poetical, sensible—or any other adjective) person like you would be *sure* to say this, or do that !’ Nor does she tell you with a laugh, and possibly a tap with her fan, ‘That is so exactly like *you* !’ Nor does she always ask you to meet people (so to speak) of your own cloth. A man of tact does not quote Latin the moment he sees a schoolmaster, or Shakspere the moment he meets an actor ; he pays these people the compliment of supposing that their minds are of more than one dimension, and that they *can* care for something besides their own pursuit. Human nature hates to have itself pigeon-holed. I may add here that the tactful person does not pull a long face and speak in conventional tones when he meets people in society the first time after a death.

Many persons seem to forget how large a part change of scene plays in recovery from sorrow. When, say, six weeks or two months after a bereavement people begin to go into the world again, the chances are they want to get into sunshine and cheerfulness, not to meet their own melancholy reflected in every other face.

The fact is, that many of us are so conscious that we are not *really* sympathetic, that we overdo the appearances of it. Hence those mountains of expensive wreaths and flowers at funerals ; hence the extravagance and hideous conventionality of mourning. People who really love can do without this excess of display. So in illness. How often acquaintances push their way into a sick-room, not because they are studying the sick person's comfort, but because they desire to be of importance themselves ! For the same reason, they rush at people who have had a tragedy in their families ; something which brings them into—often little desired—notoriety, because they do not like to be behindhand with the rest of the world ; whereas, the sufferers might have gone on year after year enduring some obscure affliction without receiving a visit, a letter, or a gift from those who are now so officious.

There is nothing in which tact is more clearly shown than in conferring a benefit. How cleverly Miss Austen has hit off the opposite vice in her character of Mrs. Elton in 'Emma,' and the way she patronises Jane Fairfax ! Everyone who is well-to-do, or in a position to confer favours, should study Mrs. Elton. Alas ! though immortalised by Miss Austen, she is by no means defunct, nor likely to become so. At the same time, some of us may be warned not to be too touchy in thinking ourselves patronised. Methinks it is foolish to refuse a basket of nice strawberries, a gold watch, or even a 'tip'—of not less than £5 in amount—however great might be the airs and ostentation of the giver. But this, I am aware, is a 'counsel of perfection' to which few are able to attain.

A great deal of tactlessness is due to an incapacity to keep quiet or to hold one's tongue. The *mal-d-propos* joke or story on some sad or solemn occasion ; the vulgarity which tries to be original and is only disgusting (I have not yet forgotten a speech of this kind which I was unfortunate enough to hear on entering the apartment where the San Sisto Madonna is to be seen at Dresden, and which I have never been able to dissociate from the picture since) ; the incongruity with which people will begin talking of something petty and prosaic just when someone has finished reading a fine poem or piece of music, or a lovely view has been enjoyed ; or, still worse, the sudden change of tone when one comes out of church—are all instances of this too common annoyance.

This is partly due to the denseness which makes some people

hardly conscious of an emotion which is tingling through every fibre of another's being ; partly to a want of observation of how others are affected. Oddly enough, though there *are*, on the other hand, tactless people of the pseudo-artistic kind, who will never leave you in peace out walking, but insist—self-constituted showmen of the great spectacle of Nature!—on making you notice every 'effect,' 'tint,' 'group,' red petticoat, blue necktie, and yellow ochreous smock-frock you meet on your afternoon's walk. You may be telling them of your husband's last illness, or how your eldest boy got his promotion ; it is all the same. 'I beg your pardon ; so interesting—but did you notice that touch of sunlight on the bar of the stile ?'

But, to be serious. Let us ask, as Socrates did of Virtue, Can tact be taught ? Is a tactful person—like a poet—born, and not made ? Certainly, some people are born with tact. Happy they, and happier their relatives, friends, and associates !

But when we feel, as we do sometimes, unspeakably aggravated by a good, tactless person, is not part of our vexation due to an uneasy conviction that it can't be helped ? We know how much easier 'the misfortunes of our best friends' are to bear when we feel they could have helped them if they chose. When we see anyone suffer something he or she could by no possibility have helped, we feel very likely our own turn may come soon ; hence the anxiety so often manifested to account for the ills of others. I am aware this is not a favourable portrait of human nature, but that is human nature's fault, not that of the present artist.

Would it not be a great relief to many of us, when we see how tactless persons are shunned and shuddered at, if we could be quite sure that it rests with ourselves whether we will or will not be among the number ?

Now, if we may lay down a general principle, may we not say that success or non-success in life, to which tact so largely contributes, depends on our being able to see things we were not told to look for ? Every one knows the delightful story of Hänsel and Gretel. Hänsel—who brings Gretel home with a halter round her neck, because he had just been told to do so to a calf, and who did not apparently possess even the limited power of thinking for oneself which leads us to see the difference between hoofs and hands, and the different way their owners should be treated—had, I venture to think, something morally wrong about him, as everybody who lets his faculties lie idle has. Tactless people are people who do not notice the subtle indications which can never

be tabulated or written down. They are like Wagner in 'Faust.' There again, Wagner, though he made no bargain with Mephistopheles, was really playing on his side. Tactless people always more or less do play the game of the powers of evil, and too often drive unconscious Fausts into the very extremes they would most protest against. Viewed in this light, tact is only one aspect of that indescribable quality which sometimes shows itself as political wisdom, sometimes as the power of successful speculation, sometimes as humour, sometimes as literary or artistic skill. What is political wisdom but the result of keen observation? Who is the successful speculator but a man who notices the way things are going an hour or two before his neighbours do? Who is the popular orator but he who has his finger on the pulse of the audience during every moment of his speech? What constitutes humour? The power of seeing things in an unconventional aspect. What makes a man a poet and an artist? Noticing things that other people do *not* notice and putting them down *as* he sees them, and in the relations in which he sees them.

But it will be said once more, Can this be taught? To a very great extent it can. Everyone can observe more carefully than he or she habitually does; one may be certain this is the case, from the fact that persons interested in making capital of the weaknesses of others become marvellously clever and full of tact in dealing with them. In this respect, alas! the children of this world are apt to be wiser than the children of light. The rich old man's attendant, who humours him with a view to a legacy, knows to a nicety how to please him. Would that the clergymen who visited him for his soul's good were always equally gifted with tact! Some of us may have read the quaint account given in the 'Life of Dupanloup' of the last days of Talleyrand.

'Non seulement il fallait ne blesser en rien un tel appréciateur de toutes les convenances, même sacerdotales, mais pour gagner jusqu'à bout sa confiance, que de précautions étaient nécessaires, que de ménagements, que de délicatesses, qui sont un devoir sacré pour les ministres de Dieu, car Dieu les a lui-même pour les âmes. C'est à dire qu'il fallait précisément dans l'abbé Dupanloup, toutes les vertus du prêtre, avec un tact parfait, et un sentiment de nuances exquis. Sa prudence, sa mesure, comme son zèle, furent admirables.'—('Vie de Dupanloup,' i. 237.)

Yet Dupanloup was the son of poor Savoyard parents. But

it will be said, 'This is all very well for French people ; we in England like a more downright way of going to work.' Ah ! it is precisely there that tact comes in to show us when to be downright and when not. But, usually speaking, they who, like Dupanloup and St. Francis de Sales, his great fellow countryman, handle subjects with the greatest delicacy are just those from whom plain speaking is oftenest tolerated. One likes to be cut with a sharp razor and a polished blade, if one is to be cut at all. The tactless person boggles at his task with a blunt knife. Self-conceit is a fruitful source of tactlessness. A tactful person never leaves off learning, a self-conceited person may be said never to *begin* to learn.

How often a 'good' person irritates one by some stupid trick or failing, perhaps by some little untidy personal habit, perhaps by mistimed religious remarks, perhaps by long boring speeches—possibly sermons. Now, are we to insult goodness by allowing it to cover such failings as these ? I once heard a lady say of a well-meaning gentleman, 'He is a good—goose !' My contention is that *qua* goose, he is not good at all. When a man or woman grows up with foibles (we all do, but that does not make it right), it is a sign that he—still more she—has so far not been willing to learn from life all that life has to teach. Again, there must have been a moment when the bore of either sex *might* have noticed that people were not interested in the long stories, aphorisms, and egotisms which he or she now indulges in. It was the not seizing that one auspicious moment when the fresco was (so to speak) still wet, and capable of improving touches, that has had this fatal effect.

Or, take illness. Who has not known the tactless person who has got hold of a panacea, say, which has cured her particular form of headache ? She won't listen to her victim's symptoms, which differ widely from her own ; she only goes on reiterating that 'If you take Dr. G.'s patent heal-all you will be all right in twenty-four hours.' Vainly does the victim, who is pale and anaemic, gently murmur that what suits Mrs. T. L., who is ruddy and robust, may not perhaps exactly do for her ; the only effect of such resistance is to harden Mrs. T. L.'s heart against her and to seal up the fountains of her sympathy. Now if Mrs. T. L. had only listened and observed a little more, and talked a little less, this would not have been the case. Tact, like genius, is really best defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. But the worst of it is, some people give themselves up as hopeless,

and *won't take* pains. In some cases this is as well, if it means that they will really keep out of the way and let the tactful do the work ; but it does not always answer. A mother finds her governess has more tact than herself ; is she therefore to give her children's difficulties a wide berth and let the governess do what *she* ought to be doing ? Surely not. It would be much better if she set herself in a teachable spirit to study the question, or situation, and enter as well as she could into the interests of her child, with a consciousness of her own short-comings, and in a prayerful spirit of watchfulness.

The possession of natural tact is sometimes a great snare, as is shown in an admirable sermon * of Bishop Lightfoot's on the character of Absalom. This can never be the case with that tact which is acquired by humility, self-denial, and patient observation ; and the thought is one which may be consolatory to those who find the task rather uphill work. But this was to be a paper on the minor morals, so I will end in a somewhat lighter vein by an instance of tact on the part of an English nobleman. When a distinguished foreigner was coming to pay him a visit, it was suggested that as gentlemen of that country were in the habit of smoking in their apartments, the new guest might wish to do so, but would neither like to do it without permission, nor yet venture to ask for leave. His lordship, with much delicacy, settled it by saying, 'Oh, very well ; then we'll send in a man there to smoke beforehand, and when he smells the tobacco, he won't feel afraid of doing it.'

The story does not say (and we need not enquire) whether the lady of the house was consulted ; but it was an instance of the finest kind of tact already alluded to which does not let you be conscious of its own existence. For perfect tact is only to be gained at the price of perfect unselfishness and unobtrusiveness. The moment any man or woman begins to take credit for possessing it, that instant it flies away.

ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.

* 'Sermons at St. Paul's,' III.—'The Consequences of David's Sin.'

KING ARTHUR, AS AN ENGLISH IDEAL.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'AN ENGLISH SQUIRE,' ETC.

'My own ideal Knight,
Who reverenced his conscience as his king,
Whose glory was redressing human wrong ;
Who spoke no slander ; no, nor listened to it ;
Who loved one only, and who clave to her.'

PART I.

HOW ARTHUR CAME.

THESE words describe the fullest development of the ideal of perfect knighthood, of perfect gentle manhood ; the latest touch that long experience of civilisation, long ages of Christian training, have given to the picture of King Arthur. How does it differ from, how has it improved upon, the many portraits painted of this typical hero at long intervals of time, and in periods differing widely both in manners and in morals ?

It does not matter, for our present purpose, how Arthur first came. Whether, in the morning of the world, the star Arcturus took form of flesh and dwelt among men ; or whether Arthur can be resolved into a myth of the sun or of the spring. Such probably was his origin ; he came earthwards on the long rays of the rising sun.

Nor is it of vital importance to discover whether some Keltic prince did actually so far tower above his fellows in beauty, courage, and virtue as to catch upon his shoulders the sunbright mantle, and wear on his golden hair the mythic starry crown, sending his name down 'like a roaring voice through all time,' to encourage the growth of heroes.

What is of interest just now, is to see what sort of Arthur the finer spirits of each succeeding age thought heroic, and whether the ideal of heroism has risen between the sixth and the nineteenth centuries. If not, then have the heroes fought and

striven in vain, and the heirship of all the ages has come to nought. Each succeeding Arthur should teach the next one to surpass himself.

If Arthur, in flesh and blood, ever walked the earth, the probability, according to the latest criticism, is, that he lived in the sixth century, and was Pendragon, or chief ruler among the British tribes. The traditions point to the north, not to the west, of Britain as his early home. He fought with Picts and Scots, and 'shook the heathen through the north.' He also fought with the Saxon prince, Cerdic, was defeated by Modred, at Camlan, in Cornwall, and there slain. His body was taken by sea to Glastonbury, and there buried. His stone coffin is said to have been discovered by Henry II. The 'real' Arthur had the poetic instincts of his race, and was capable of devoted friendship ; for the Welsh bard, Llywarch Hêl, tells us that he composed an elegy on the death of his friend *Geraint* ; so that, in the earliest tradition, he was something more than a rude warrior.

Be the facts as they may, such an Arthur, in myth or tradition, won a name so great that the old Welsh singers call the constellation known by us as the Great Bear, Arthur's Harp. In the Mabinogion and other contemporary songs and ballads, we may read of—

‘that gray King, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak.’

They tell us of Enid and Geraint, of Merlin's magic, of the blessed Isle of Avalon, and of some of Arthur's deeds of arms, and many details give flesh and blood to the 'gray ghost' of tradition. We hear how Arthur ruled his court merrily, played at chess, and was in all respects a 'goodly king.' We hear that 'his face shone in the mêlée' ; and we may see how he wooed Guinevere, and how she received his wooing, in a curious fragment of Welsh poetry translated in Villemacque's '*La Table Ronde*'.

Guinevere, or Guenivar, snubs Arthur as he tries to recommend himself to her.

'No,' she says, 'Arthur's black horse is nothing to boast of ; Kay-the-Tall would easily beat him.'

Arthur modestly states that he thinks he could conquer Kay easily.

'Not unless Arthur is worth more than he looks ; he would want a hundred men to help him.'

'Ah, Guinevere of the sweet eyes,' says Arthur, 'don't rail at me. I am little, but I can conquer a hundred warriors.'

'I think,' returns Guinevere, 'that I have seen you before in your black and yellow coat.'

'Yes—tell me where!'

'I saw a *middle-sized* man handing the wine-cup at table at Kellewig.'

Guinevere is scornful and haughty; already repaying Arthur's devotion with indifference. She is finally seduced by *Modred*, who, in all the earlier versions of the story, plays the part afterwards taken by Lancelot.

Neither the real nor the traditional Arthur succeeded finally in beating back the Saxon foe, before whose advance large bodies of Welsh and British Kelts at different times migrated to Armorica, to which they gave the name of Brittany. These Armorian Kelts were true to their national hero. His name is still preserved there in children's games, and was given to many places. They celebrated his conquests in sundry prose tales, and extended them to regions unknown in his native land; and, although his Round Table was not yet formed to be the 'image of the mighty world,' several of the knights who were hereafter to sit at it were already his companions.

Other influences now began to tell on his development. Eastern mysticism, brought to Brittany from Saracen and Spanish sources, coloured the story with a magic light more wonderful than Merlin ever knew. The Holy Grail can be traced through a long vista of mysterious legend, and the version of it made familiar to us in Wagner's opera of 'Parsival' is of Spanish origin, and doubtless derived from the East. In the hands of mediæval Churchmen, this mystical spirit took a definite shape. They deepened the religious aspect of the picture, and surrounded Arthur with saints as well as heroes. At the same time, French sentiment and French chivalry softened and cultivated, and, alas, also in some instances corrupted, the wild hero of the Welsh mountains.

About the middle of the twelfth century, Walter de Map, a native of the Welsh border, went to Paris to pursue his studies, and probably took with him some of the ancient Keltic traditions of Arthur's reign. Here, with the help of the Armorian tales and legends, he learned to give these traditions literary form: and, at a time when Cœur de Lion's exploits helped to make heroic ideals congenial, and his turn for minstrelsy and romance to

make the narration of them fashionable, the works of Walter de Map, and other French-writing English romancers (of whom Geoffrey of Monmouth, with his translation of the history of Britain, said to have been found in Armorica, is perhaps the most famous) brought Arthur back again to his native land laden with the spoils of other nations.

His name had never probably been quite forgotten there, and before seeing what his story gained from the French prose romances, it would be well to consider what idea of him took root and flourished on English soil, what, in fact, were the earliest characteristics of the English hero. Coeval with, or close upon, his reintroduction by Walter de Map and his followers, we find numbers of English poems and ballads dealing with the story of King Arthur. His picture cannot be taken from any one source ; it derives its impressiveness from the accumulated force of many details, of which the following are but a few specimens.

Robert of Gloucester, in the fourteenth century, speaks of him as—

‘ King Arthur, the noble man who ever worth understood.’

And in a poem entitled ‘ Arthur,’ published in 1440, in which the sword ‘ Excalibur’ bears the English name of ‘ Brownsteele,’ we get the following description of a dignified and kingly figure given with much grace and charm—

‘ He was courteys, large and gent,
To all people verrament,
Beaute, might, amiable cheere
To alle men farre and neere.
His port, his giftes gentylle
Maked hym y loved welle,
Ech man was glad of his presence,
And drade to do him dyspleasaunce.
A stronger man of his hande
Was never founde in any lande,
As courteys as any mayde.’

We read also that he thought,

‘ That no man should sit above other,
Nor have indignation of his brother.’

not an unpromising germ out of which the Arthur who ‘was as a conscience to his knights’ should spring.

The ‘Romance of the Round Table’ put this speech into his mouth.

“‘Nay,’ said Arthur, “Per De
That were against all kinde
A messenger for to binde,”’

showing that the English hero had a fine sense of honour.

But, besides the generally heroic outline here indicated, we recognise in the Arthur of these early times the capacity for strong attachment to all his faithful knights, and to one special friend, for whose loss his heart is half-broken.

Over and over again we read of his devotion to his knights, and of his passionate grief at parting with them.

Robert Thornton, in a poem written in the fifteenth century, makes him say of his lost followers :

‘Who have given me guerdons by grace of themselves,
Maintained my manhood by right of their hands’;

fine words, as spoken by a king, and free from all tendency to take devotion as a royal right. Arthur was also already a person subject to mystical and spiritual impressions, and was of an anxious and sensitive nature.

We read constantly of his wakeful nights.

‘Of whom that rest is nought,
But all the night surprised was with thought,’

that he mused on ‘death and confusion,’ and that curious dreams foretelling the future visited and puzzled him.

In considering this early Arthur, who possessed in germ so many of the qualities we now associate with his name, who was brave, truthful, religious, and tender, we find that his relation to his wife was a much slighter, less binding thing, than the moral sense of the nineteenth century permits in an ideal hero.

Although he loved and wooed Guinevere, and honoured her as his queen, still she was only a woman, and the warmth of his affection was bestowed upon his friend. The mediæval ideal of personal purity was the ascetic Galahad and not the married King ; but it is quite true, as Mr. Ryland remarks in his interesting articles on the subject in the ‘English Illustrated Magazine’ for 1888, that the blot on Arthur’s name, introduced in some of the French versions of his story, never took root or lived in the popular conception of him. With some few exceptions, to be hereafter noted, the Arthur of tradition and literature is distinctly a ‘good hero,’ leading a glorious life, not a penitent expiating his sins.*

* Although the facts are mentioned by Mallory they are inconsistent with the rest of his book.

Upon this national hero, who emerged by slow degrees from a confused mass of legends and traditions, and grew up, without an author for his literary being, just as a mystic uncertainty hangs over the author of his traditional existence, there came, complete and fully developed, the magnificent conception of the great Lancelot.

Every singer, every writer, every generation has added something to the conception of Arthur, but Lancelot with his sin and his sorrow, his passionate love, his weakness, his humility and his repentance, has gained little or nothing since he appeared first in the early French romances. His introduction is their great contribution to the Arthur story. His mere name, indeed, may have been found in the Welsh legends by Walter de Map, and chance mentions of him may occur in the Armorican tales ; but his subtle and complex character is evidently the work of one author and not the outcome of a mass of traditions. Before his day, Modred was Arthur's betrayer, Gawayne his best beloved, but Lancelot soon took the chief place in all the forms of the story, and became at once the friend and the rival of the King ; in Arthur's own estimation, his superior.

PART II.

SIR THOMAS MALLORY'S 'MORT D'ARTHUR.'

THE writer who first put all the conflicting elements of the Arthur story into the form in which they have come down to the modern world was Sir Thomas Mallory, whose well-known 'Mort d'Arthur,' first printed by Caxton in 1485, has since been many times revised and re-edited.

Although this book has been called the English epic, it is really more a collection of narratives than a combination of them ; there is much repetition, the parts are not always consistent with each other and vary much in merit and interest ; the books concerning Sir Lancelot and those describing the Quest of the San Graal being much the most finished. We will take Arthur's feats of arms for granted, those of course were suitable to a national hero, while his conquests gratified the national ambition, without the slightest hindrance from time or space. His personal character is the subject of interest.

He is the son of Uther and Igerne, by the same means of

disguise by which Zeus became the father of Heracles. After being brought up in seclusion, he emerges as an heroic youth and draws out the magic sword (not Excalibur), from the stone where it is fixed immovably, in the affectionate wish to provide his foster brother Sir Kay with a weapon.

After some opposition, based on his uncertain origin, he is crowned King, conquers his enemies, shewing a courtesy to them when unhorsed and wounded worthy of the Black Prince himself. Soon we read that 'Arthur had the first sight of Guinevere, and ever after he loved her,' marrying her 'because she was the fairest and most valiant lady in the world,' in spite of Merlin's warning that she would bring him trouble.

The adventures of the various knights crowd in upon the story, and somewhat swamp those of Arthur himself, his fame being already made ; but, whenever we do hear of him, he is invariably generous, truthful and kind, all turn to him as an acknowledged superior, and all receive from him their just due.

Mystical dreams of his own, and of other knights concerning him appear occasionally in the story ; sleepless nights and failures of health bring the hero within the sympathies of ordinary humanity. He shows a very proper regard for his religious duties ; but does not appear especially as a devotee. When we come to the thirteenth book, containing 'the noble tale of the San Graal,' the interest deepens. Arthur's grief at parting from his knights, when they have vowed to go on the Quest is profound. Although, when the sunbeam seven times clearer than the day 'enters the great hall at Camelot' shewing each knight 'fairer to the other than ever he looked before,' and the San Graal, covered with white samite, is borne through the hall, the King 'thanks our Lord Jesu for that he hath shewed us to-day ;' still, the tears fill his eyes for the great love he had to Lancelot and all his knights. He 'had no rest all that night for sorrow to think that that goodly fellowship should part for ever.' It is the simple grief of a loving heart at parting ; he cannot speak, when they ride away, for weeping ; for 'he had had an old custom to have them in his fellowship.'

As soon as the quest is over, and the knights have returned, Lancelot falls again into the sin of which he had, during his long wanderings, so bitterly repented. The Queen, half jealous and half remorseful, commands him to avoid the court, and, while he is absent, she is falsely accused of an attempt to poison one of the knights. 'And when Arthur heard of it, he was a passing

heavy man.' But he is the King, his duty is to be a 'rightful judge,' and therefore, his position forbids him to come forward and do battle for his wife's honour. But where is Lancelot, his best of knights? Why cannot the Queen get him to fight for her? Arthur, after some enquiry, is certain of her innocence, and, Lancelot being absent, begs Sir Bors to do battle for her, 'else must she be burnt to death.'

This Sir Bors undertakes to do, 'since her lord and our lord is the man of most worship in the world, and most christened, and he hath ever worshipped us all, in all places.'

The Queen, however, is so unpopular that only loyal Sir Bors will take her part, till Lancelot returns in time, fights for her, and delivers her. Then the King and Queen kiss each other for joy, and Arthur thanks Lancelot with hearty grace, and entire unconsciousness of evil.

It is of course a curious situation ; but it is manifestly impossible for the King to defend his wife himself, and his generous pleasure in Lancelot's success and glory is shown by the good-humoured way in which, immediately afterwards, he furthers his little pretence when fighting in disguise for Elaine, and by his grief for the wound then received by Lancelot. When Sir Gareth leaves his own party to fight by the side of the disguised hero, Arthur says : 'For ever it is a worshipful knight's deed to help another worshipful knight when he seeth him in great danger, for ever a worshipful man will be loth to see a worshipful shamed, for always a good man will do even to another man as he would be done to himself.'

An ungrudging pleasure in the nobleness of others is a marked trait in Arthur's character.

Guinevere's sin with Lancelot is not only whispered about, but publicly mentioned, in the 'Mort d'Arthur.' The King, again prevented by his kingship from fighting on her side, calls on his trusted Lancelot to defend her against the charge in which he is himself concerned. Once more Lancelot saves her, but afterwards, Sir Agravaine and Sir Modred disclose their deep suspicion of Lancelot's treason, to the King's great distress, for by this time 'he had a deeming, but would not hear of it, for he loved *Lancelot*' (nothing is said of Guinevere) 'passing well.' However, he permits the proposed trap to be laid to prove or disprove the story, and Lancelot, discovered in the Queen's chamber, flies the court, and fears that Arthur will slay him if he returns according to promise to fight for the queen, who again

demands a champion—slay him ‘as Mark slew Tristram.’ ‘No,’ says honest Bors, ‘there never yet was any man that could prove Arthur untrue to his promise.’ Upon this, Lancelot again agrees to endeavour to rescue her. ‘Alas,’ says Arthur, ‘that Lancelot should be against me!’ But he now feels his honour concerned, condemns Guinevere to be burnt to death, and, wrath at last with the friend he loves, declares that Lancelot shall never fight for her again. Lancelot, however, rescues her, and carries her off by main force, slaying Gawaine’s brothers and many other knights. Then does Arthur weep and swoon with grief, ‘but much more,’ he says, ‘am I sorrier for my good knights’ loss than for the loss of my fair queen; *for queens I might have enow*, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never be together in no company.’

At the instance of Gawaine, who must revenge his brothers’ deaths, he reluctantly consents to make war on Lancelot.

The figure of Arthur during this piteous close of his great career is not perhaps conventionally heroic, he is too uncertain and helpless, but it is extremely pathetic. Gawaine is his nephew, only less dear than Lancelot, and the sense of his wrongs make peace with Lancelot impossible; but the war, and the losses, and Lancelot’s nobleness—he brings the king a horse and will not kill him in the battle—break Arthur’s heart. He rides away in tears, he cannot fight, whether he believes Lancelot’s oaths of the Queen’s innocence or no, he longs to forgive, and the confusion that falls on his spirit in the struggle between kinsman and friend, honour and love, overpowers him, so that he falls sick with grief.

The Pope endeavours to make peace, and Lancelot restores the Queen with vows of her entire innocence. These, Arthur would fain believe; but Gawaine is implacable, and the war is renewed and continued until his death. Modred, left in charge of Queen and kingdom, turns traitor to both. The ghost of Gawaine warns Arthur of his approaching fate, and a terrible dream comes to him of sinking in dark water among frightful beasts. But, with renewed courage, he fights Modred, slays him, and is slain, or at least desperately wounded, carried away in a barge by weeping queens, having cast away Excalibur, and is buried at Glastonbury, though ‘some men say King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu in another place.’

This most complete presentation of the mediæval Arthur has a kind of individuality and simplicity, which gives it the air of an

imperfect history of a real person, the result, one may suppose, of the way in which the character is picked out from many legends and traditions. It is very remarkable that this ideal of the fierce middle ages is never cruel, never revengful, never blood-thirsty. This gentle and tender hero grew up in days when even the Black Prince was savage. Froissart's Chronicles are far more barbarous than the *Mort d'Arthur*, or the tales on which it is founded. Neither the fiercer side of chivalry nor its vainglorious desire of personal fame is found in its English hero. The Arthur who took root in the English heart was modest, generous, truthful, full of enthusiastic admiration of others' merit, sensitive, and tenderly affectionate. Though the presentment of his great rival is imperfect, his conception would not have discredited Shakespere. Such love as Lancelot's is for all time, so alas, is such weakness, and his notions of honour are quite sympathetic to the received code of our own day. But to Mallory, as to the previous tellers of the story, Lancelot's repentance was rather a wonderful grace than his sin an exceptional blot, and the relation between husband and wife are still those of a different state of society from our own. The interest of the story is not that of love, but of a deep friendship for a treacherous, but an always loving friend, and the tragical crisis comes from the wrong done by Lancelot to Arthur's trust. It is this which brings about his failure and defeat, and it is this, not Guinevere's infidelity, which breaks his heart.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

FEBRUARY.

ENGLISH months do not by any means feel bound to act up to their traditional character, and at the outset February is often quite as cold as January ; indeed, some of the most distinguished snows I have ever known began in February, or else were at their height on its first days, cutting off communication where there were deep roads to be choked, and making everything tardy.

And then the inevitable thaw, announced by avalanches from our roofs, drippings from our trees, drippings, alas, from all the weak places in roof or ceiling, floods in the cellar, and the roads, which had become a mixture of dust and snow, churned into a horrid yellow cream.

At last—

‘Like an army defeated,
The snow has retreated,’

not here, to the bare hill, but under the shady banks, where it lies in lines till, as the sage declare, it waits for more to take it away. And, in fact, the final clearing rain often does begin with snow.

‘Come, wheel around,
The dirt we have found
Would be an estate at a farthing a pound,’

is a song of Cowper's, often to be remembered in these days ! Gravel-mended roads are seldom now disturbed except by the break up of a frost ; but there is a lane, leading to old brick fields, which once, on a spring day, two of us found a quagmire of thick clay. It was full on our way home ; we tried creeping along the hedge sides, but slipped off, one of us plunging over both ankles, the other over one ; so that, when we emerged into the public road, in sight—or supposed sight—of a carriage full of acquaintances, it was proposed to stand with the one best foot foremost !

Mist and fog are prevalent in our valley, hanging over the water meadows along the river. The Will-of-the-Wisp is some-

times seen over the wet meadows. I have once seen the pale dim light, and the children from the hamlet at the other end of the meadow speak as if it were not an uncommon sight. Far more frequent, however, is the bar of white, fury-looking vapour hanging over the grass in the evening, raised by the warmth of the earth and condensed by the cold upper air. For days together there will prevail a grey mist, not rain, not fog, near at hand, but a veil over everything. Dull, is it? Nay, come and walk along the raised footpath of our lane, and look towards the wooded hill, behind which the sun will presently set without being able to produce even a ruddy tint: No matter, it would only disturb that strange, still, 'silvery crape' that makes all the scene like a delicate transparency in shades of soft grey. Each hedge or group of trees is defined in gradually diminishing distinctness up to the pointed tops of the little plantation of larches on the side of the hill, which stand out in soft outline against the lighter tint of the sky.

Leafless trees are near, but Ruskin has taught us fairly to enjoy the beauty of the infinite, intricate ramifications of branch, bough, and twig, now that the foliage is gone. Nothing but doing as Ruskin recommends, trying to copy even a fragment of a tree on paper, makes one realise the beauty and intricacy of the forms. Of the inner wonders, the pith, the fibre, the medullary rays, the threefold bark, where resides so much of the life of the tree, there is no pausing to speak; it is a deep and wondrous study, and the trees are asleep now, though a little angular russet bud at the end of each twig of the oak tree gives promise of awakening.

Nay, here is something awake. Dangling from the hazel twigs are the catkins, name formally accepted from the playful term 'pussy's tails,' though they are far more like what in some countries they are termed, 'lambs' tails.' What a wonderful provision there is for the protection of blossoms coming out so early without a leaf to shelter them. Look at these tails hanging in one, twos, and threes, so as to cover the hazel bushes with their own pale yellow tint. Each is a succession of scales, properly bracts, which roof in the tiny stamens. Long ago these were produced, then closed up tightly, now opening, but so that each scale is a protection to all below it, and the number in each catkin is so profuse, no doubt on account of the numerous perils of such early blossoming. The dust of the pollen on a sunny day comes powdering those who gather them

But where are the pistils, the future nuts? Look below, close on the branches. See a scaly bud, very small, but surmounted by a crimson crest of tiny threads. This is the germ of the nut, the crimson threads are the stigmas held up to receive the widely scattered pollen.

Hazel is from the Saxon *hasil*, a covering for the head, an allusion to its helmeted state, as is the generic name *Corylla*, from the Greek *karos*, helmet. *Avellana*, the specific name, is the Italian word in use, and the origin of the surname Evelyn, well fitted to our first writer on forest trees!

What is that sound of chopping in the wood above? There is a clearance going on! The underwood is all being levelled with the ground. Is the wood to be sacrificed? Oh, no, it is only the periodical copse cutting. In these southern counties the copses are regularly cut, some once in five years, some once in seven, some in nine. Old labourers can, or used to be able to, tell the exact time for each copse in the parish. Men, expert in the work, hire a copse from its owner, and employ others. See them at work up there. A sort of hut, or shanty, is erected with sticks, and roofed over with chips, which shine out white. Here the tools are sheltered, the men eat, and sometimes have a fire close by. The underwood is cut down, and, as it lies prone, a rapid selection is made. Some is tied up in faggots for burning, the slenderer branching stems are laid aside for pea sticks. Others are selected for being woven into the wattled hurdles here in use for sheepfolds; but the more important are cut into even lengths to be made into hoops. See, a huge sharp knife is fastened between two posts set upright in the ground. The stick is applied to it at the butt end, drawn along, and, *presto*, is split in two, the white interior contrasting with the bark. Another dexterous movement bends the cleft piece into a hoop, the smooth white part within, the round bark outside. Then, as the hoops are finished, they are built up, one upon another, into a kind of tower-shaped pile, quite symmetrical, and varied outside by the brown hazel stem, the grey ash, and dark birch, but all white and smooth within. The chips lie around in white piles, and altogether these 'hoop-shaving' establishments are a very pleasant feature in the spring, preparing the way, too, for an outburst of primroses next year before the brushwood has grown up. The hoops will travel far and wide to encircle barrels. In old times they used to go to the West Indies to surround the sugar casks; but now they seem chiefly used for English beer.

It is the chief work of February, unless an unusually dry time sets in, enabling men and horses to 'get upon the land' to plough it.

Under the sunny banks, when the copse was cut last year, a few stray primroses are peeping out. Like most of the earliest flowers they have a main stem underground, and only put up a short flower-stalk for the blossom. So it is with the Fair Maid of February, the snowdrop, whose bulb is an underground stem gathering nourishment for the flower—

'In vernal green and virgin white,
Her festal robes arrayed.'

Up they come, the *perce-neige*, as the French well call them, the pure, white-pointed calyx first pashing up, then by-and-by hanging in an exquisite oval drop by its slender footstalk, and then expanding, the three white sepals, like wings, enclosing the three notched petals, touched with green, enclosing the six stamens.

Double snowdrops are a mistake, losing all the symmetry of the triads of the endogen. And those who are happy enough to have good clumps of snowdrops had better leave them alone as much as possible, they don't like being transplanted ; but where they find a really congenial spot they will spread a white sheet of blossoms on the grass-plat like a procession of clergy in surplices. Whether we may call them native or not is doubtful ; 'the river islet' of the Christian Year is on the Test, but I have only seen them apparently wild in deserted gardens.

Their comrade, the crocus, also an endogen with its nourishment in the bulb, is the better for being taken up, as its new bulbs form beside the old ones, and thus it gradually travels out of its situation. Those people who write to the paper on any complaint are always bemoaning the way in which the sparrows devour their crocuses. Perhaps they *do* take a course of saffron ; but a good deal of destruction may be prevented by feeding them. It is generally only the golden crocus that opens in February, the brightest of flowers, as it holds up its deep vase to the sun, raising that most curious and beautiful stigma in the midst, while the first adventurous bees revel in its gorgeous depths. The crocus will on cloudy days remain for a long time waiting, folded up, but when it has had a few hours of basking in the sunbeam, it has done its work, and is content to hang down under the next fall of rain. The purple, striped, and lovely

white are somewhat later. The Nottinghamshire wild crocuses (*Nudiflorus*) were the subject of a charming little poem of Mrs. Gilbert, the Ann Taylor of the Original Poems and Nursery Rhymes, a lament for the fields that were built over, yielding to the cruel defacement of nature by mammon. She makes the flowers say—

‘We came, a simple people, in our little hoods of blue,
And a blush of living purple on earth’s green bosom threw.’

Purple, too, are the closely covered twigs of the Mezereon, (*Daphne mezereum*), or Mazalion, as our village friends call it, entirely leafless, and with a strong scent, overpowering in a room when the tough bark has been conquered, and a spray triumphantly brought home as an announcement of spring. In spite of the multitudinous flowers, the bushes will only show one or two red berries among the green leaves, specimens truly of what has been called the lavish waste of Nature.

1891 showed in February a delightful reaction from the snows of January, in days of April-like geniality. Fog prevailed in the morning, dense white fog, and in London it hung so thickly all day that traffic was in difficulties ; but here, in the south, the sun licked it up by the middle of the day, leaving a few delicious hours of sunshine, setting the thrushes and robins to sing, and the ox-eyes to cry Peter, the rooks and the starlings to chatter.

But then came the knowledge of losses, ceanothus and myrtle that had gone on for years, and reached the top of the house, with leaves like tea, though their stocks will probably recover ; while evergreens are shaking off the leaves injured by the continued frost, which have had time to find out that they are dead and fall off at once, instead of waiting to depart slowly as their place is supplied.

And, oh, there must be mourning among the chaffinches of the north. No less than a hundred and thirty-nine frozen hen-chaffinches were taken out of one hayrick in the north of Hampshire ; but these poor dames must have been overtaken by the winter on their way, and their lords will cry chink, and plume their ruddy breasts, grey poll, and white pockets in vain.

* They are called chinks from their note, in some places copper-finches, as being bad imitations of bull-finches, who, handsome fellows, are to be seen questing about the buds for insects, and drawing on themselves unjust suspicion of preying on the buds instead of the grubs.

A TRANSPARENT NATURE.

WE were a party of three, and had been advised to leave the railway and see the Rhone scenery near the river's mouth from the deck of one of the river steamers. As we stood by the swift and muddy Rhone, we first realised that it was not all to be 'plain sailing' with us. On inquiry, we found no passenger steamers were plying at the time we wanted to make the journey. It was very disappointing. Hospitable men, of the seafaring type, stood round us on the quay, taking a friendly interest in our perplexities. One kind old man invited us to use the engineers' launch, and several others applauded his idea. 'Were not the engineers going on the morrow to Avignon—the very place we were bound for?'

One of us expressed hesitation, and the genial sailors' comment was, '*Quelle idée !*'

One of us timidly objected :

'But we don't even know the engineers !'

'What difference does that make, *mesdames ?*' said the oldest and kindest of the men. 'There are but three gentlemen. It would make them pleasure to take some ladies on board.'

We protested. We 'feared we should be in the way.'

'But,' he exclaimed, "'tis ridiculous ! A few ladies, more or less, on a steam launch !'

We declared we 'should not dare to propose such a thing ! It was a Government steamer. The notion of her *taking passengers* was not to be suggested. How could we go without paying for the service ?' and we began to fear that our zealous friends would conduct us by main force into the presence of the formidable engineers !

A chorus of laughter—hearty but not offensive—greeted our over-scrupulousness. The sailors were loud in their expressions of astonishment. They shrugged their shoulders eloquently over

this excess of delicate feelings! But, if paying was our object in combination with a river-trip, they would still be serviceable: they would take us to the office of the boats for merchandise; perhaps we could buy passenger tickets there!

And thus were we introduced to a son of the Troubadours, the captain of our ship—a crystal soul that one had looked through and through in the short space of a summer's day.

To begin with, he showed us all the machinery; told us his crew numbered thirteen; gave us interesting particulars about his men—that was one of the helmsmen, who had leave this voyage to bring his wife; down there was a very good fellow, the stupid one of the crew, but ‘every one was fond of him, for he was so pleasant to play practical jokes upon;’ and that man in the bows had the finest voice of any of them, ‘except perhaps—’ and later we knew that the reservation had a personal reference!

Our captain gave an instantaneous impression of brightness, cheerfulness, and warm-heartedness. He had a childishly chubby face, and quick, laughing, dark-blue eyes. His courtesy was not of the formal sort, but it was beautiful as the sign of true kindness and hospitality. When not otherwise occupied, he would come to us and point out all the objects of interest on either bank—*seigneuries* and castles that have come down, in more or less ruinous plight, from ‘the days of minstrelsy’; curious ferries across the Rhone; tributary rivers; towns and villages; the machinery for supplying mines, thirty kilometres off, with water from the tawny Rhone; and he would give us disquisitions on Provençal character, claiming for his people courage and cool-headedness (‘Don’t they teach swimming to boys—and to girls too—to make them self-helpful and brave?’). He was genuinely *fraternal*. He upheld the Provençal strength of affection, but thought that perhaps colder natures were more constant. For himself, he thought he could be good to any people except those who have unfeeling hearts; and he told us, with the greatest emotion, a local tragedy where cruelty and callousness played a large part. He had been through the Franco-Prussian war; and twice had swum the Rhine, just as he and his boy-friends used long ago to swim the rapid Rhone; but in the crossing of the Rhine many a gallant comrade had been drowned. ‘The poor fellows had not had the training we have down here—made to swim like ducks from the time we are little ones.’ His fighting reminiscences were very interesting; but this was in part due to the vivid way in which he described the scenes he

had been through. He was generous—excusing, if not applauding, the conduct of the women who fell upon the soldiers who had butchered their husbands ; and he was indignant that these women should have been made the subjects of reprisals. Then his horror was really beautiful to witness when he spoke of ‘France staining herself with the blood of her sons during the Commune.’

Our captain, too, had so much to say about the pleasant country we passed through—the mulberry harvest, the silk industry, the wine growing. And he was so proud of his ship ! She was 137½ metres long, and he could handle her like a well-broken horse (long as she was) in that rapid and winding stream ! Some time ago, some English naval officers, and the family of one of them, had made the Rhone trip with him. They were very complimentary to him upon his seamanship, and tried to induce him to bring his talents to England ; ‘but—but to leave Provence . . . !’ And, after all,’ he said, with something of the pride that apes humility, ‘*je ne suis qu’un simple ouvrier !*’ The English visitors slept two nights on board, and were ‘*pas fiers*,’ accepting the captain’s invitation to dinner ; looking on at, and applauding, the dancing of the crew ; and so on. His *naïve* vanity about his ‘gifts’ was charming !

We heard the crew of a neighbouring ship singing, and the effect was very beautiful. Our captain forthwith decreed that his crew should sing ‘Les Voyageurs’ to us. That also was a charming part-song, sad and melodious, and redolent of the soil of Provence. Then, in a pleasant tenor, he hummed us the air of another song in the ‘*répertoire de l’équipage*,’ repeating the words with enthusiasm, to prove to us that his men could give very poetical compositions ! A tear actually coursed down his round and cheerful face as his verses told that his love had fair hair, blue eyes, and a tall, willowy figure. Meagre and inexpressive details these, hardly *raison d’être* even for ‘the tender passion’ ; but our captain’s confidences subsequently proved that there were powerful associations for him in these matters of build and complexion. For, in ’70, he had volunteered for service against the Prussians. His mother, whose support he had long been—‘the others, from one cause or other, did not contribute ; and I was a bachelor ; I could do it very well !’—no longer needed him. (She died just before the war.) His old father could manage to get on unaided. It was very hard to leave his ship, and his prospects in the Company’s service ; ‘but, after all,

one must be ready to give up something for one's country !' He was first drafted for African service ; but he told the Colonel that it was to march against the Prussians he had enlisted, and, with several others, he begged to be sent north-east. They were consequently ordered to Dijon, to join a regiment which went to Saarbrücken. Three comrades were killed at his side, and he himself was wounded below the knee. He bound his collar round the wound to stop the bleeding, and fought on ; but after two hours, he and other wounded soldiers were taken to a farmhouse to be attended by surgeons. One comrade had a horrible gunshot wound in the shoulder, and two kind girls at the farm helped to staunch it. They made a cup of chocolate for our captain, and did all that it was possible to do for all the sufferers who were brought in. It was pretty to hear him speak of these kind, timid daughters of 'the enemy.' So timid were they, that our captain induced a wounded Bavarian to translate this reassuring speech to them : 'Nous sommes français. Qu'elles se fient à nous ! Nous n'avons que de la reconnaissance envers ces demoiselles,' which calmed them, he said. No wonder the patients were full of gratitude to the kind, fair, blue-eyed girls, who were so gentle and helpful ! They were tall and handsome, which detracted nothing from the value of their services. Those verses in the 'Langue d'Oc' had half their charm for our soft-hearted captain because they recalled his benefactresses in Lorraine !

His foot had to be cut out of the boot ; but the wounds healed fast, and he fought in five more battles before he was taken prisoner near Paris.

The war was over, when one day our captain, then out of uniform, was saluted by a gentleman, who came up to him, bowing and asking—'Your pardon, sir ; but were you not in the army ?'

And our captain answered—'Yes, sir ; but you have a better memory than I.'

'Were you not at Saarbrücken ?'

'Assuredly ; and wounded there.'

Then the stranger, his wife, and all their family, threw themselves on our captain's neck and kissed him. They were the Germans of the frontier farmhouse, and they remembered how he had been the *preux chevalier* of the ambulance, comforting them, and teaching the rough soldiery to behave with respect and thankfulness to those who were tending them ; and they recollect well how they had nursed his own wound ! Their

name was Wahlstein ('with two v's,' he explained), and they were going to Paris to visit a sister, who was married to the proprietor of a great restaurant there. Would he not accompany them?

He went to Paris, and won the heart of one of the tall *blondes*. But how could he marry, seeing that he had still five years of slavery in the army before him? He asked to be allowed to quit the service, but this was refused. Then his blue-eyed lady-love said :—

'It does not matter. I can wait. You will always find me ready. Let us be engaged now, and, when you have served your five years more, we will marry.'

'But to be *fiancés* five years! That would be unheard of,' our captain said. 'And many a time since,' he added sadly, 'I felt I had made a mistake. But five years! That is an eternity! Yet, . . . when you have found a true heart to love you . . . one to whom you are much indebted, too . . .!' And his kind eyes took a far-off, dreamy expression, full of gentleness and regret.

So he left his German friends again, and rejoined his regiment, coming back, after his service, to command a Rhone steamer once more. Sometimes she wrote to him, and once she said : 'Say when you will be at Lyons. Mother and I will come to meet you there.' And so, after years, they met—these three—again. But where was the magic of that first finding of old friends before they all set out for Paris? Where were those overpoweringly strong early impressions? She wanted him to take a vineyard, away in Alsace, where she would be very much at home; but he should give up his calling. 'Never to handle a ship more.' That was more than he could make up his mind to sacrifice, even for her blue eyes. Yet he was half in love with her still, when he spoke, though already five years married!

Oh, yes! he had written to announce his approaching marriage; and his old love answered that she was glad to hear he was going to make such a good match; that it was well he should have a home of his own; and, as for her, she was going back to the old country-side, to live with some of her relations. She gave no address; so they have completely lost sight of each other. 'It would have been bitter to do without the ship,' he thought. But, also, it was very bitter to do without the blue-eyed girl.

Then, quite penitent, he 'must apologise for the sadness of his theme ; he must remember that we needed refreshment. Might he offer the poor hospitality of his ship ?' We must really 'prove' the *cuisine du Rhone* !

They were all so simply, unaffectedly good-natured, the whole thirteen of them, and their captain. All the daintiest morsels were reserved for the visitors when we dined with them ! We knew some sleight-of-hand tricks, and they thought us delightful for teaching them to some of the sailors !

It was only one long summer's day that we passed together ; but we felt after it that we knew those child-like Provençaux better than we know many with whom we have broken bread for half our lives.

Our farewells were only too touching. As for our paying our way, *that* was vetoed at once. We were guests, while we thought we were passengers !

We could not help hoping that, if the captain's wife is of a jealous disposition, she may never hear the story of his early love as we heard it.

C. SOREL STRONG.

KNIGHTHOOD.

‘ TELL me, Sir Knight, art thou wounded ? ’

‘ Nay,’ answered he,

‘ An’ I were wounded, ‘twere better.’

‘ How may that be ? ’

‘ Thus—as I journeyed this morning,

Gaily, I ween,

Met I a dame whose proud presence

Spoke her a Queen.

‘ Straightway I made my obeisance,

Smiling, she said,

“ Would’st thou be knighted, good Soldier ? ”

Uncover thy head ! ”

Doubt her ? Nay, none could have doubted

The look of those eyes,

The ring of that voice, and I trembled,

Struck with surprise.

‘ Reading my heart, she said proudly,

“ ‘Tis a Queen’s word ! ”

Long have I known thee, good Soldier ;

How that I heard

Matters not now. Kneel, uncover ! ”

Lowly I knelt,

Doffing my helmet, and looking

The homage I felt.

‘ Look you, them ! While I was waiting

Till she should strike

Light, with her sword, the jade dealt me

A blow with her pike !

And as I fell, sorely smitten,
Cursing the day—
“I am Queen Fortune,” she told me,
And vanished away.’

‘Curse not the day !’ I cried ; ‘rather
Bless it ; for see,
This is no common-place knighthood
Granted to thee.
Well doth Queen Fortune consider
How she shall smite :
To the half-tried, the half-proven,
Her blow had been light.
Take my poor homage, and rise, thou
Brave and true Knight !’

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXCIII. (*continued*).

1724-1744.

THE GEORGIAN COLONY.—PART II.

ENGLISH colonies formed a fringe along the Atlantic as far south as the Carolinas, and between them and the Spanish territory of Florida lay a tract on which General Oglethorpe fixed his eyes. His eloquence and his Court breeding availed him in obtaining his object in high quarters, and he worked night and day on memorandums, pamphlets, and interviews, succeeding in stirring up great and warm interest in many persons.

The King granted him the unoccupied tract of land 'in trust for the poor.' There was to be a board of trustees, of which Lord Perceval was the Chairman. Parliament granted £10,000, the directors of the Bank of England subscribed, and altogether the sum of £36,000 was raised, and Oglethorpe was named governor, refusing to receive any salary or payment in any form. The seal he chose represented a family of silkworms, with the motto '*Sic vos non vobis*,' and in fact he hoped to make silk and cotton the chief industries of his colony, since mulberries were native to the country. Some of the trustees went about to the different jails, choosing likely subjects for emigration, while others drilled them and had them instructed. No slavery was to be introduced, no rum nor other spirits, though beer was to be in use, and it was hoped that thus those whose misfortunes were not their own fault might lead a new and prosperous life in Georgia.

Oglethorpe, as their pioneer, sailed with a few picked men in a small vessel, called the *Anne*, in the November of 1732, and reached Charlestown in Carolina on the 13th of the ensuing January. He was kindly welcomed, for the Carolinians rejoiced to have another colony wedged between themselves and the Spaniards. Presents of provisions and cattle were made to the

strangers, and an experienced pioneer accompanied them on their survey. A pleasant spot was found near the River Savannah, and it was decided that this should be their first home. A small fort was first erected, and guns placed in it, trees were felled, and houses raised, the General helping in everything, and at the same time taking care to drill his people and teach them to defend themselves. However, he began at once to deal with the Creek Indians, by the assistance of Mary Musgrave, an Indian woman, wife to a Carolina trader.

He met a deputation of fifty chiefs, one of whom said that the Great Spirit had sent the English people to be their teachers and helpers, and that as they had plenty of lands they would freely resign a share. Eight buckskins were laid at Oglethorpe's feet in token of the cession, and in return, presents were made to the chiefs and their friends of clothing, guns, and ammunition. One, named Tomo Chichi, contracted a close friendship with Oglethorpe, and became a thorough Christian, as indeed the conversion of the Red men was one of the matters that the General had most at heart.

Each colonist family was allotted fifty acres of land, five near Savannah, the others in the country, with a rent of twenty shillings a year to the Colonial Council. Flax and wheat were to be grown, and the women and children were to nurture the silkworms, being instructed by a Piedmontese named Amatis.

The first party were very orderly and industrious, and a visitor from Charlestown was much struck with them, and noted that he saw no one drunk, and heard no foul language. The Indians likewise were on the most friendly terms with them. Parties of fresh emigrants came out, and by the June of 1733 the numbers amounted to 152, of whom ten were Italian—probably Vaudois—and eleven German Protestants.

Oglethorpe now returned to England to promote the welfare of the colony, taking with him the Indian chief, Tomo Chichi, his wife, nephew, and some of the tribe, both for their own benefit and to interest the English in them. In this he succeeded. Tomo Chichi was taken to Court, and presented eagle feathers to George II., and he likewise was received by Archbishop Porter, to whom he expressed his desire for Christian instruction for his people. Oglethorpe was seeking for missionaries for them and clergy for his colonists, and his summons was heard nowhere more eagerly than in a Rectory at Epworth in Lincolnshire,

where the Rev. Samuel Wesley and Susanna Annesley, his wife, had brought up the greater number of an enormous family, amounting in all to eighteen or twenty, reckoning all who scarcely lived to be baptised.

The parents were both remarkable people. Mr. Wesley was highly esteemed and sat in Convocation for many years; and during his frequent absences from home, his wife, with untiring energy, managed the parish, and attended to her children with only the aid of one servant, for they had extremely slender means.

For six hours a day she kept school, and all day long a discipline, beginning from the first three months, when the little ones had to be quiet in their cradles—only soothed by rocking. They were never allowed to be noisy, uncivil, or disobedient, and daintiness was never heard of. At five years old, each child was shut into the mother's room with her, and did not come out till every letter and word in the first verse of the Book of Genesis had been mastered.

The rules for their lives and habits were godly, wise, and strict, and the children seem to have grown up cheerfully under them. In the mother's view, however, her discipline and their characters never quite recovered a dispersion into different friends' houses, which was rendered needful by a fire, which destroyed the Rectory.

At the time of the fire, John, the second surviving son, was five years old, having been born on the 17th of June, 1703. He was left behind in the nursery, or rather, when following the maid with the younger child, was frightened at the flame, and ran back, but was heard crying miserably, and dragged out just in time before the roof fell in. At this time, the elder brother, Samuel, was at Westminster School, and by-and-by he became a master and was enabled to give the advantages of education there to his brothers, John and Charles, whose abilities enabled them to gain scholarships, and ultimately fellowships at Oxford.

There the effects of their mother's training showed itself in the influence these young men exercised over their contemporaries. In these slack times, when all kinds of excesses were winked at and tolerated, they lived in the practice of the strictest laws of the Church, constant at public and private prayer, communicating at every opportunity, keeping the fasts sincerely, and visiting the poor. Other youths joined with them, and from the method they tried to follow out; they were termed Methodists.

In 1725, John was ordained deacon, and also became Fellow of Lincoln College. He was evidently one of the leading religious spirits of the day, and General Oglethorpe invited him to assist in founding the Church of Georgia. The Epworth family were much excited at the opening of missionary work. Mrs. Wesley declared that if she had twenty sons she would give them all, and her husband only wished to be ten years younger that he might devote himself to the work.

Detachments of new settlers were being sent out, Saltzburg Protestants from Bavaria, Highlanders from Inverness, and Moravians, besides the English debtors, the good General apparently conceiving, as many people did in his time, that all Protestants were alike and could conform together.

The Saltzburghers called their home Ebenezer; the Highlanders named their town New Inverness, and were soon good friends with the Red Indians, hunting the buffalo together in the great herds which then ranged the country. Oglethorpe sailed in 1735, with two ships, one containing, besides himself and John Wesley, two more for the mission, and the Moravian Bishop, whose piety made a deep impression on Wesley. They found the town of Savannah making great progress, and with a beautiful garden growing round it; and they proceeded to lay out the foundation of other towns.

So far all had gone well, but difficulties began. The English debtors, as might have been expected, did not like work, and when they found that it was not permissible to keep slaves, those who had the means betook themselves to Carolina, and the others, who could not, staid and murmured against the exclusion of slaves and spirits. The Germans were willing to do without either, but they objected to the military training rendered needful by the neighbourhood of the Spaniards who held Florida, and who showed symptoms of considering the Georgian settlement an aggression; while the Highlanders were well pleased to be drilled, but wanted their whisky.

Sir Robert Walpole, always afraid of the peace being broken, showed a distrust of Oglethorpe; and there was another disappointment in John Wesley, who never attempted to learn the Indian language, or to go on with the mission that Mr. Quincey had begun, but remained ministering at Savannah, where his very strong Catholic doctrine and discipline were not appreciated by many. He was very susceptible too, and there was an attachment between him and a certain Miss Sophy

Causton, which lingered on a good while, till at last he seemed to have decided against continuing his addresses, and she married. Thereupon, he took the strange step of excluding her from the Holy Communion. An action for defamation was brought against him, and he was obliged to leave the Colony. His brother Charles was about to sail for Georgia, and he wrote a dissuasive, but the engagement was made, Charles came out, and worked for some years more peacefully. So also did George Whitfield, a young man, who, though the son of the hostess of the Bell Inn at Gloucester, had obtained a University education by becoming a servitor at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he had been one of Wesley's first band of devoted followers, and was deeply pious, as well as endowed with a wonderful and enthusiastic eloquence. Coming out to Georgia, he there won the people's hearts. He made himself welcome to the Indians, comforted the good dying chief Tomo Chichi, and founded an orphanage, which he supported by the collections after his sermons.

He was not opposed to slavery, thinking, like the old Spanish friars, that it afforded the best means of training and converting the negro race ; and so it might be if the masters thought not of their own gain, but of the benefit of their slaves.

More difficulties were coming. England and Spain were on the verge of war, and Oglethorpe found that the Spaniards were making preparations in Florida. He raised two little forts, called St. Andrew and St. George, and when the enemy were advancing as if to attack the former, the old soldier so fired his guns as to make it appear as if the fort and a fleet were saluting each other, and the Spaniards withdrew.

There was an amicable meeting, in which Oglethorpe consented to give up his station at Fort George, but he placed a fort on the little island of Amelia instead, and as there was a lull in hostilities, he went back to England and obtained permission to raise a regiment there for the defence ; while the Spaniards were insisting on his recall and the break up of his colony.

When in 1739 the smouldering fire broke out, the Spaniards attacked the island of Amelia, but were beaten off after killing two Highlanders. Then Oglethorpe, with his own regiment, the Georgian Militia, and a number of friendly Indians, set out to attack the Spanish town of St. Augustine, which was well fortified, but he failed, chiefly because his orders were disobeyed by his irregular troops. Moreover, he offended some of the Indians by

showing anger and indignation when the head of a Spaniard was brought to him.

The next year, a strong force of Spaniards attacked Frederica, but Oglethorpe entirely defeated them, and there was a public thanksgiving, at which Whitfield preached enthusiastically. The following year, Oglethorpe went home, and there remained, though he continued to work for the benefit of the colony he had founded and saved. Though not an entire success, it is the monument of a wise and pure-hearted charity.

THE ANGEL'S GIFT.

UNTO a weary mortal
An Angel once there came,
And said, 'What wouldest thou have from me ?'
He murmured, 'Love and Fame !'

Both gifts the Angel sent him,
But yet he was unblest.
'Choose thou for me my gifts,' said he :
'Thou knowest what is best.'

To this the Angel answered,
'Pause first ; wouldest thou refrain
Because the gifts which I should give
Are fraught with deepest pain ?'

The mortal said, 'I trust thee.'
'Then take from Heaven above,'
The Angel said, 'Poetic Fire
And endless power *to love*.'

CORA LANGTON.

MR. FRANCIS.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER.

'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'

P A R T I I.

FRANCIS had reason to repent of that long walk, and was unable to get out for some days. On Saturday, as he was lying on the couch in the sitting-room, he heard someone knocking at the door of the house. Presently Mrs. Campbell came in.

'Young Mr. Bernard, sir, wants to know if you can tell him anything of Sylvan Kirke.'

'He was with me on Monday ; I have not seen him since.'

Mrs. Campbell departed, but returned.

'Mr. Bernard wants to speak to you, sir ; it seems the boy has disappeared.'

Francis rose, saying, 'I will go out to him' ; but he turned pale, and sat down again. 'No ; let him come in. What can't be cured must be endured'—and in a moment Walter Bernard entered.

'It is kind of you to admit me,' he said, holding out his hand ; Francis merely bowed in silence, not taking it. 'I want to ask you about Sylvan Kirke.'

'Won't you sit down ?' Francis said, as he sank back upon the sofa himself. 'Yes—a handsome, wild little fellow who honoured me with his company on Monday.'

'He *was* with you, then ? I fancied that it was all a mistake. He has never been seen since.'

'Young rascal ! I gave him some food and a shilling ; and afterwards I thought that he would probably remain away until his ammunition was exhausted. He said he was sure of two floggings ; poor little rogue.'

'Yes ; the rule of the school is that a boy who runs off gets a

flogging, and Kirke is very strict with him—has to be. But—where did you part with him ?'

'At the field door ; it was nine o'clock ; he said he would go to school in the morning.'

'Well, he did not turn up. It is no new thing for him to disappear for a day or so ; but never before did he miss the choir practice, for he loves music. Besides, he knows that his father will not punish him on Saturday, lest he should not sing his best on Sunday.'

'Brute that man must be ! I suppose he found the gipsies, and is with them. Don't be uneasy about him ; he can take care of himself.'

'I am not uneasy about him. You do not understand.'

Francis suddenly sat upright, looking straight with his clear, keen eyes into the pleasant, embarrassed face of the curate.

'Ha,' said he, 'I begin to understand now. My young friend informed me that the other boys dared him to pay me a visit, as the prevalent belief here is that I am an escaped murderer. Am I now supposed to have made away with the urchin ?'

'Well—I really—it is exceedingly silly, and—I—'

'Mr. Bernard, don't hesitate. You will not hurt my feelings, because they don't exist. I don't care a spent bullet what they think of me ; so speak out.'

'Peter Kirke was at the practice, and he told me that Sylvan was known to have come here, determined to speak to you.'

'Exactly ; and he accomplished that difficult and heroic feat.'

'Yes ; Bessie Skerry, who was out in the lane, saw you and Sylvan going over the hill together.'

'Yes ; and we came back together, but probably Bessie was then fast asleep.'

'No one saw you return.'

Francis rang a hand-bell, and Mrs. Campbell appeared.

'Mrs. Campbell, did you see Sylvan Kirke when you brought me bread and cheese for him ? I am supposed to have killed and eaten him.'

'Well, I did not see him ; but I heard him talking to you, sir.'

'Thank you ; that will do. Will this satisfy the affectionate father, Mr. Bernard ? Or must I remain under suspicion until the shilling is spent and Sylvan turns up ?'

'I wish he would turn up ; the whole thing is too ridiculous ; but I am really afraid that you will be annoyed about this.'

'Annoyed—in what way ?'

'Well, there are rough fellows everywhere. Peter Kirke is a respectable man ; but the boy's mother was a gipsy.'

'Rest assured that the gipsies know all about him. As to me, have no fear, I can take care of myself even yet.'

'Yes ; but—— Now, Mr. Francis, I am only telling you this because I feel that you ought to know, Kirke talked of going to a magistrate.'

Francis remained silent for some time ; then he said quietly—

'I would prevent that, if I could ; but I am powerless. If I offered to pay him for forbearance, he would think it equivalent to a confession. You must just tell him the facts I have told you, and then—let it be. I thought I had found a refuge ; I suppose there is but one—for the like of me ! You have been very kind, Mr. Bernard. We will say good morning now.'

He rose, and so, of course, did Walter.

'Good-bye,' he said ; 'but—I am sorry to go. Why do you put me from you so resolutely ? Let me come and see you sometimes ; surely you are very lonely ?'

'I am alone. My good Campbell is no great company. Alone I live, and alone I must die. Hard lines, for I am a gregarious animal. Good-bye,' he repeated hastily, 'my tongue runs away with me.'

Walter walked to the door, turned, and looked again at the white, weary face, with its fine, masterful expression ; the hopeless, impatient endurance of it smote his kind heart with sorrow. He went back, and hurried out—

'Let me be your friend !'

'Friend ! I'll have no more friends ; But for a friend—— No, Mr. Bernard, I have been too much my own enemy for you to be my friend. Go !'

Walter obeyed, and for some time those words, 'I have been too much my own enemy for you to be my friend,' served the purpose with which they were spoken. Walter believed that the speaker had done something that had banished him from society.

He went to Peter Kirke, and with difficulty persuaded him to wait some time longer, as he was sure that Sylvan would come home soon, and *very* sure that Mr. Francis had been kind to him. Kirke was only half convinced ; and the boys kept watch,

in a fitful and irregular way, upon the Haven, quite prepared to hoot and shout at Francis if they saw him. But Francis did not leave the house for several days, being far from well.

One evening, however, he felt stronger, and, leaning on a stick, he walked down to the green gate and stood there for some time. Then he went slowly down the lane, where the dog-roses were still in bloom, and where the air was filled with a hundred sweet faint scents and sounds. In spite of his general carelessness of the beauty of his surroundings, Francis was wiled on and on, until he found himself close to the Rectory—and close also to a group of boys playing marbles in the gravelled sweep that led to the Rectory gate.

No sooner did the boys behold him, than they began shouting out ‘Where’s Sylvan Kirke?’ varied by ‘Where did you bury Sylvan?’ ‘Murderer!’ and inarticulate yells of wrath. Francis stood still and looked at them. To turn back would probably bring the whole pack after him, and they kept up such a din that there was no use in trying to reason with them. Moreover, he did not care to exert himself in any way, as he justly thought that a fainting fit would be inconvenient. So he leaned on his stick and faced them silently.

This puzzled the boys, and rather frightened them, being an unexpected line of conduct. But at last one of them, as much to shake off this vague feeling of alarm as for any other reason, flung a stone at Francis and hit him on the forehead. Well, human nature being weak, Francis forgot his caution, and, striding forward, seized the offender by the collar. Then indeed rose a tempest of howls.

‘What do you mean by that, you little whelp?’ thundered Francis. Then, suddenly releasing him, ‘What matter what you mean? Be off!’

He staggered towards the gate, and leaned against it, facing them.

The shouting, screaming crowd surged up and down and to and fro before his dizzy eyes. The boys were lashing themselves up to a state of wrath, and some of them were under the delusion that the stone thrower had been rescued by force of arms, and that the enemy was now afraid of them. There is no saying what might have come next, but for the appearance on the scene of two new actors. Walter Bernard was seen running down from the Rectory, and Sylvan Kirke jumped over the opposite hedge and rushed in among the boys, crying out—

'What's that you're holloing about me?'

'Sylvan!'—and then for a moment there was silence.

'Then he did *not* murder you!' one of the boys said solemnly.

'Murder me! nobody murdered me! Why, that's Mr. Francis! What have you been doing to him? You cowards! You mean curs! I'll teach you to bully him!'

And, picking up the stick that Francis had dropped, Sylvan began vigorously and impartially thumping every one he could reach. Seeing Mr. Walter very near the gate, the boys attempted no defence, but scattered and fled. Walter opened the gate, and Francis, after a vain effort to speak to him, fell on his face helplessly.

'Sylvan Kirke, you young rascal, what have you done?'

'O, of course 'tis my doing,' said Sylvan, as he knelt down beside the fallen man. 'Are you hurt? Oh, Mr. Francis, are you hurt?'

Walter knelt down too, and was about to raise Francis in his arms when the latter said, very low—

'No; lay me on my back. It was not Sylvan—he came to my aid.'

'Sylvan, I wronged you; and I am sorry for it.'

'It don't matter,' Sylvan answered carelessly; 'it's always so. Mr. Francis, your forehead is bleeding.'

'Yes, nothing to signify. Help me up, Sylvan.'

He so evidently preferred Sylvan's help that Walter stood aside, and wondered to see how deftly and gently the young scapegrace did his work. But now, the gate opened again, and Mrs. Bernard appeared, having seen from the window that something was going on. Francis muttered something which sounded like a curse on his own folly for being where he was, and he stood with his back to the wall and one hand on Sylvan's shoulder, with the air of one brought to bay.

"Oh, Walter, what has happened? Did Sylvan— O, look, his forehead is bleeding fast!'

'Excuse me, it is nothing,' said Francis, speaking in his usual clear, indifferent tone, but maintaining it only by a great effort. 'Sylvan had nothing to do with it; it was a red-haired lad.'

'Never mind, Mr. Francis, never waste your breath speaking for me!' cried Sylvan. 'It was Ben Hodges that did it, then. Very good, Ben—you just wait a bit.'

'Mother, Mr. Francis cannot walk home yet,' said Walter. 'I will help him up to the house, and——'

'No, thank you; I can very well walk home. This cut is nothing; a soldier—I suppose—would think nothing of it. Sylvan will help me if I need help. Good evening.' And, with a bow which included mother and son, and which somehow made it impossible for Walter to follow him, Francis took his stick from the boy and walked off; but after a few paces he put his hand on Sylvan's shoulder again. 'So here you are, Master Sylvan! Do you know that you are supposed to have been murdered—and by me?'

'The fools!' the boy cried hotly. 'I am very sorry; I never thought of that, indeed. I went to the Stanleys, and it was *so* pleasant! I think I'll go off with them altogether soon. They never ask me to steal; and making up stories and begging is very good fun. I might as well go; no one wants me here, and no one is good to me since my mother died—but you. Lean heavy on me; I like it.'

'I'll rest here for a moment. No one following, is there?'

'No, sir,' Sylvan answered, looking back.

'You had better go home now, Sylvan,' said Francis, putting his hand into his pocket.

'Don't give me anything, please! Let me go with you all the way?' said the boy eagerly, and yet softly. 'Ah, I wish I could do something for you. I shall never forget your speaking up for me when you were so ill that you could hardly say the words plain. But don't trouble any more to do that. I'm always in disgrace, and I don't care. Everything is laid down to me, and I never say "no" now—no one believes me.'

Francis rested for a few moments, then rose and walked on, Sylvan beside him. The boy watched his every step with great eyes full of pity and—either admiration or some softer feeling. When they reached the door, he said—

'Give me your stick, and I'll knock. You are ill; and you look so—you don't look like one that ought to be ill. There! I hear the woman coming!'

He darted away, afraid that Francis would offer him money; but at the gate he turned to see if 'the woman' had come. Then he ran off down the lane. He knew where the boys were likely to be; and, having found them, he seized Ben Hodges and gave him a thoroughly good drubbing with a stick which he had cut for the purpose. Ben was bigger than he, and there

were other boys standing by ; yet Ben made but a faint resistance, and the others did not interfere. The fact is, that when Sylvan Kirke was really angry, there was a fire in his black eyes and a look in his whole face and figure as if every bit of him were alive with fury, that seemed to fascinate his companions, and render them helpless.

'Now,' he cried, flinging away the stick, 'you fling stones at Mr. Francis again, if you dare ! Any one here that wants to fight me ? No one ? All right ! and get out of my way for a set of hare-hearted fools !'

He marched off with flying colours, and betook himself to his father's cottage, further down the lane. A good cottage, tidy and comfortable ; the garden in good order, and well stocked ; but it contained no flowers. The second Mrs. Kirke considered flowers 'useless trash,' and had rooted up the few that Sylvan's mother had loved so well. The boy opened the little gate, and at the sound a man came to the door of the house. A stout, square-built, common-looking man, as great a contrast to his dark-eyed son as could well be imagined. He peered out anxiously, and for a moment his face betrayed great relief ; but he called up a frown, and said—

'I thought 'twas you. Away nearly a fortnight ; and us afraid that yon stranger had murdered you ! Where have you been ?'

'With my mother's people. Mr. Francis gave me money, and I knew where Kit was, so I went after him. He is going north now, so I've come home.'

'You're a heavy handful, Sylvan Kirke ! missing your school and the church singing, and disgracing us all over the country. And now you *are* come, what do you expect ?'

'The stick,' said Sylvan promptly ; 'but I've made up my mind to one thing. If you thrash me to-night, I won't sing a note in church to-morrow ; and if you thrash me for this next week, I won't sing the next Sunday.'

'There's but little use in thrashing you ; but if you dare me to it, it's plain that I must let you know that *that* won't do ! Sylvan, as sure as there's a heaven above us, you'll come to a bad end.'

'Very likely,' said the boy. 'Do you mind Farmer Tucker's grey colt that he had to sell for five pounds because it wouldn't go in harness and hardly any one could mount it ? I heard the doctor say that Jem Tucker beat it and drove it wild with

unkindness. I remember it, because the same day he said to you, "Sylvan robbed my garden last night, and you'll have to flog him soundly ; for if you don't, he'll live to be hanged," and I wished I was a colt.'

'What are you prating about?' said Kirke, whose intelligence was not equal to applying this parable. 'I believe you think I like thrashing you! No, boy ; but I knows my duty. Dinah, give me that ash sapling.'

Sylvan got his flogging, a severe one ; but not a word, not a cry, not even a change of countenance, showed that he felt it. When it was over, he picked up his jacket and walked through the kitchen to the sleeping-room. Mrs. Kirke said, as he passed her—

'Won't you have some supper?'

'No,' said Sylvan, and shut the door.

'Well, well,' said Kirke, as he put away his stick, 'that boy do trouble me! Seems as if the stick does him no good.'

'You see, Peter, you spoiled he when he was little,' said Dinah mournfully. She had a long white face, like a sheep. 'Ye didn't begin soon enough. And the mother's people, too! Ah, you were sore misled by a pretty face, Peter, when you married Sylvia Stanley.'

'Well, I made no such mistake when I married you,' replied Kirke pointedly. 'I'm going to bed ; I want no supper.'

'Yes, you do, Peter ; stop now, and don't be a fool. You've done no more than your bounden duty ; and you'll be ill if you go to bed fasting. And if I'm not so pretty as your first, I know how to take care of my man, and that's more than *she* did, by all accounts!'

Next day, in spite of his adventures, Francis was certainly better ; and he persuaded Mrs. Campbell to go to church.

'Well, sir,' said she, 'since you are sure you're equal to it, I will go ; for it feels heathenish to pass the Sunday without going at all. And although I never shall be reconciled to the boys in shirts and petticoats, and the queer ways of the clergy, yet I declare, since the day I lost the cotton wool and had to hear Mr. Walter Bernard's sermon, I will not deny that the preaching is interesting. I will even say it is practical and useful for those that know how to take the good and see through the evil. I would hardly like—some to hear it.'

'Take what you like and, refuse what you don't like ; that's what you mean, Cammie. And if by "some" you mean me,

don't alarm yourself. I'm not going to church to hear Mr. Walter Bernard, or for any other reason. Do you know, I think your bonnet is half a quarter of an inch further back on your head than usual? I do not object to it myself; but I mention it because I know you like to be exact.'

'You were always a saucy lad, Master Frank.'

'Oh, yes, Nursie; box my ears as of old, if you like. Perhaps it might make me feel like a child again. Good-bye, old lady—take care of yourself.'

Mrs. Campbell looked up when she heard the choir rustling softly into its place, and saw that Sylvan Kirke was there. 'So he didn't run off again,' thought she.

No, Sylvan did not run off, certainly; but not one note of music issued from between his firmly-closed lips that day. He had a lovely voice, and the high notes sounded woefully shaky without him; but there he sat, dumb. Peter, who, as usual, was just behind him, leaned forward and whispered—

'If you don't mind what you're about, you'll drive me to give you the best thrashing you ever got this very evening.'

Sylvan did not even look round. He sat doggedly silent, not even kneeling or standing through the whole service. When Walter Bernard went into the pulpit, Sylvan, overcome by the heat and his own fatigue, was nearly asleep. He heard the words of the text, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee.' And with these words in his mind, Sylvan slept.

And dreamed. No doubt the word 'mother' suggested the dream—a strange dream, and the consequences were strange also. He saw, or thought he saw, his pretty young mother, whom he remembered well, come out of the vestry room, leaving the door open. Indeed, old Bains had just opened the door, on account of the great heat.

She came slowly up the chancel, and stood before her son, upon whose hot forehead she laid her cool hand—he remembered the touch of it. She never looked at her husband, nor at any one but Sylvan, to whom she whispered softly, 'Sylvan, follow me.' Sylvan rose, stepped out into the chancel, and stood beside her. She took his hand and led him away, saying, 'Shut your eyes, I will lead you right.' He obeyed, walking on and on, not knowing whither. At last she stopped and said, 'My errand is done. You will find a friend here; you will be happy with him, and will learn to be good.' She kissed him on the lips, and said, 'Good-bye, my son.' Sylvan flung out his arms to catch

her by the dress, and at the same moment uttered a loud cry and opened his eyes. He found himself standing by the green gate of the Haven. ‘Mother,’ he cried, ‘mother ! there is no friend for me here or anywhere. No friend who will make me happy and teach me to be good. Take me with you to Heaven—or anywhere, so I may be with you.’

‘What nonsense are you talking, Sylvan Kirke ? It is my belief you’re off your head,’ said the thin voice of old Bains, who had followed him from the church, thinking that he was overcome by the heat.

‘You are not the friend she said I should find here !’ Sylvan said wildly.

‘Who said ?’ asked Bains.

‘My mother—did you see her ?’

‘Oh, the boy’s entirely off his head,’ muttered Bains.

But Sylvan’s cry had reached other ears, and Francis, in dressing-gown and slippers, now appeared at the other side of the gate.

‘Why, Sylvan, then it *was* your voice just now ! And what brings you here in this priestly array ?’

‘You are the friend !’ cried Sylvan. ‘Mr. Francis, my mother, my *own* mother that loves me and is dead, brought me to you. She said you would be my friend, and would make me happy and good.’

‘The late Mrs. Peter Kirke must be of a most imaginative and sanguine disposition,’ remarked Francis, with an unmirthful laugh. But as he spoke he opened the gate and took the boy’s hand in his. ‘He’s been asleep, hasn’t he ?’

‘Yes, sir,’ said Bains. ‘Got up and left his place in choir, he did, after therein behaving truly disgraceful, as his decent father will let him know presently. Walked out through the vestry—then I saw he was asleep, and I know them as sleep-walks ought not to be woken up too sudden, for fear of fits, so I followed still, and here he stops and gives a squall like a frightened girl—wakes up and tells me a heap of pernicious lies.’

‘It is no lie,’ said Sylvan, raising his wild dark eyes to the handsome cold face of the young man. ‘It is as true as that my mother ever lived, and died, and loved me. Oh, Mr. Francis, do believe me ! You’ve been kind to me ; you speak to me as if I wasn’t too bad to be spoken to ; you let me help you yesterday ; you spoke up for me. Now do one more kind thing—*believe me.*’

'Go ahead,' said Francis. 'What am I to believe?'

'Last night I told father that if he flogged me, I would not sing. He flogged me for all that. It was a bad beating, and I couldn't sleep for pain. He made me go to Church, but he could not make me sing. Then Mr. Walter read the text, and it was—I've forgotten it! what was it, Bains?'

'As one whom his mother—'

'Comforteth—and she *did* comfort me. She came through the vestry, she put her hand on my head, and bade me follow her. She took my hand and said, to shut my eyes. We walked on for a long, long time—'

'Listen to that!' cried Bains, 'and the sermon not over yet!'

'And she said, "My errand is done; you will find a friend here, and you will be happy and good. Good-bye, my son," and she kissed me—and I opened my eyes, and she was gone.'

'And I was just behind you, you owdacious boy. Now you turn about and come back to the church; you're either scheming or play-acting, or you're going silly; come along, just till I tell that fine story to your hard-working father, and hear what *he'll* say.'

'He has said already that *he'll* flog me to-night,' said Sylvan desperately. 'Well, never mind, I can't bear it. If there's *no* friend on earth—'

He muttered something more, which only Francis heard. But it was the lad's look, more than anything he could say, that moved Francis, and no one was more surprised than he himself when he came to reflect on what he said in reply.

'If one despairing idiot can help another, in Heaven's name, be it so! Here, old gentleman, take these,' and he unfastened surplice and cassock, and flung them to Bains. 'Tell Kirke that Sylvan is here with me. We are likely to suit each other, it strikes me. Come, boy.'

He walked up to the cottage, and Sylvan followed, still like one in a dream.

'Your head aches, don't it?' asked Francis, when they had reached his room.

'Yes, and I don't seem to see plain, somehow.'

Francis opened a dressing-box, which stood on the table, and took out a small bottle. He measured out some drops, to which he added water.

'Kick off your shoes, Sylvan, and open your clothes. Now lie down on the bed. Here, drink this and go to sleep—you needn't

dream this time, please. Shut your eyes—that's right. Poor little beggar! he's off already.'

He covered the boy with a blanket, muttering—

'Well-made little rascal! Ah me, wonders will never cease. Now to face the justly enraged father, backed by the authority of the Church.'

Having exchanged dressing-gown and slippers for coat and boots, he sauntered down to the green gate. Here, as he expected, he was soon joined by Peter Kirke.

'Bains the sexton tells me my boy Sylvan is here, sir,' began Peter, standing square and sturdy at the gate, over which he eyed the tall, stately figure of the young man at the other side of it.

'Yes, Sylvan Kirke is here. He is asleep. I don't think he is well.'

'He's pretending,' said Kirke, 'and I'll just take him home, if you please. He's a bad boy, though I say it that am sorry for it. He's been behaving shameful in church, and then comes here, trumping up a long story, to get off being punished.'

'Bains' version, eh? I believe that until yesterday you did me the honour of believing that I had made away with your son?'

'I've no wish to be unpleasant, sir; we needn't go into that.'

'You beat this boy a good deal, don't you?'

'Not half enough, nor didn't begin early enough. He'll live to be hanged! that's what he'll do in spite of me.'

'Mr. Kirke, suppose I tell you that you do not understand your son? that he would be a different boy under different treatment; that kindness, and justness (*with* mercy), and a little trust in him, would make a man of him; whereas your system will end by making him either a brute or a devil—what would you say to me?'

'Ask Mr. Walter, not me,' the man said, with a puzzled look.

Francis reddened and said hastily—

'I did not see you coming. I have usurped your office—preached kindness, etc.; but manage the boy as you like—it is nothing to me.'

'I heard your questions,' Walter said, 'and Peter's answer, or no answer. Kirke, since yesterday, do you know, I've been wondering if we were not too hard on Sylvan.'

'Why, 'twas you, sir, that said as Dinah was right, and that I spoiled the boy.'

'But I was very young and very rash. And I don't think severity has succeeded. The question is, what to do?'

'Ay, indeed it is,' said Kirke. 'Say Sylvan runs off for days; if I don't flog him, he'll never give it up, and them gipsies are bad company for him. Say he goes on as he did in church to-day, and then makes up a story as how his poor mother came and led him here; if I don't flog him, what will he do next?'

'Can't say,' observed Francis; 'but I can tell you what he may do, if you *do* flog him.'

'What, sir?'

'Drown himself. I am not speaking vaguely. He said it, and I think he will do it. He is not old enough, nor strong enough, to despair—and live.'

'And you'd have me let all these lies about his mother pass?'

'The boy told no lie, Kirke.'

'Why,' said Peter, looking round in a scared fashion, 'you don't mean that you believe that!'

'I mean that *he* believes it. He was asleep, and dreamed it. He awoke when he reached this closed gate. Bains, or whatever you call him, knew that he was asleep. The boy is worn out—couldn't sleep because *you* beat him unmercifully. I took him up to the cottage and made him lie down. I gave him some sal-volatile, and he is now fast asleep. If you wake him up suddenly, he'll probably be ill. And if you continue to treat him as you have done, take the consequences. You'll either fish him out of the little pond up there—dead; or you will live to see your prophecy fulfilled, which will no doubt be a comfort to you, whatever it may be to him. Do as you like, I don't know why I should care.'

'You have a bitter tongue! and you seem mighty sure that you, a stranger, understand the lad, and that I, his own father, do not.'

'Yes, Mr. Kirke, I am perfectly sure of both facts.'

'And Mr. Walter here, don't understand him, neither?'

'Not he! No sympathy, no—Here's my good Campbell, she will be on your side, "spare the rod and spoil the child," and that sort of thing. Mrs. Campbell, Sylvan Kirke is asleep on my bed—don't disturb him.'

He had opened the gate for the old woman, but she only stood staring at him. And Kirke, taking no notice of the interruption, looked Francis full in the face and said—

'Look ye here, sir. If you know how to make a man of this

poor boy of mine, take and do it. I can't. He's got a fancy for you ; he's handy and will be useful if he chooses. Let him stay here along of you for a bit. See if you can do better for him than I do. I don't want to harm the boy. I don't know but I love him better than the two we have at home. But he and me have got into a bad way, and I don't see how to get out of it. Let him stay here a bit, and then, we'll see.'

'Indeed, then, but you're a cool hand,' said Mrs. Campbell. 'My master, that's neither well nor strong, to be saddled with your boy that you can't manage yourself! Mr. Francis, you must not dream of such nonsense.'

'Campbell, you had better go on to the house,' said Francis quietly. 'Very well, Kirke, if Mr. Bernard makes no objection, I will keep Sylvan here—for a time.'

'You'll send him to school,' said Walter.

'Can't say,' answered Francis.

Mrs. Campbell, who had halted on the path to the house, muttered, 'He don't know Master Frank as well as I do—but there ; didn't I do the very same thing myself. He'll take orders from no one.'

'Well, it does not matter for a time,' Walter said. 'He can go home if it does not answer. Keep him, Mr. Francis, since you are so kind.'

'Charitable actions are exactly in my line,' was the dry answer. 'Good-morning, Mr. Bernard—good-morning, Kirke.'

He slightly raised his hat and walked up the path.

Nothing was heard or seen of Sylvan or his new protector for several days. The boy did not appear at school, nor at the choir practice, nor at church on the following Sunday. But a day or two later he came to the Rectory at about two o'clock, which was the dinner hour. He said he had a note for Mr. Walter, and he was told to go to the dining-room, where, to his dismay, he found the family assembled at dinner. Now it happened that just as Sylvan passed the window, the Rector had been talking of him, and saying that he did not feel quite happy in giving up the boy to a man of whom they knew nothing.

The boy came in, neatly dressed, and looking both well and happy.

'I'm very glad to see you, Sylvan,' said the Rector ; 'you look very well—are you all right again ?'

'Yes, sir.' Now it had hitherto been almost impossible to get Sylvan to say sir to any one.

'You were ill, I believe ?'

'Yes, sir, very bad for two or three days, but—*he* took such care of me.'

'Have you been at home yet ?'

'No, sir, I am going now. *He* would not let me out until my new clothes came. Mr. Frank sent this to you, Mr. Walter, to know if you can lend him the books he has written on the list.'

'I daresay we can. School books—yes. I have most of them. Are these for you, Sylvan ?'

'Yes !' the boy said, with beaming face, and quite forgetting the newly acquired 'sir' in his delight. '*He* read to me when I was bad, and from that he took to asking me questions ; and then he said I was worth teaching, and that if I would really work, he'd give me a little help when he's able. And he's given me leave to make a garden in the front of the house. I'll be begging for plants and slips by-and-by, ma'am,' turning to Mrs. Bernard.

'And you will be very welcome to them,' said Mrs. Bernard kindly. 'Then you are not going home to stay ?'

'Oh, no ! Mr. Frank says he'll give me a chance if I can behave to Mrs. Campbell ; and she's a sight better than my stepmother. She was very kind when I was bad, and she made me tell her how it happened that Sunday—you know—and she said, "'Twas a dream, no doubt, but if your mother did not lead you, someone surely did," and I think she meant that God did, for she's a dreadfully good old woman.'

'And Mr. Francis—is he better ?'

'Oh, nearly well, ma'am, he'll soon be quite well. May I call for the books as I come back, Mr. Walter ?'

'Yes, I will have them for you.'

Sylvan departed, and Mr. Bernard said—

'The boy is wonderfully changed—one would hardly know him. I think the "dreadfully good old woman" will probably counteract any harm the poor youth may do, *he*'s not dreadfully good, I fear ; but they may help one another. I should not like to interfere.'

So Sylvan remained at the Haven. He laid out the strip of ground in beds and borders, and might often be seen working there while his master looked on. The boy's merry laugh was often heard, but Francis looked grave enough. Sylvan visited his father regularly, and was always in his place in church and

Sunday-school. Once, however, he failed to appear as usual, and at Kirke's request, Walter Bernard called to ask the reason. Francis came to the door to speak to him.

'About Sylvan, I suppose? The village is not in arms for a rescue, I trust. The boy is well, but the gipsy blood gets the better of him, and he has been restless and idle, and saucy to Mrs. Campbell. So I made him pack a knapsack, gave him a few shillings, and turned him out to walk the fit off. I suspect it is the only way to manage.'

The boy came back in a week, ruddy and tired, and very glad to be at home again.

'Father,' said Walter Bernard, one morning, 'do you remember that Sylvan Kirke has been with Mr. Francis for a year now?'

'So long as that?'

'He is fourteen now, and he ought to be put to some regular work. He will be good for nothing, reading and gardening and amusing himself. I think we ought to see about him.'

'Do you? I am rather inclined—but, however, call and see what Mr. Francis is doing with him.'

At about three o'clock, Walter Bernard was at the door of the Haven, which was opened by Sylvan. What a change that year had made in the boy! Walter recalled the reckless expression of the handsome dark face, the shifty look of the eyes, the 'unmannerly' rags and tatters of his usual attire. Now he looked the visitor straight in the face with a smile, and seemed happy and prosperous.

'Well, Sylvan! is Mr. Francis at home?'

'Yes, sir; but he does not see any one.'

'Tell him I really must see him—about you, Sylvan.'

The lad started, hurried away, and soon came back saying: 'Come in, Mr. Walter.'

He led the way to the sitting-room in which Walter had twice before seen Francis. Then, except a few novels, generally French, there had not been a sign of occupation of any kind, now the tables were laden with books, writing material, drawing blocks, and paints. Francis was standing near the fire-place, and bowed as Walter entered. His face betrayed no emotion, but Sylvan looked nervous and anxious.

'Good-morning, Mr. Bernard, a chair, Sylvan—thank you. Sylvan tells me that you want to speak to me about him, and

the foolish fellow is so frightened that I suppose I must hear what you have to say, to quiet him.'

The words were barely courteous, and were spoken very coldly.

'Shall I go away, Mr. Frank?'

'First tell me what you are afraid of, boy.'

'My father wants me home again,' half whispered Sylvan, with big bright tears in his eyes.

'Is it so, Mr. Bernard?' asked Francis.

'Not at all. I have not spoken to Kirke on the subject of this visit.'

'There, Sylvan! be at peace. Go, I will call you if you are wanted. Now, Mr. Bernard, speak your mind—or shall I speak for you? You have suddenly recollected that Sylvan has been here a full year. He came here desperate, reckless, despairing; none of you could manage him, because none of you understood him; you did not understand him, because you did not try. Only a little scapegrace, born to be hanged. You see him now, busy, happy, healthy in mind and body; but all that goes for nothing, because the only thing you know of me is, that I don't go to church, nor wish for domiciliary visits from the clergy. So you want to drag him back to his father's house, to be driven—'

'Stop a moment, Mr. Francis,' said Walter quietly; 'I have not said a word of that.'

Francis, who had looked strangely moved—for him, was silent for a few moments, and then said—

'I beg your pardon. What do you want then?'

'I have been thinking that Sylvan may be seriously injured, if, after being made a favourite by you for some time, he is then left to earn his bread by his work, untrained to any trade or handicraft. Had I had reason to think that he was learning anything wrong from you—and he is in my own class in the Sunday-school—I hope I should not have waited a year to interfere.'

'You are angry, and justly so. I beg your pardon. Don't be hard upon one who never had much self-control, and has less now. I was in the wrong, let that suffice. Now, as to Sylvan—just look over his work.—I'm not always up to talking, so I make him read to me, and next day he writes out as much as he can remember. This is Macaulay, see how he catches the style. Here's another—Motley—just read a sentence or two.'

'Why this is wonderful,' cried Bernard ; 'either he is very clever; or you are a wonderful teacher.'

'He is clever—in some ways, more than clever. Are you an artist?'

'No—I learned drawing, though.'

'Look at these. I learned, too, enough for military—enough to teach him the elements. But I could not do these sketches. This boy will be an artist, when I am—dust, and you, a dean. He has great talent, I think even genius. I can give him the help he wants now, and can also provide for his future, and I will do so. So far as that goes, you may— What is it, Campbell ?'

'Sylvan told me that Mr. Bernard was here to speak about him. I got so anxious. Oh, Mr. Bernard, don't let them take him away. If you knew, sir, how different Mr. Frank is since he had the boy—'

'Cammie, betake yourself to your own sphere. The question is not about me, but about Sylvan, and Mr. Bernard, very rightly, will not consider me in the matter at all.'

'You wrong me again,' Walter said shyly.

'Well, I wish to keep the boy, and I am sure he wishes to stay. Call him, Mrs. Campbell.'

Sylvan came.

'Sylvan, Mr. Walter Bernard, whose duty it is to see after you, wants to know one or two things about you. Answer me then—are you happy here ?'

'Oh, Mr. Frank, as happy as a king.'

'And kings, we know, are always perfectly happy.'

Sylvan laughed.

'As a king ought to be,' he said.

'I would drive you out of that if I had time. Has anything ever been said to you here, which has seemed to you contrary to what you have been taught in church and Sunday-school ?'

'No ! what do you mean, sir ? You've often told me that religion is best learned from clergymen, so that you would leave me to Mr. Walter.'

'Yes. Are you content, Sylvan, to trust your future in my hands ?' Then as the boy looked puzzled, 'Think it out. You'll see what I mean in a moment.'

'You mean, what I am to be when I'm a man. Oh, Mr. Frank, I will be nothing but what I am now. I want nothing but to

serve you ; you, that stretched out your hand to me when I had not a friend or a hope in the world ; you that wakened me up to see and to understand ; you, that never say a hard word to me, even when I get a wandering fit. Ah, let me stay with you always ! That is all I want.'

Francis turned his glance upon the Curate, and his usually piercing eyes were soft with tears.

' You hear the foolish fellow ? Yes, Sylvan, you shall stay with me as long, I hope, as I can stay with you. And I will see to it at once, Mr. Bernard ; his future shall be provided for' —this he said in a low voice, while Sylvan sobbed aloud, and Mrs. Campbell patted him approvingly on the back.

' May I tell this to Kirke ?'

' Not unless he asks questions. If he finds that I want the boy, he might be troublesome.'

' I think not ; but it does not matter. Good-bye, Mr. Francis ; I wish I knew how you tamed Sylvan—it is a secret worth the learning.'

Francis looked at him, half-laughing, but made no answer, saying presently—

' Sylvan, if you have quite done making a donkey of yourself, suppose you open the door for Mr. Bernard.'

The next day was one of those perfect summer days which, being rare, it seems a sin not to enjoy to the utmost ; and Walter was wont on such a day to take a holiday, and to wander away, visiting many a dearly-loved haunt, and walking many a mile. Just now he felt mentally out of sorts, and longed for solitude and quiet ; so he walked off early in the morning before any one else was up. Somehow he failed to find the rest and refreshment he sought, and had so often found ; he was disturbed, restless, and nature did not to-day soothe and satisfy him as of old. Coming home, tired out, in the evening, he paused to rest in a little wood, not many yards in circumference, which crowned a low hill, and from which the view was very lovely, particularly at sunset. He flung himself down on the grass, and let his eyes wander over the well-known scene—as well-loved as known—but he could not lose himself in it as he often did ; and his face betrayed that his mind was ill at ease. At last he said aloud—

—' I cannot understand it ; and there must be something amiss or I should. I wish I could meet—'

' If you take to soliloquising, I suppose I am bound to tell

you that you have a hearer,' said a voice ; and Walter knew that the half-uttered wish was granted. Springing up, he saw Francis sitting on a fallen tree a little way off. He went and sat down beside him.

'What did I say ?' he asked.

'That there is something you don't understand, and somebody you wish to meet. I stopped you there. You did not betray much, you see.'

'I wish I had ! For the thing I cannot understand is you ! and the person I wished to meet is you ! and the thing I most want just now is to make you speak to me !'

'Not very difficult, is it ? In fact, I *am* speaking to you !'

'No ; you are—fencing with me.'

'Why, what's the matter with you, Mr. Bernard ? This is not the first time I have seen you when you did not see me, and I have envied you the calm contentment of your look ; but to-day it seems to me that you don't get much more out of the view than I do.'

'It is true. I generally lose myself and all my small troubles. To-day, I cannot. I have been thinking all day, and to get thorough enjoyment from all this'—with a wave of his hand towards the sunlit scene—'one must only feel, not think. And I am full of unsettled, anxious thought, and this is all your doing. So you might as well help me to get right again.'

'I help you ? "Heaven help your poor wits," good sir. You are either raving or talking nonsense on purpose.'

'Neither. You helped Sylvan—now help me !'

'The cases are perfectly different. Sylvan, poor fellow, only wanted a change of system. Yours may be an excellent system for common minds ; but for some reason it was driving him to destruction. It amused me to befriend him ; but I must really decline to attempt to enter into your difficulties. I dare say you will outlive them.'

'Listen to me,' said Walter earnestly. 'I was brought up here by my father. I have never left home, except for Cambridge, where I stayed only just as long as was actually necessary. I'm the youngest of the family by many years, and so never had a companion. I was still but a boy when I began to help my father ; and even when I was ordained I was very boyish for my age. I soon began to think that my father was too gentle, too lenient, too content to let things go their own way. Sylvan is the most unruly boy in the school, and I determined to conquer

him. I thought his father was right in punishing him. You know what it was tending to.'

'Yes ; but I fail to see what all *this* is tending to,' said Francis coldly.

'I want you to understand me ; and I find it very difficult to put my thoughts and feelings into words.'

'Let us vote it impossible. Excuse me, Mr. Bernard, but I really do not want to understand you.'

'But you *shall*, if I can make you !' cried Walter excitedly. 'Is it only for Sylvan that you have any feeling ? Look at my life. It is my duty to remain here with my parents, I could not leave them. I have no companion, no equal friend, no one to say to me, "Walter, you are making a cruel mistake ; here is a boy requiring delicate, kindly handling, and you are treating him harshly and sternly." I want a friend. When you came here, I tried to know you ; but you repulsed me, and I began to think that you were not the friend I need—though I have always liked you from the first, in spite of all. And *you* want a friend. You are lonely, even with Sylvan ; the very fact that you make a companion of a mere boy proves how lonely you are. I said to you once before, "Let me be your friend ?" I say it again ; but not now, as then, that I may do you good, but that you may do me good.'

'A doctor would be more to the purpose. Take my advice, go home, and send for Dr. Pearson, and tell him you are in for a touch of fever. I dare say you are not aware that you are talking nonsense.'

'You have answered me in this fashion before, and I accepted the rebuff. Now I will not, for I know you better. I saw the real man yesterday, and I want that man to be my friend ; and that man wants me.'

'*This* man don't ! This man, sitting here on the stump of a tree, sore beset by a crazy Curate, wants nothing but to be allowed to live and die in such peace as he can attain unto.'

'This man shall not get what he wants, then. I'll beset you wherever I can find you, and I shall never be satisfied until you—'

'Well, until I do what ? Tell me, that I may do it at once, and be rid of you.'

'Until you love me, I was going to say ; but I thought you'd laugh at me.'

'Consider yourself laughed at. I am tired, and cannot get up

a guffaw. You speak like a romantic lover to a fair damsel, rather than like a modern edition of the Ancient Mariner to a most reluctant listener.'

'All this is mere acting,' said Walter boldly. 'I used to believe in it, but now I don't. You know that this moment there is something in your heart which prompts you to put your hand in mine—see, I hold it out—and say, "Walter Bernard, let us be friends!"'

The light was full upon the two young men as they sat side by side, and Walter, looking earnestly at the other, saw a strange half-smile pass over his face. A very sweet look it was, but it vanished in a moment, and the mocking, cynical expression came back. Francis looked at the outstretched hand, and said—

'Very touching—very dramatic! That ought to bring down the house. I have never touched your hand yet, and I rather think I never shall. What a boy you are, Walter Bernard! Now, you've made several long speeches, to which I have listened, because I could not help myself. Do you now listen to me. I will not say'—and while he spoke his manner changed, his voice softened, and all the light mockery was gone from his glance—'I will not say that you have not touched me. I will even confess that I have felt a liking for you, as you for me, from the first. I acknowledge, too, that I am lonely; Sylvan is a fine lad, yet—I am lonely enough. But I shall never have a friend. Because there lies between me and other men a story, which, if told, would make them reject my friendship, as all I once knew and loved have done. I tell you this, because I do not *really* like to mortify you by an apparent caprice. Ask me no more. As for your difficulty about Sylvan, I take it, why I succeeded and you failed, is that I could sympathise with the boy, and you could not. I am somewhat older, and have seen more of the world. You are much better than I; and for that very reason I could understand Sylvan, and you could not. I dare say you could preach a very decent sermon about love, etc.; but you never thought of being kind to this poor young sinner because he was a sinner in an unusual fashion. Now, I must be getting home, or Mrs. Campbell will be in a wax. What I have said, I know you will keep to yourself. And—good-bye.'

He rose, and walked slowly down the hill, Walter standing still till he saw him reach the gate that led into the field by

which he could regain the Haven ; then, bounding down the hill, the young man overtook him in a moment.

' I refuse to believe,' he said, ' that your secret would make me turn from you. I don't ask to know it—only to be allowed to forget that it exists. There is my hand—take it.'

(*To be continued.*)

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

Class List for December.

Jon	40	Aphrodite	33
Lisle	38	Jessamine	30

The instances of Courtesy have been well given by all, with especial clearness by *Aphrodite*. Prince Arthur's outward connection with the poem has been carefully traced. *Jon* is by far the most successful in bringing out his more spiritual significance, though *Lisle* is also good. It should be remarked that Spenser's presentment of Arthur stands in some ways quite alone. It is more splendid and less human than any that preceded it. It has more of the original Sun-god and less of the struggling and suffering earthly King.

The correspondences have been made out almost *too* clearly quite to hold water, though there is much to be said for the instances given. We see in a general way that the House of Holiness, with its heavenly vision, the Castle of Alma, with the mystical account of the human body, the Garden of Adonis and the Temple of Venus, Mercilla's Court and the Temple of Isis, the Happy Valley and the Hill of Armidale, answer to each other. The attributes of Almighty God Himself, openly worshipped in the first book, are impersonated, hardly, we think, in Alma, but in the mystic Being in the Temple of Womanhood, in the veiled Isis, while there is a glimpse of a gracious power in the heavenly vision granted to the innocent Calidore, and in great Nature we come nearer to the fountain-head. On the other hand, Despair, Mammon, carking Care, and Suspicion, the unjust giant, the savage haunt of Turpine, terrify the several champions, while the House of Pride, the Bower of Bliss, the Masque of Cupid, the City of Radegund, and their rulers attract and fascinate. Of course, in the last book, fascinating courtesy is impossible.

Like all the rest, these are suggestions only. The number of the suggestions, the variety of the ideas is perhaps more striking than any one of them in itself.

Total list of marks will be given in March.

C. R. COLERIDGE.

AMÈLIE DE VITROLLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VÈRA,' 'BLUE ROSES,' ETC.

P A R T I.

'Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,
Secluded, but not buried.'—WORDSWORTH.

THE management of life is no easy matter, and it sometimes seems as if this were an unfair thing, because our birth into the world was not optional and our passage through it is obligatory. No day can dawn on which we have a right to say, 'I refuse to live, or to hear about living.' Live we must, and that through fine weather and through foul, following a road of which we cannot see the end, and of which we generally only discover the pitfalls after we have tumbled into one or more of them. Then as we do not live alone perplexities twofold arise, first, from our family, and then from the world. It is a laid-down axiom that family ties are from God, but that the pageant, or inspiration, or system, which we call '*the world*', is enmity with Him. Nevertheless, the practice of life would point to an opposite conviction in the theory or in the practice of too many of us. Family life, in the self-indulgent as well as leisured classes, is too often felt to be a chain, and men are restless unless they are allowed to form a part of that huge machinery of worldliness which stands between God and the creatures He put into the world to glorify Him. No wonder that young people soon become aware of this discrepancy between saying and doing, that tender consciences suffer, that young feet blunder and hesitate, and that young hearts communing with themselves ask what is the right view to take; nay, have to ask themselves fearfully whether the spirit of the world is not already mesmerising them in their tasks, and starving their affections.

A practical thing would be to ask oneself the following questions:—

'How do I prefer to spend my time?

'What regard ought I to pay to such externals as fashion and dress?

'What right has my family over my freedom?

'Where is the boundary line between the social sphere in which God

has placed me, and my worldly longings after the sphere in which He has not placed me?

'Are my tastes and pleasures dearer to me than the comfort of my kindred or than the claims of conscience?

'Am I careful not to humiliate others by my advantages?

'What means of profiting others does my present sphere of action afford?'

These questions are the less easy to answer, because even the life of an unmarried woman living under her father's roof has some initiative in it, and has enormous demands on her self-control. Individual development forms part of the modern creed, so large a part of it, indeed, that many old-fashioned virtues get crowded out by it; and it is just because Amèlie de Vitrolles succeeded in being at once very individual and very obedient, very useful and yet very unworldly, that I have selected these pages from her life and letters.

The daughter of a Minister, she lived among the *possidenti* and was deeply considerate of the poor; a clever and an accomplished woman, she was humble and simple, the real cross in her life being its unavoidable publicity. She, being born of God, overcame the world; she did not esteem anyone merely on account of their success, and was so aware of her own weaknesses as to remain dissatisfied with her own progress towards the heroic virtues of the Christian character. She would, it is true, have preferred to enter the religious life; but this her parents would not permit. Her directors, in the teeth of the parental opinion, would not counsel it, and so Amèlie had to do what is so far more difficult, she had perforce to live the ordinary life and fulfil the normal duties of her station. It was fortunate for her family that she did so, for as daughter and as sister her tenderness and her helpfulness were boundless. She finally discovered that to be a good daughter and a good sister required all her strength and attention, and this seems to have been the secret of her influence: the pains she took to fill the place to which she had been called. Naturally of a passionate and imperious temper, she subdued it, and realised to the full the importance of cultivating the art of family life. Few of us blame ourselves for neglecting this the highest of the fine arts; indeed, many of us suppose that on account of the ties of natural affection, family relationships can take care of themselves. In gardens thus neglected thorns and briars grow better than flowers, and happy homes are not so common as they might be. Who is to blame for this satire upon the Christian professions we make? Alas! none of us in this matter can afford to throw stones, all the more so that few of us will admit that the secret of our unhappiness lies in ourselves; that it lies in a joylessness of temper, in an unmortified sensitiveness, in an umbrageous jealousy that brings us now and again in sight of hatred.

Amèlie de Vitrolles subdued herself, and her enlightened compassion for others was the secret of her influence with father and brothers. We shall see now under that influence there opened out for the men of her house new and always new capacities of virtue and vigour.

She came of a vigorous race. Her father, Eugène D'Armand, baron de Vitrolles, was a Provençal. His family came originally from Marseilles, but the branch which he represented held the manor of Vitrolles in the romantic district between the Alpine range that shelters Gap and the valley of the snow-fed Durance. This Baron de Vitrolles had the honour to be a grand-nephew of the celebrated Suffren, the *Bailli* de St. Tropèz, and through all the adventures and adversities of his career, he showed himself a courageous as well as diplomatic man. He was but twenty-six years of age when the Revolution obliged him to emigrate. He entered the army of Condé, and while in Saxony he married Thérèse de Folleville. Two children were born to them, of whom Amèlie was the second. The family returned to France when she was only a few weeks old, and the child's health seems even then to have been delicate. The times were troubled, money was scarce. Monsieur and Madame de Vitrolles lived a great deal apart, and probably with a view to her future interests their little girl was sent to live with a *tante à héritage*, with her grand-aunt, the Marquise de Boyas, near Tournon.

While Amèlie learned her lessons and lived only with old people, in the neighbourhood of a little provincial town, a great *rôle* was in store for the Baron de Vitrolles. The part which this eminent Royalist played in the restoration of Royalty in France has been differently appreciated. His detractors wish to assign only a secondary place to the adviser whose first overtures were certainly not listened to ; while his admirers (whose opinions are supported by trustworthy evidence) assign to him the credit of that Restoration which would, it was hoped, give peace to Europe, while it restored liberty and public confidence in France.

Both these statements are in a measure true, for so long as the fetters of the Empire were riveted by men's fears, Eugène de Vitrolles did appear to the politicians of the day to be but a dreamer of dreams. He bade them put forward Princes who no longer placed themselves in front, and of whose cause the very powers of Europe had grown weary. Even when the throne of Napoleon began to totter, and when the Allies already occupied the soil of France, they thought of nothing but bringing Napoleon to terms ; Monsieur de Vitrolles alone never lost sight of the facts that France, exhausted of both blood and treasure, must have peace, while such peace could only be secured to her by a Bourbon.

Immediately after the battle of Leipsic, by pressing these views on Dalberg and Talleyrand, he obtained a permission from them to go to Châtillon and there sound the mind of the invaders. Vitrolles' creden-

tials were of the most meagre sort, since Talleyrand was the last man to commit himself; yet such was De Vitrolles' persistance, and such, indeed, was the inexorable logic of the situation, that the Coalition began to see through his eyes. Alexander, in the pleasure of figuring as the pacifier of Europe, forgot how he had first feared, next loved, and then almost hated Napoleon; and De Vitrolles left Châtillon and Troyes to seek out the Comte d'Artois. The King's brother heard from him of the dawn of a new day for his dynasty in France, the Royalist party, which had ceased to exist, was reformed, and before very long, as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, the Comte d'Artois entered Paris to prepare for the reception of Louis XVIII. Monsieur de Vitrolles rode at his side. In journeyings hither and thither, this organiser of the Restoration had met with many hair-breadth escapes, and his little daughter had been early conversant with those dangers of which, in his Memoirs, Monsieur de Vitrolles has left us such a fascinating description, that I cannot do better than recommend my readers to get the volume without further delay. His dangers as Secretary of State were of another sort. He was jealously watched by such comrades as Talleyrand, Montesquiou, and De Blacas, and he discovered before long that, among the many faults of the Bourbons, ingratitude was not the least salient. Fortunately, Monsieur de Vitrolles sought the good of the country rather than his own, so when Napoleon had landed at Cannes and the recently-restored King had left Paris as a fugitive, he allowed himself to be sent to the south to organise one of the many schemes of defence. Napoleon in the meantime was marching northward, and having passed through the Basses Alpes was already in the basin of the Durance. Halting at a farm-house, near the Château de Vitrolles, he seated himself on a straw chair and spread out his maps. 'Ah!' he cried, 'then *this* is the house of the famous Monsieur de Vitrolles.' There was an acrimony in the tone that boded ill for the lord of the Manor should he chance to fall into the hands of the Corsican nourished on *vendettas*, and well informed of Monsieur de Vitrolles' part at Châtillon and of his importance in Paris. He did fall into them. Toulouse surrendered, and Monsieur de Vitrolles, taken prisoner under a special warrant from the apparently triumphant invader, was sent up to the donjon of Vincennes. Here was a blow! and small hope was there of mercy; in fact, his only chance lay in the good offices of men who might wish to stand well with the Royalists as much as with the Emperor at a moment when no one could count on the future.

Two of De Vitrolles' friends, Madame Etienne de Durfort and M. de Mollien, positively ventured to speak to Napoleon on the subject. 'I know, I know,' replied the Emperor; 'you want to talk to me about Monsieur de Vitrolles; but you see how he would have arranged

matters in the south ;' then he added in a sulky voice, ' However, I do not wish for the death of anybody.' This sounded well, but Napoleon was really vindictive, so some days later he desired that Monsieur de Vitrolles should be put on his trial for his share in the work of the Restoration. Amèlie de Vitrolles had access to her father, and so deep was her devotion, and so developed was her intelligence, that the prisoner could confide the most important papers to her. Young as she was, Amèlie kept his secrets, while she tried to inspire him with her own confidence that her prayers for his safety would be granted. The battle of Waterloo set Monsieur de Vitrolles at liberty. His great enemy was a prisoner, the King returned, and on the Minister devolved the task of organizing a new government, in where he held, as before, the post of Secretary of State.

Amèlie during these troubled days had lived in daily and confidential intercourse with Monsieur de Chateaubriand, with De Bonald, De Villèle and many more ; but she was soon to exchange the *salons* and ante-rooms of Paris for a retreat in the country, which her health very much required. Writing to her father, she says : ' We read last night "Elisabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," by Madame Cottin. Surely you know what it is about. There is a young girl who loves her father as tenderly as I love mine, and who is ready to go 800 leagues to ask for his pardon. You feel how interesting the subject was for me, all the more that the words of the father reminded me of our conversations at the Abbaye, and of all the good and kind things that you used to say to me, dear papa. I would willingly have gone those 800 leagues for you, and further still, to prove to you how I love you. To see you is all my happiness ; do not seek any other for me, because I shall never know any other happiness than this one, for these two things suffice to render me perfectly happy—that you love me and that you are pleased with me.'

In the country Amèlie cultivated those accomplishments which had originally consoled her lonely girlhood at Tournon, and which to the last remained the most agreeable occupation for her mind. She spoke English, Italian, Spanish and German with the like facility ; she learned Hebrew from an aged (converted) Rabbi ; she could read the Gospels in Greek, and had already a fair acquaintance with Latin. She studied the philosophy of the German Schools, painted, and left some religious pictures by no means devoid of merit. Her friend, Madame de Durfort, gave her lessons on the harp, and there is no saying what progress she might have made if she had not suddenly sold her instrument so as to be able to give money to the poor.

Monsieur de Vitrolles at first imagined that it was her studies which prevented his daughter from going into society, but he found in the heart of Amèlie a rooted aversion to all the amusements which end in a waste of time and money, at the same time that to save her parents

trouble, she wrote and answered all those notes and letters of compliment and invitation which never fail to abound in the house of a Minister of State. In addition to this, Amèlie was their housekeeper. Delighted with the confidence which her father reposed in her, she had applied her spirit of order to the daily arrangement of an establishment where comfort and elegance seemed to grow under her hand. The servants naturally did not regard with very favourable eyes the zeal of Mdlle. de Vitrolles, but there was as much prudence as there was zeal in all her arrangements. She thought no relationships in life ought to be lightly treated, certainly not those between masters and servants, and thus she succeeded, not only in inspiring an affectionate respect, but in seeing the servants return to the practices of religion, which had been too long unknown among them.

I have said nothing as yet of Amèlie's brothers—of Oswald, a few months older than herself, at this time serving under General Guilleminot; or of William, the youngest member of the family, still at school. With both of them Amèlie corresponded regularly. Oswald did not approve of the serious nature of his sister's studies. He told her that the knowledge of Greek would never secure her any man's heart, and that superiority of any kind was certain to buy her the ill-will of other women. 'You will,' he said, 'be the turkey who wears a piece of paper round its neck; all the others will run at you.' But Amèlie had other views. She supported his jokes, and while she took in good part his observations on her spelling and style, she won Oswald over day by day to wider views on God and duty, until she had the happiness of finding that her brother's heart beat in unison with her own.

Tenderly as she loved her father, this was not yet the case between them. M. de Vitrolles says himself that though he enjoyed nothing so much as the society of his favourite child, he avoided with her the topics on which they were certain to disagree. He was not, therefore, the confidant of her religious progress. Who shared those ideas to the full was her friend Madame de Caulaincourt. This charming girl had left her convent for one day at the age of fifteen, to give her hand to the General, who marched with the army for Russia that very evening, and who, falling at the battle of the Moskowa, left Blanche a widow before she became a wife. Strange to say the young girl felt her fate so acutely that she never loved again. She spent her time in retirement, and in good works, and lived so strictly, that the Archbishop of Paris said of her, 'She has known the strange fate of being married without wifehood, and of being a nun without being in a convent.' Blanche was three years older than Amèlie, and the letters which passed between those two women are really extraordinary specimens of good sense, of piety, and even, we must add, of composition. They exchanged their ideas perhaps less on family matters than on their studies, and on the acquire-

ment of 'that solid piety which, as it is mixed up with all the actions of our life, ought to especially preside over the most important of all of them, our struggle with our faults, and our journey towards perfection. What I am doing best at present is, reading over again the *Pensées de Pascal*; I am more and more delighted with them. Nothing pleases me better than their reasonings; they are so just, one's attention seems riveted by them, and one seems to find there the sum of things of which one only possesses a smattering.'

The year 1827 saw Monsieur de Vitrolles deprived of his place as Minister of State. He had written a book, 'La Monarchie selon la Charte,' a work which gave such offence at Court that its author was sacrificed in spite of what Amélie styles 'the most signal services, and the most imminent dangers which had attached her father's name to the most important epoch in the history of the Monarchy.' His daughter felt the fall acutely. 'Those who do not look further than the exterior, might suppose I was tranquil; but if they could see into my heart they would find it agitated and unhappy. How the irregularities of this life, and the sadness they inspire bring out the pricelessness of a state of peace! Our soul conceives of stability because it desires it; perhaps the desire comes from our knowledge of an immutable God; because sorrow leads men to devotion.... The reverses of fortune ought not to astonish us, and one should, on the contrary, congratulate oneself on the continual sacrifice of one's interests to one's principles. Such a character is a gift of God, and cannot be compared with those of human favour, often so perishable, and so unjust.'

The family went to the South, and there Mdlle. de Vitrolles was immensely occupied by the foundation in Aix of a Congregation of missionaries, of whom she says, 'There is at their head a young man belonging to one of the first families of Provence, who, in spite of a considerable fortune, has entered the Priesthood. These missionaries go into the distant villages, to teach and succour the inhabitants. Their life is evangelical, and the blessing of God so rests on their labours that they have been marked by many sincere conversions.'

It was perhaps this preoccupation which caused Amélie to decline her first offer of marriage. Among other motives must be stated the chronic delicacy of her health, and the poverty of the family, which made her adverse to withdrawing a *dot* from its slender resources. She also had already a life full to overflowing of family affections, of warm friendships, and of incessant work. None the less did her decision vex Monsieur de Vitrolles. A French parent, from the moment that his child is born, begins to make plans for her establishment in life; the friendships formed, the money set aside, all tend to this one object, and Monsieur de Vitrolles, pardonably humiliated by the neglect into which his Sovereign allowed him to fall, was annoyed at his daughter's deter-

mination to remain single. He felt uneasy about her future, and hardly realized how simple were the habits of a woman who wore a dark dress, sold her harp for the benefit of the poor, and never allowed a fire to be made in her room. It is true that whenever the family was united in Paris, Amèlie was obliged to take a share in the visits and other duties of the circle. Of these things she said—

'I hope that a day like yesterday may be counted among my merits in Heaven, for I am far from finding pleasure in fashionable obligations. They have become a little less painful to me, since I understood how to make them the expression of my feelings of kindness, since I can force myself sincerely to feel those marks of benevolence which custom and courtesy prescribe.' One may find here great possibilities for doing good I ask God to grant you the consolations of His grace, that peace of the soul, and that elevation towards Himself, which are the sweetest joys of life I owe to religion the little good that is in me—one must submit and wait—and only wish for good in the order and in the way in which it pleases God to prescribe it. Bodily suffering destroys that capriciousness of the heart which makes us flutter through life without profit, and it gives maturity to the judgment, because in it we contemplate as the end of all, the workings of Divine Providence. Sometimes I feel such a strength, such an elevation, that it seems as if I had finished my course ; but often I find very soon the contrary, and I am like those censers which, thrown up, carry their perfumes on high, but, as they fall back, are dragged by their own weight to the ground We seek for truth together ; we must try to work together towards perfection. What fervour is not given to our prayers by the hope of being useful to those we love ! Thus we see the harmony between the Divine thoughts and those permitted to us on Earth. Let us fortify ourselves by grand ideas of religion, by the accomplishment of our duties, and by our mutual friendship. Take courage, and in a few more years the most difficult part of life will be past. . . . I am happy to find myself with you in the same sentiments of friendship, union, and peace, and in those of strength and religion. My soul has a horror of unamiability, and flying from it as from a hideous spectre, would feign deny its existence. The experiences I have made afflict me profoundly ; looked at from the point of view of that moral perfection, towards which I would like to see a general coalition. For this world nothing is unimportant, if one calculated the influence which the most trifling things not seldom have ; is not kindness a virtue, a flower worthy of being offered to God Perfection is not one rapid flight of the spirit, but a rough and rugged path courageously followed. I try to utilize my life by patience, and by supporting all the contradictions of which it is composed ; but even in these slight attempts I am so feeble, that I ask myself with terror how I should stand greater

trials? I pray without ceasing for that intention so single, so upright, so pure, that it separates us from external things, and in the days that I understand my duties better, I feel the charm of virtue more irresistible, and it seems to me that my prayers have been partly heard. I try to put my heart in the hands of God, I ask Him to direct it, and to calm a sensibility which certainly is not in the order of His grace. Yes! life is surely an exile, to which chains add their weight; but I tremble lest I fall into a more worldly discouragement, instead of into that detachment from the world which comes from elevation of the soul. . . . When one gathers together one's days at the foot of the Cross of Jesus, and examines them there, one is frightened at their number and at their uselessness; it would seem that only a few flying moments have been worthy of life, and that the most painful of regrets is a regret for time which can never be recovered. Let us concentrate our thoughts and forces: let us dwell much in the interior of our souls, in the true tabernacle where God acknowledges an altar for prayer, let us remember how it is said that every Christian has a priesthood to fill. Let us apply ourselves with all the will of which we are capable, to put some meaning into the works of our lives. Each work ought to be of value, in order to answer to the sublime example of our God who has "made nothing in vain." "Be ye perfect," says our Lord, "even as your Heavenly Father is perfect." All things are promised to humility and prayer, but I tremble lest my pride should deserve some terrible humiliation. Sacred duties keep me in the world. I will remain in it, I will do my best to do good in it, and God willing, I hope to work out my salvation with fear and trembling. I have never had any fancy for the world, but I dread any contact with it. The duties of Charity alone teach us how to preserve our hearts from misanthropy, when the actions of men disenchant us constantly of all our noblest and purest notions of loyalty, honour, generosity, and greatness of mind. I think it is therefore better to avoid those susceptibilities, and so put into all our dealings that moderation which wisdom prescribes; but there is so much emptiness and vanity in my life, that I am constantly obliged to ask myself with terror, what is the spirit that presides over the work? What does it matter to be ill-judged by many? But it is very difficult to establish a fixed rule, because some part of our time may have no merit, except from the spirit of penitence or because it is passed in the silence of humility. But God has blessed the things that appear most simple, he permits them to work for the salvation of men, and can raise our souls to a height incomprehensible to the world. Let us see that the glory of God is our only task, that His justice is the passion of our hearts, and His truth our eternal and exceeding great reward.'

Such had been the youth of Amèlie de Vitrolles.

(*To be continued.*)

Church History Society.

PRECURSORS OF THE REFORMATION.

HUS, AND THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

Questions for February.

5. Trace the connection between the followers of Wycliffe and the Hussite movement.
6. Give the Agenda for the Council of Constance, and say what was decided on each main point (not more than two or three lines on each point).
7. An account of the examination of Hus, emphasising the points for which he was condemned.
8. Describe the execution of Hus ; or,
Some account of Yiska and the Hussite War.

Books specially recommended : Besides Milman and Trench, *Wycliffe and Movements for Reform* (Chap. XI.), 2s. 6d. (Longmans).

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by March 1st.

November Class List.

Class I.

Etheldreda		Water Wagtail	.	.	.	37	Fidelia	31
Hermione	{	Ierne	.	.	.	36	Veritas	{	30
Andromache		Honeysuckle	.	.	.	35	Laura	}	
Papaver	.	Erica	.	.	.	33							

Class II.

Crataegus	.	*	Verena	.	.	.	24	White Cat	20
Trudel	.	.	Gooseberry	:	:	:	23	Meniza	{	.	.	.	
*Λαμβάνα	.	.											

Class III.

Maidenhair	.	.	17		Miss Molly	.	.	16		†North Wind	.	.	10
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* Three answers only.

† Two answers only.

REMARKS.

37. The doctrines of the Cathari are most fully given by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, and *Andromache*. Bog-Oak is very glad that no one has confused Albigenses and Waldenses. She hopes every one sees how

impossible it is to regard the former as witnesses for Christ—as the hidden church of those ages, connecting the ninth-century sects with the Waldenses of the end of the twelfth century. Opposition to Rome might be accomplished without purity of faith or life. *Water Wagtail* and *Honeysuckle*: The doctrines of the Cathari were not ‘entirely those of the Manichees and Gnostics’ (which, by the way, were not the same, and the Gnostics differed widely among themselves), e.g. the Cathari did not actually attribute the creation of matter to the Evil Principle, though they did believe he fashioned the world out of the already created Four Elements. *Ierne*: Neither did all Cathari hold the Eternity of Matter. *Gooseberry*: All, including Albigenses, entirely denied Baptism and the Holy Eucharist, as understood by the Christian world. Reading the Bible, or parts of it, was their equivalent for Sacraments (in which they have many followers in the present day). They *may* have denied Transubstantiation, Purgatory, etc., but when examined before a Council, they said nothing on these points. The former, of course, would not affect them if they denied that Sacrament entirely. *Hermione*: Traducianism is one theory of accounting for the origin of individual souls. A question long debated in the early Church was, ‘Is each soul a fresh creation, or is it handed down by our parents?’ Those who believed the former were Creatianists,—the others Traducianists. The doctrine of original sin seemed to favour the latter. It nearly caused a schism in the early Church, but has never been actually ruled one way or another. No doubt, however, Creatianism is most in accordance with the mind of the Catholic Church.

38. The Spiritual Franciscans are dealt with best by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Andromache*, and *Ierne*. *Hermione* rightly observes that the followers of Sagarelli and Dolcino were not Franciscans; yet they were devoted imitators of St. Francis, and, as Milman remarks, ‘were but Spiritual Franciscans under a new name.’ *White Cat* and *Meniza* omit all before Oliva. They began under John of Parma, seventh General of the Order in the middle of the thirteenth century, who is believed to be the author of the *Introduction to the Eternal Gospel*, a book which threw a new and unorthodox light on the writings of Joachim, the saintly Abbot of Floris. The fate of these Spiritual Franciscans was far more than being ‘declared schismatic.’ Under Clement V. and John XXII. they were tormented and burnt in shoals; and were at length exterminated. *Miss Molly*: Elias, second General of the Order, was anything but Spiritual. He relaxed the rule. *Gooseberry*: The schism in the Order arose long before John XXII.

39. *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, and *Papaver* deal best with the ‘Friends of God,’ and the Beghards and Beguines. *Andromache*’s account of the former is good; but Bog-Oak wonders how she contrived to write so much without mentioning Tauler. *Papaver*: It seems clear now that Nicholas of Basle was no Waldensian. *Verena* and others: Beghards and Beguines do not seem ever to have been separated formally from the Church. Certain doctrines were condemned, and individuals—sometimes in large numbers—burnt for heresy; but they continued to exist (and do continue), and were latterly of course perfectly orthodox. Queen Philippa placed Beguines in St. Katharine’s by the Tower. Dr. Neale says that though bound by no vows, no Beguine has ever left her Heavenly for an earthly love; but he *may* only refer to the Beguinage at Bruges. *Verena* mixes them too much with Spiritual Franciscans.

40. The Waldenses are given very well indeed by *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, *Andromache*, *Ierne*, *Verena*, and *Honeysuckle*. *Etheldreda*: The Protestantism of the Waldenses is believed to be much overestimated. They are judged in the light of the sixteenth-century Vaudois, who had been the pupils (not teachers) of the Reformation. In many places they attended the Churches. *Erica* still clings to the idea of a shadowy succession of Protesters against Rome, from the ninth century

onward, culminating in Waldenses. Bog-Oak is glad to say this is exploded, and these last were in no sense the descendants of any who may, for their own ends, have protested formerly. They were quite the best of the sects ; yet (possibly from living among sects of *Cathari*) in some cases their morals must have suffered ; for Vincent Ferrer, in the early part of the fifteenth century, preached to some Vaudois so wicked that they were named the 'Valley of Corruption,' with the result that the name was changed to 'Valley of Purity.' He says they were exceedingly ignorant. *Erica, Verena, Menisa, and Trudel* omit the 'Noble Lesson.' By the way, Reinerius Saccho, the Inquisitor, had belonged to the Cathari, not Waldenses, and his description is supposed to be of heretics in general, not Waldenses in particular, about which last he does not seem very well informed.

Subscriptions for 1892 received from *Hermione* and *Miss Molly*.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Change of Date.—All correspondence for any part of the China Cupboard must in future be sent so as to reach the Publishers NOT LATER THAN THE 25TH OF THE MONTH, instead of the last day as hitherto.

'FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATALE GROUND.

Debaters, debaters ! It is conclusively proved that none of you take the slightest interest in Art, for not one single answer on the Art Debate has reached Chelsea China, though she endeavoured last month to conceal the painful fact from the public. Nor does Literature seem to appeal to a wide circle ; but for that, Christmas cards offer an excuse. There were many requests to continue the debates, so please—Debate ! *Double Daisy*, please blossom. *Blackbird*, why don't you sing ? And, dear *Grey Squirrel*, do crack us some nuts !

Has modern fiction given us nothing worth having which cannot be found in the Waverley novels ?

Chelsea China has already stated her own opinion that it has given us much. How should it be otherwise in a growing and developing world ? There are a thousand experiences, a thousand questions, a thousand new sympathies, which find answer and expression in great—yes, and sometimes in small—writers of the day. There are new discoveries in the science of character as in all other sciences. The world gets larger every day. But if we cannot include the old as well as the new, we only see a very little bit of it !

Chelsea China, therefore, agrees on the whole with *Post's* conclusions ;

but she differs from her criticism. Want of humour is the last fault she would find with the Waverley novels, and she thinks they contain much pathos, which can only seem trite, till it is felt to be universal. *Pellegrina* and *The Muffin Man* are given.

Bog-Oak's letter is late, but Chelsea China inserts it. Still, in the last resort, when it comes to powder and shot, what does decide the government of a country, then?

THE FEMALE FRANCHISE.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

I fear I am much too late to say a word on the debate about the Franchise; but I have only just found time to read *Blackbird's* very remarkable statement that we are governed (and ought to be) by brute force, or rather by its delegates. I am sure I hope our Members of Parliament appreciate this lofty view of their position. 'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.' It is to be hoped physical strength will be one qualification for our representatives in future. 'Who rules for brute force should himself be strong.' But on *Blackbird's* theory why am I deprived of the Franchise? I am physically stronger than many men of average strength. I have, e.g. nursed in a hospital where, when a feat of strength was required, out of four doctors it was useless to ask two to do anything I could not do, and I am not at all an Amazon. And in trials of strength with various relations I have rarely been beaten. If I am excluded on *Blackbird's* rule because I have 'no physical force to delegate,' I claim that all men weaker than I am be excluded too. Again, if physical force ought to rule us, then elephants and rhinoceri and most bulls ought to have things their own way. Certainly they have a good bit of force to delegate.

I do not wish women to have the Franchise and be mixed up with all the excitement of electioneering, but on quite other grounds, more like those on which *Bird of Ages* objected to their running about 'interviewing' and telegraphing in ball-dresses. But if men are the governors of the land, simply because all men combined are stronger than all women combined, then it is a case of 'might against right,' and the sooner we abolish it the better. I am inclined, however, to prophesy that whether we wish it or not, this thing is coming upon us, mainly because many women have set their *moral* force to gain what their physical force could not effect; and if it comes to the tug of war between woman and man on this point, we know the old play will be proved true: 'Man has his will, but woman has her way.'

Yours,
BOG-OAK.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

The wording of the question seems rather obscure. 'Worth having'—for what? If for enjoyment—for wholesome pleasure—I would vote affirmative. As one in the habit of reading novels aloud I can say that we find no other possess the extraordinary charm which makes it possible to read any of the best Waverleys again after a brief interval. Probably, however, only people brought up in Scotland can fully appreciate all their qualities, for instance, their humorous power. But Sir Walter, taking Christianity and a high code of honour for granted, did not write to prove them, or indeed anything else. He never aimed at writing novels 'with a purpose.' His was the genius that showed to other writers of talent, learning, and invention, what a power the modern novel is, and how valuable a weapon it might become when skilfully handled to enforce certain theories, or explain history or politics. It is surely not too much to say that but for him the special development of literature called the modern novel, would not have existed, so deep has been his influence. He has taught the trick to some who may excel him in certain qualities, while none can equal him as a whole. For

we count him among the few who clear out a new path, and do their work with the ease of high creative genius. His books may, through some caprice of fashion, be now and then for a while neglected in favour of the last novelties, which always are the easiest reading to the idlest reader; but Scott's books have only to be read with some attention by people of average ability to prove that they have the immortal quality which belongs to the works of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, and the other princes of Literature.

PELLEGRINA.

Yes; it has given us better paper, better prints, and shorter introductions, more interesting women as a whole, and delightful children, and more pathos.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

SUBJECT FOR FEBRUARY.

Is it well to imitate our mental and spiritual betters?

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER QUESTIONS.

1. Blanche of Devon.—‘Lady of the Lake,’ IV. 23.

‘See the grey pennons I prepare,
To seek my true love through the air.’

2. When James Edward Stuart, the old Chevalier, fell ill of the measles at Dunkirk on the point of sailing for England, 1708.

3. The horses of Caligula and Heliogabalus are accepted. (See note.)

4. Lance’s dog Crab.—‘Two Gentlemen of Verona.’ Act 2. Scene 3.

5. Balder, the Sun-God, was killed by a sprig of mistletoe, which his enemy, Loki, persuaded the blind god Höder to throw at him.

6. Nicholas Nickleby was so called by Mrs. Squeers.

Note to Question 3. Chelsea China has to confess that the animal she intended was the golden ram, described in Morris’s ‘Life and Death of Jason.’ He lived in a little house studded all with gold, and his golden fleece was combed every day by a lovely maiden, who took him to walk in his own little paddock. But she did not ‘verify her quotation,’ and the fact of the comb being of gold is not mentioned.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

G. Festing, 18; Laleham, 12; Old Maid, 6; Nemo, 12; Only Herself, 24; Helen, 18; Swansey China, 24; Theodore, 12; Ethne, 6; Rule of Three, 12; Child of the Mist, 6; Three Rock, 24; Halliday, 6; The Muffin Man, 21; Cedar, 36; Honeylands, 6; Wood Sorrel, 24; K. Anstey, 11; Magnet, 30.

Received too late for December, Magdalen Millard, 12. Nemo 12, misprint for 18.

QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Who wore a turquoise ring on a field of battle?
2. Where is it said that a fox, an ape, and a humble bee were all at odds?
3. What express was said to be sent by a monkey or a starved rat?
4. Who was up to his knees in a flood of brown stout?
5. Whose ‘face was as a maiden’s face, and yet her hair was grey?’
6. Who were Piero di Cosmo, Edmund Tressilian, James Binney, Miss Matty, Lily Dale, and Mulvaney?

SECOND SHELF.**EGG-SHELL CHINA.**

An apology for an unguarded speech which has found a mark the speaker little meant, and hurt a friend's feelings.

Real life Christmas letters (we hope containing neither apologies nor reproaches) have left little time for fictitious ones. In the few received, the difficulty has been to give a respectable and yet explicable offence. This has been best done by *Daffodil*, because her speech was really inapplicable, and not too free a remark on a fact, which is the case with *Clara Meredith's*. We fear *Madge Allerton* could only have held her tongue. To apologise for despising the husband's picture was useless. *Honora Guest's* letter is also given as being rather more serious than *Daffodil's*; but after all, she only succeeds in casting the blame on her friend for being a goose. There is no rule as to printing a second letter. *Chelsea China* hopes *Daffodil* put plenty of sugar in the afternoon tea, and contrived to look serious over her friend's trouble.

SECOND COMPETITION.

Describe a street in as perfect language as possible. 250 words, not more.

The Prize List for the half-year will appear in March.

MY DEAR !

You have 'given yourself away,' indeed, you have ! Now I can tease you if I like, but I will try to be generous if I can.

Until I read your note a minute ago I had not the smallest or most shadowy ghost of an idea that you and Lady Clara were not still spending half the day in each other's arms, 'so to speak.' When I thoughtlessly—I was taught when young to 'mind my stops,' but unluckily never to 'stop to mind'—when I thoughtlessly said at Mrs. Campion's 'At Home' that 'tuft-hunters were always sooner or later thrown over by the titled person they had cringed to,' I had no more thought of you and Lady Clara than I had of the man in the moon and his little dog. Indeed, if it had not been for your note I should not have known you were a 'tuft-hunter !' So glad you told me ! I promise I will tell no one else, but I cannot apologise, you know, for what I did not do or say. Don't be a goose, 'my child,' but come and have tea with me to-morrow, I am all alone, Mother has a committee somewhere, and tell me about Lady Clara. You will have to do so now, and I am dying to know how such turtle doves can have parted company. Did you 'cringe' *too* much ? You put the cap on yourself, you know ! but I refrain—Lady C. is too nice to 'throw over' so delightful a bundle of nerves as you are. All will come right, never fear !

Always your
DAFFODIL.

MY DEAREST BERTHA,—

Leinster Gate, Dec. 14th.

I am so dreadfully sorry to think I have hurt your feelings, it was quite unintentional, I assure you. I was just hoping you would call this afternoon to have a chat over the dinner party, when your distant and chilly little note arrived and struck terror into my soul.

It is really a great misfortune to be such a stupid person as I begin to fear I am. I always seem to say exactly the wrong thing to people !

Now the other night I wanted to be most agreeable to everyone, but I

made one blunder after another, and mother has been impressing upon me ever since that I really must be more careful in what I say.

It seems Hunt took great offence at something I said in his hearing about the excellence of the waiting at the Chalmer's, and told mother next day that he feared he had ceased to give satisfaction and had better leave.

Then I remarked to that girl, who came with the Franklins, that I thought the higher education of women a great mistake, and told Mr. Elton that in my opinion all those who made or sold beer ought to be ashamed of themselves, and discovered later that she has just left Girton, and that he made all his money by a large Brewery.

Besides this, I saw mother looking unutterable things at me when I said to Mrs. Cray that I disapproved of marriage between first cousins. I am sure if I had ever heard that she and Mr. Cray were first cousins it had quite escaped my memory.

I really am too unlucky, and now to think I have wounded your feelings, dear Bertha, completes my 'chapter of accidents.'

Indeed, when I said I had always believed it was only ignorant and uneducated people who were superstitious, I said so in all good faith. It was quite a new light to me that you should seriously mind travelling on a Friday, or making one of a party of thirteen at dinner.

I did not mean that I considered you ignorant or uneducated, far from it, I only stated what I thought, thereby showing up my own ignorance on the subject.

You must not be angry with me, you must pity me for my lamentable failings, and as 'pity is akin to love,' I hope forgiveness may follow in its train !

You say in your note that you are just starting for Brighton, now, why didn't you come and see me first instead of writing? It would have been so much easier for poor me to speak to you than thus to set down in black and white my 'tale of woe.'

Write me a nice letter soon, please, dear Bertha, and on your return you shall be rewarded by finding a model of loving discretion in the place of your tactless but repentant friend.

N.B.—At least I hope so.

HONORA GUEST.

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Chelsea China begs most heartily to thank all the kind correspondents who have offered to lend her the 'Picture Story Books.' She has been informed of a new edition of some (Bell & Sons), and the family 'Prince Hempseed,' or rather his remains, has turned up. But if any one would lend her the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' by Mrs. Radclyffe, she will gratefully pay postage for it.

Would Miss Freeman kindly give the English of the Sicilian ditty she quotes, as some of the words seem to be *patois*?—CAROLINE.

Demas: Caring twopence is the very point. The fee weights the opinion. How should those who have only read a part, not the whole, claim to judge? It is rather like democratic practice, but we must require a franchise of twopence for the voters.

Corisande would be much obliged to any reader of the 'Monthly Packet'

who will tell her Dr. King's lines on the death of his wife (old, and probably out of print). From this Longfellow took his 'muffled drums' idea in the 'Psalm of Life.'

Can any one furnish me with a copy of some verses on St. Martin and his cloak, published in the 'Monthly Packet' fifteen years or more ago.—
E. L. J. A., Hollybrook, Southport.

ANSWERS.

Will you tell *S.C.* that the hymn 'Jehovah Tsidkenu,' beginning
'I once was a stranger to grace and to God,'
is in the collection of hymns called 'Songs of Grace and Glory,' publishers, Nisbet & Hunt; or if she likes to write *privately* to Miss E. Wartnaby, 5, Highfield Street, Leicester, she would copy it out for her.

In answer to *S. C.*, Mr. McCheyne's hymn on 'Jehovah Tsidkenu' is No. 348 of the Rev. W. F. Stevenson's 'Hymns for the Church and Home,' published by H. S. King & Co., 65, Cornhill, and 12, Paternoster Row.

WOOD-SORREL.

Answered by several others.

An illustrated and slightly altered edition of 'Original Poems,' by Ann and Jane Taylor, Publisher, Routledge, Broadway, Ludgate Hill. Also a smaller volume, containing selections from 'Original Poems' and from 'Hymns for Infant Minds,' by the same authors and same Publisher.

MARGARET L. JENNINGS.

F. M. H., and others, inform *The Cousins* that the name of the young Florentine musician who is said to have performed so wonderfully on stews-pans was Baptist Lulli. The story is fully told in the 3rd volume of 'Chambers' Miscellany,' published by W. & R. Chambers, Edinburgh. No date, but probably about 1850 or 1855.

In answer to a correspondent, *Swansey China* has read that the 'Shibboleth' of the Sicilian Vespers was 'ciceri' (dried pease).

In answer to *Honora Guest*, Mrs. Jerome Mercier recommends a verse club. Information to be obtained from Miss Mercier, Northwood, Kemerton, Tewkesbury.

A REPLY TO A QUESTION.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

I have been hoping to see some abler pen than mine attempt to answer *Spero's* interesting letter. The question is one which ought to interest deeply all thoughtful minds, for if a mistake is being made in the direction pointed out, it is a very vital one.

Briefly put—*Spero* asks, whether for the sake of 'getting the young person to church' (oh! that fatal mistake) it is desirable to load the service with every conceivable attraction in the way of music, etc., and whether for the sake of keeping the 'young man' from drinking and gambling at the public, the brains and energies of the Pastor and his lay-workers are to be continually taxed to provide some ever increasing counter attraction. Naturally the despairing refrain is 'Where is it all to stop?' For in the very nature of things this kind of thing must come to an end. There must come a time, sooner or later (Heaven grant it may be the former), when the limits of gilding the religious pill will be reached, and when musical and dramatic performances within the church's walls, and sensational comedy in the village

room, will pall on this *blasé* generation, and the young man of the 'classes' will be as far from being 'got to church' as ever, and the young man of the 'masses' will frequent the public as of yore. I hope and think I see both sides of the question; but I can only see one answer to give to *Spero*.

Are we not simply trying to overcome evil with evil and not with good? And where must that land us?

If a mighty wave of deep spiritual life and awaking were, as in Wesley's day, to sweep over the land, and if our cultured Agnostics and nominal Christians were all brought under its influence, in a word, were all converted, is it not an undeniable fact that they would not only be indifferent to, but impatient of, all these meretricious attractions in church. They would come there because they felt it to be a meeting-place between their souls and their Father. When God ceases to be *the* attraction to His own house, we are doing Him no service in 'getting' people there with other attractions. I know, alas! that the dream of a nation converted to God is but a dream. But what holds good for the greater number, does so for each individual; all, I strongly deprecate, is the mad attempt to make Satan cast out Satan. How can *Spero* for one moment think that it *may* be good to tempt the 'professed infidel' to church by giving him a musical creed to sing? Convert the infidel first and he will not even know whether it is sung or said. If incense of old became an abomination to God because it had ceased to be the visible expression of a heart offered to Him, what can these musical services in many cases be but abhorrent to Him, in whose honour they are by way of being used?

I am, etc.

SCOTCH FIR.

BOOK NOTICES.

BY C. M. YONGE.

Blanche Lady Falaise and *Cecilia de Noël*. We have two remarkable books of this last season to mention, neither of them with wholesale praise, though both go deep. Probably Mr. Shorthouse had in his mind the thought of vicarious suffering in a sort of allegory, when he depicted *Blanche Lady Falaise*. She is one of the purest and noblest of beings, and has a lofty ideal, which makes her despise her commonplace lover, who, by the bye, is so marvellously good and patient as to be very far from commonplace. She thinks she has found perfection in an eloquent highly-professing clergyman, to whom she engages herself. Her idol is a very hollow one, and deserts her for a lady of fortune. Her old father's announcement and subsequent service in a little Devonshire church present exquisitely beautiful scenes. Blanche, however, most unnecessarily imagines that her lover's inconstancy was her own fault, and though she is induced to marry Lord Falaise, and has all that earth can give her, she continues in a morbid state of mind, really bordering on insanity. Mr. Shorthouse made a real mistake in giving her children to whom she is indifferent. Indeed, in all his books we trace that he knows nothing of a parent's heart. If Blanche had been denied motherhood, her unreasonable self-reproach might have gone on; but in a good sweet woman it must have been crowded out by the joys and alarms her two boys *must* have caused her by the time they were twelve years old. Her misery becomes intensified when she finds that the wretched idol of her girlhood has fallen into crime, and still she chooses to believe herself responsible. Finally, at the foot of a Calvary in Switzerland, cut in the living rock, and most beautifully described, she dies by lightning, and we are given to understand that at that moment the object of her feelings came to true repentance. In fact, the truth and reality of the woman have been sacrificed to the idea of this atonement. Blanche is either partly crazed, or else she is, as wife and mother, inexcusable. The real hero is poor Lord Falaise, except that we wish sometimes that instead of spoiling her he would have beaten her.

We have a thoughtful book in *Cecilia de Noël*, which is meant to show the effects of the supernatural on different minds, and which really has much power and beauty, but has the inherent flaw of not understanding what Christianity could have done. A house is haunted by a ghost with a terrible look of despair and misery in its shadowy countenance. The point is to show the effects. The grotesque element is supplied, of course, by the servants, who apparently see nothing, only imagine ; also by the essentially dull ordinary mistress, who simply feels annoyance at their threatened defection. The host is an Agnostic, who has an explanation for everything, sometimes nerves, sometimes indigestion, and of course he is not susceptible enough to see the phantom himself, nor does the narrator, his friend, who receives every one's confidence. There is the modern spiritualist foolish woman, 'ever learning but never coming to a knowledge of the truth,' and always adopting new freaks of religion. She is merely frightened out of her wits ; but there is an old aunt, who many years previously had been awe-struck into a thorough conversion (as it has been said has been the case from such an appearance). There is also an elderly Canon, a great preacher, and who has lived a good decorous life. He is awe-struck and terror-stricken to the last degree, by such a revelation of what has hitherto been a wordy kind of outer belief to him. A younger clergyman, ritualistic and earnest, kneels in intense prayer throughout the visitation, and is none the worse, but Cecilia de Noël, the embodiment of charity, the resource of all the family in all troubles great and small, is only moved to do her utmost for the relief of such anguish. She addresses the spirit, speaks kind words, offers at her own risk to embrace it, does so, and feels the icy cold, wins the day and exorcises it. The Agnostic believes her story, but calls it a dream, as the supernatural is impossible. The last word is, 'But how do you account for the existence of such a woman.'

It is powerfully drawn, but there is a flaw all through. The Guest is halting between two opinions. The Guest speaks to him from Calvinistic ground, and warns him of eternal punishment. It leaves him thinking that this represents endless malice. The old Canon, in his fit of horror-stricken despair, never turns to the Redeemer. The younger man does not, as in point of fact he would almost certainly have done, looked beyond himself in this strange contact with one accursed, and in his warning to the Guest would not have spoken of God merely as Sovereign, Lawgiver, and Judge, but as Redeemer and Saviour. His failure may be needful to the final effect ; but it was not, as is intimated, the fault of his school of theology, which might have shown him hope, even for a departed spirit before the final doom. Even Cecilia herself fails to bring before us that it is not her love and human effort alone that can release the unhappy soul from its dreary weird, but the eternal Love, and the Atonement which her willingness for self-sacrifice shadows out. The whole book has a force and beauty that make us wish for one drop of Christianity, and hope that it is implied, though, from inadvertency and allusive manner of telling, not expressed.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1892.

THE SONG OF THE MARCH-WIND.

OVER the hill, over the hill, over the hill the breeze is
blowing !

Fresh from the high green mountain-top,
Defying the trees his journey to stop,
The pointing branches he'll toss and tear,
And scatter the new-blown leaves in the air !

Away, then, away !

Away, then, away !

Rollicsome, frolicsome, careless, and gay,
Where can the wild March-wind be going ?

The grass bends low
As the breezes blow,
As if in homage to Spring,
And kissing the ground
Will the blades be found,
Till the frolicsome wind
Has changed his mind,
And rushing back
On his former track,
All the blades will backwards fling !
And they scarce can say,
On a stormy day,

What is their sweet green fashion of growing !

Rollicsome, frolicsome, careless, and gay,
Where can the wild March-wind be going ?

He catches the foam
From the streamlet's home,
And tosses it here and there.
Pitter—patter !
What does it matter ?
The bright drops shatter,
Their fragments scatter
Like diamonds all through the air.
Then back to the stream will they whisk away,
Now creamy and white on its bosom showing !
Rollicsome, frolicsome, careless, and gay,
Where can the wild March-wind be going ?

And the birds peep round with inquiring eyes,
And cock their heads in a quaint surprise,
For their feathers are ruffled to twice their size,
As, rushing past them, the mad wind flies,
Till they wonder what he is doing !
And the clouds sweep over the blue-pale skies,
For the Spring is going a-wooing !
And is courting the earth with a merry rush,
So safe in his suit that he cares not to hush
His rare fresh bluster and blowing !
And his kisses are hearty and wholesome and sweet,
And the violets blossom beneath his feet,
And he blows all the mists of Winter away !
Rollicsome, frolicsome, careless, and gay,
Where can the wild March-wind be going ?

BLANCHE ORAM,

STROLLING PLAYERS.
A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL B. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

CHAPTER VII.

HARRY TO THE RESCUE.

'LOOK at this!' said the Reverend Harry Merrifield, launching himself into his cousin David's study, and sinking into a chair.

'Why, old fellow, you look quite pale,' exclaimed David, raising his face from his notes for his sermon. 'Has anything happened?'

'See! The force they must have put on her!'

'What's this—"Wills of the Wisp"—beauty and grace—archness and charm?' said David, reading from the newspaper that his cousin had thrust over his volume of the 'Library of the Fathers.' 'Can't be the same, Hal—this is Juliet... She had a Cousin Juliet, I know.'

'It is both of them,' groaned Harry. 'Look a little further—it is the whole family of them.'

'Yes, I see,' said David, looking at the paper. 'These amateur theatricals are all the go!'

'My dear block of a David! you don't understand. Private theatricals are one thing, though the idea would drive your mother frantic, but this is a paid affair! They are laying themselves out for engagements.'

'How do you know?'

'Miss Peckham's nieces were at this bazaar and wrote to her about it. They call themselves "Wills of the Wisp," and go acting all round the country for money. So she trots up at

once to the Canon's to find out if it is Miss Wharton's friend—and spread the pleasant intelligence.'

'Well, and is it?'

'No doubt of that—Sir Lewis Willingham and family—and what is worse, not one word had *she* written to Miss Wharton since just the first letter to say that she had got safe home! Poor girl, of course she knows what would be thought of it here.'

'Sir Lewis Willingham has been ruined by his Bank,' said David, musingly.

'But he need not have brought his sister to this stage!'

'I should call it a pity, and it would horrify my mother and Susan; but, as you know, theatricals are common enough in these days, and it is a very different thing for a girl to make one of a company of relations and friends from going on the stage, as you put it.'

'You actually excuse it!'

'I do not judge without knowing the circumstances.'

'You may not, you old Solomon; but what would your folks, ay, and my uncle at Beechcroft, on whom so much depends, think of it? Why, the very notion of *her* displaying herself to these cads and being criticised by them is perfectly maddening!' and he marched up and down like a panther in a cage, while David bent down his head, and drew on his blotting-paper a pig with a cork-screw tail, as he always did when he was distressed, so that his sister Elizabeth was wont to say she could estimate the amount of parish worries by the number of swine in his blotting-book.

Presently Harry halted in front of him. 'I say, Vicar, you can get on without me till Saturday.'

'You are such a valuable article in your present frame of mind,' said David, drily. 'What do you want to do?'

'To show her a way of deliverance.'

'What! Coalham smuts on £150 a year?'

'I have not a doubt in the world that the dear girl would prefer it.' David could not restrain a little shudder which crooked the pig's tail unnaturally; 'but I should not think of that,' he added, 'an engagement would answer the purpose just as well.'

David withheld the 'if' on his tongue, and Harry went on; 'I don't want to talk of it, but my Aunt Emily told me that Beechcroft Rectory may be looked on as a dead certainty

as soon as old Osgood drops ; or before, if his old Curate goes, for he has a great mind to resign, only they all begged him to go on that I might grow a little older, and see more of real work with you—indeed, I wouldn't have taken it then. It is £450 a year, and a little gem of a model parish, might go into a box.'

'And it is to be dangled before Miss Willingham as a reward.'

'David, what has come to you ? As if the dear girl had any such thoughts ; but it will do to hold out to her brother. If he is lost to everything else, it may tell upon him that Mr. Mohun would certainly not give the living to one who had figured as an actress—I mean whose wife had.'

'Perhaps not,' said the Vicar, compelled to answer.

'You understand this is only an engine for dealing with the brother, and showing him that I have some grounds. As to herself, I am absolutely certain that the whole thing is hateful to her, and that she will be thankful to have any excuse to her brother—a feather-brained fellow. What tyranny he must have put on her ! It makes me sick to think of what she must have gone through.'

'It is ten to one that she minds it as much as you imagine. I know she has acted before, and our family is—I am thankful to say—not very modern in its notions.'

'I know her better ! It is bosh for you to talk, David. She abhors this publicity, and has been dragged into it by this absurd brother. You will see.'

'Well, I suppose you must go, Harry, only remember, it is a delicate business, and you had better take care how you manage it. Have you any plan ? What do you mean to do ?'

'There's a fellow gone as Curate to Ousehaven that I was at Cuddesdon with—Ripley his name is—I thought of going down to him.'

'Without writing to ask how it stands ?'

'I couldn't ! I must save her before they have committed her further.'

'Humph !'

Harry dashed upstairs to pack, and before David could settle to work again he drew a pig with a tail like the tendrils of a vine, and left off, first with a heavy sigh, then a firm compression of the lips.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DRAMATIC INTERLUDE.

CURATES, in their capacity of Masters of the revels, are not apt to be intolerant of theatricals that amuse their parishioners, and Sir Lewis Willingham had been regarded as a useful auxiliary in the promotion of innocent pleasures ; but it was a very different thing when it came to the secession of two valuable parish workers, if not of three, leaving it very doubtful how their place could be adequately supplied.

And thus, when Harry Merrifield, after spending the night at the Railway Hotel, appeared before his friend, Mr. Ripley, at the early matins, and walked back to breakfast, he found the clerical world of Ousehaven in a state of wrath and indignation at their bereavement, and for such a cause, and indulging in considerable invectives against the stage-struck baronet, forgetting how they themselves had encouraged him as long as the audience consisted of their own parishioners.

To crown all, Agnes Willingham, whom Harry had hoped to have seen at church, was not there.

'It was all of a piece,' observed Mr. Ripley, 'they were dropping everything, though the Vicaress did declare that she was crying all church time last Sunday.'

Agnes was not at church because the full worry and fatigue of a flitting had been going on all the day before. An old friend had fortunately taken the house and furniture for a year, so that an entire break-up was avoided, and only personal properties were brought down to the Wharf House ; but the toil was perhaps greater to the womenkind because their professional labour was not employed. Nor was the business over. The arranging was being carried on in full force—books being placed in their shelves, and tables, chairs, and pictures being disposed of whenever Lewis and Juliet *would* spare their victims from rehearsal.

Lewis had written a little tragi-comedy by way of afterpiece, in order at once to promote his cause politically, and to utilise his wife and Major O'Connor. It was under great difficulties, for whereas she came from Tipperary and the Major from Downe, whatever piece of brogue escaped one, was criticised by the other, and they only agreed in denouncing his hero as a mere

conventional Irishman, and his bulls as quite impossible—and a perfect insult to the Green Isle.

However, it had got itself completed, and in a large room which the two aunts had long disused, Lewis was in the act of drilling his company.

Such of the *dramatis personæ* as were not in the act of rehearsal, were attending to the infant Lewis, who insisted on crawling about the floor, and making attempts at eating the colours with which George Buckley and Agnes were endeavouring to paint the background of the old woman's hut—not their first attempt at scene painting—and where George gave authoritative directions, as one who really had some ability.

She had just been called upon to sing the song which was to go to the heart of Dolph, as a wild Irish imp, creeping among the bushes to listen; when James, the ancient butler, entered with exactly the face of benevolent disgust with which he was wont to regard these same young people's gambols twelve or fourteen years previously.

He handed Agnes a card, saying, 'A reverend gentleman to call upon Miss Willingham.'

'Preposterous! at this time of day,' cried Lewis. 'Tell him she is engaged.'

'Oh, no! It is Mr. Harry Merrifield, from Coalham; Alice Wharton must have sent some message. I must see him,' cried Agnes.

'Confound him!' muttered Lewis. 'Get rid of him at once—you are due already.'

Agnes dashed off, intending a visit to her own room to remove her painting apron, and what was worse, the rouge with which Juliet had decorated her—partly to tease her, partly to try the effect. Moreover, her nephew had bedaubed her forehead with a great green smear before the brush could be taken from his little hands.

James, uncertain where, in the general confusion, to bestow the reverend gentleman, had left him waiting in the front hall, where he impetuously turned upon Agnes with both hands held out, and such an eager 'Miss Willingham' as to confuse her, as she answered, 'My aunt will be glad to see you—this way, please,' meaning to leave him with Aunt Marion, while she made herself respectable, and intending that lady to ask him to luncheon.

'One moment, one moment first,' he said, and she found that

a *tête-a-tête* was inevitable, and knowing that there were housemaids in the drawing-room, upholsterers in the study, and carpenters in the dining-room, she could only lead the way to the lobby door opening into the sloping terraced garden, the river below glaring in the noontide sun of a very hot day. ‘I hope they are all well at Coalham?’

‘Quite—quite, only very sorry—much concerned about this,’ said he, as he looked at her.

She had managed, while seizing a Zulu hat, to divest herself of the apron, but she had forgotten the colouring on her face, which to his eyes was like a soil on the pure complexion.

‘About what?’ she said, expecting to hear of some parish disaster. .

‘This—this scheme—that you should be compelled to—that there should be this undertaking—of your brother,’ he answered, breaking off sentences and stammering as her eyes opened wider on him.

For it is a very different thing to regret a brother’s proceedings, and to hear them censured by a stranger, and in spite of all Agnes’s misgivings, the sound of blame immediately put her on the defensive for Lewis’s sake, and she coldly answered, ‘My brother quite understands what he is about! ’

‘I am sure it must be most unpleasant to you,’ exclaimed Harry.

‘We have been used to acting all our lives,’ was the answer, taking him greatly aback, for he had fully expected her to admit that she disliked the enterprise, whereas there was not even a tone of excuse.

‘Surely,’ he said, after a pause, ‘you have been drawn into making a great sacrifice of your own feelings and of your usefulness here.’

‘One duty must give way to another,’ said Agnes, perceiving, not without annoyance, that her defection had been discussed among the Curates.

‘You call this duty!’ he exclaimed.

‘Of that I must judge for myself,’ said she, with dignity.

‘You mean,’ he said, ‘that as I was convinced, family feeling has forced you into consenting to what must be utterly repugnant to one like you.’ And while she was opening her lips to disclaim compulsion, he hurried on, ‘As soon as I knew it, I started off; I don’t know whether you perceived my feelings towards you, I tried to keep them back, for I knew I should not have

dared to speak them out till I was in a position to do so—in the position almost certain. Only now it might be a rescue.'

Agnes, utterly amazed and almost affronted, had only gone as far as, 'I never thought of this,' when he dashed on, almost stuttering in his eagerness, 'If only you would give me hopes, then there would be a great reason for standing out against it.'

'Indeed!'

The tone stung the poor young fellow, and he cried, 'O Agnes—I beg your pardon, Miss Willingham—can you not care for me a little? Have you never guessed that my whole heart is yours, though I kept it to myself till I thought the avowal might help you back to the higher life.'

'Thank you, I am much obliged to you,' said Agnes, very stiffly.

'Oh!' the poor fellow exclaimed, 'have I offended? Forgive me.'

'I know you meant it kindly,' said Agnes, turning towards the house, but with more gentleness of tone.

'Only say you will think it over!' he implored; 'you cannot think this is the way to real happiness.'

'That is my affair,' said she, the family loyalty coming to the surface again, and resenting his right to criticise.

'Oh, I see,' he muttered, not seeing at all. 'Well, at least say you forgive.'

'I have nothing to forgive, and there is no more to be said. I am wanted. Good-morning.'

She held out her hand for the parting shake, but the very touch inspired him to hold it fast, and begin an incoherent fresh pleading. At that moment, Lewis broke into the midst of a brilliant flirtation between the maid and the ruffian, with 'Murder, if the fellow is not proposing to her.' Selva, who was prompting, thought it was in his character of policeman, but he pointed to the window, and strode to the door.

'Don't be spoiling sport, my boy,' remonstrated the Major, while Selva and Aunt Anne shrieked, 'Don't, Lewis! what are you about?'

'She wants to get rid of him, that's plain,' added Juliet, who had flown to the window.

'There!' added the Major, 'you should study her, Juliet. She never struck such a fine tragedy-queen attitude as that, when she was bound to do it on the stage. Ah! there's Lewis come out! Indignant father—eh?'

George Buckley rushed also to the window, and stared eagerly out of it, while Selva cried—

'Come away! Don't! How can you stand and stare, Juliet?'

'She has escaped now,' said the Major. 'Exit majestically, and left him to the fraternal wrath. He is a personable young black-coat enough.'

'Decidedly a handsome boy,' added Aunt Anne, who, now that Agnes had retreated, had no scruples. 'Poor lad, he is catching it.'

Poor Harry, all unconscious of the eyes fixed upon him, was, with all his inexperienced incoherency, trying to plead his cause with the brother, but only able to recollect fragments of the representations he had prepared in case Agnes accepted him.

'Indeed, I know it appears very presumptuous, but I could not help it, I could not see such a girl as your sister—No, that's not what I mean. But, indeed, I did not come without prospects, though I would have waited, only that she is so much too good for this sort of thing—You see,' hurrying on, as he saw Lewis's look of displeasure, 'I have prospects, indeed, I have; my uncle, Mr. Mohun of Beechcroft, has as good as promised me the living—four hundred and fifty a year. Only these public theatricals would be a bar with them! Old-world prejudice, you think,' as the face became more scornful and angry, but standing to his colours, 'but I fully agree. My mother would never let my sisters. And from what I have seen of Miss Willingham, I cannot but believe this is distasteful to her, and, in short, that if she would only—only——' here he faltered, so that Lewis broke his ominous silence.

'You thought this tempting possibility might be an inducement to her to break up her family arrangements, and to put a stigma on them. My sister is extremely obliged to you, but she would on no account wish you to endanger your prospects for her sake. Good-morning to you.'

Wherewith, having got him near the hall door, Sir Lewis bowed him out with all the superiority of thirty-two over twenty-five, helplessly conscious of making a fool of itself, and of having put forward a really good cause in the most insulting manner possible. Sir Lewis, on the contrary, walked back laughing, and entered saying, 'Four hundred pounds and possibilities! There's cheek in a little whipper-snapper parson. Indeed, the four hundred *is* the possibility, the hope of which is to bribe me to deliver up

Agnes out of our wicked theatricals, and keep her waiting for his Reverence on pain of offending the old fogey of a patron. It's a perfect comedy !'

'What does Agnes say ?' asked Juliet, anxiously.

'Agnes ? Oh ! she has far too much sense. Are you taking the boy upstairs, Selva ? I wish you would call her. We could finish the singing scene before luncheon. Dolph !'

But Aunt Anne had discreetly cleared off herself, the Major, George Buckley, and Dolph ; while Selva, suspecting that Agnes might not take things as lightly as Lewis expected, after depositing her son, made her way to her sister-in-law's room, and opened with a brief knocking.

Agnes was, as she expected, in tears, but shedding them most reluctantly, trying to choke them back and sponge them off, and she turned, hurt at first at the intrusion, then in a moment softened by Selva's sweet affectionate face and voice, 'My poor, dear Nestie ! Was it very horrid ?'

'Oh, Selva, I was such a wretch ; I said just what I ought not,' and she gave up the struggle and sobbed.

'My dear, dear Nestie, do you like him ; didn't you want Lewis to send him away ?'

'Oh, it's not that ! At least it was too hard on him ! I know how he meant it, and what they must all think at Coalham ; but he made me so angry, I didn't know what I was saying.'

'Angry, how ?'

'What he said about Lewis.'

'About Lewis,' cried Selva, fiercely.

'Never mind, Selva dear, only he thought Lewis had made me — forced me into *this*, and that it is not nice.'

'An impertinent prig of a Curate,' exclaimed Selva. 'What business is it of his. I hope you gave it him well.'

'Don't, don't, Selva. It is all his goodness.'

'I hate such goodness ! Sticking up to be better than other people, like a sanctimonious peacock ! Lewis always hated your running after all those parsons at Coalham, and now you see that he was right.'

'No, no, you don't understand,' with a fresh burst of tears.

Don't cry so, don't,' entreated soft-hearted Selva, with an arm round her. 'If you really like him, and he is a fine-looking youth, and he likes you, it is easy getting over a trifle of a tiff like that, and we'll get round Lewis.' And as Agnes uttered faint noes, she resumed : 'Oh, yes, and if you don't like him it's

just as bad, the doing it, I mean, I know what that is ! I cried buckets full enough to fill the lough about poor Mr. Darcy, yet I wouldn't have had him, not to be Queen of Connaught. Never mind, they get over it fast enough ; why, before 'a month was over, he was engaged to that great bouncing Ellen O'Meara. It is a horrid business, whether one likes them or not. If only one could have one's fun without its coming to all that stuff and nonsense of proposals. Darling Agnes, *do* only tell me what you would like.'

'Selva, dear, you are very good, but I am afraid that what I wish most is to be let alone a little while before luncheon ; I shall be all right then, and please don't let anybody say one word more about it.'

Selva was wise enough to accept her dismissal with a parting caress, and she gave it as her opinion to her family that 'Agnes cared for the young parson at the bottom, only he had taken her by the wrong end.'

By that evening's post arrived a letter, written by Alice Wharton in the tumult of incredulous displeasure, excited by the gossip which had so stirred Harry Merrifield. She was sure there was some horrible exaggeration, it was quite impossible that Agnes should think of anything so dreadful. For, in truth, Alice's ideas of a stage life were of the crudest and narrowest, and her only modern experience thereanent was of a young dressmaker, who had been absorbed by a disreputable music-hall. So her letter was of the most unsparing character, such as none of her elders would have advised her to send.

Agnes, however, naturally took it as family opinion, and hurt and wounded, as well as too proud for self-vindication, returned these brief lines—

'DEAR ALICE.

'It is true. If such be your opinion, I can say no more, yet perhaps you would not judge us so hardly if you knew all. You will hardly let me still call myself

'Your loving,

'AGNES.'

(*To be continued.*)

PEASANT SONGS OF PROVENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MADEMOISELLE MORI,' 'A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION,' ETC.

IN Provence, as everywhere else in France, changes moral and physical are coming about which threaten to obliterate whatever is characteristic. The olives, whose misty veil offers so welcome a rest to the eyes, dazzled by the burning blue of sea and sky and the white dust on the road, are being cut down because cotton-seed oil from America is cheaper than that made from their berries ; French is taught in all the schools where Provençal still prevails among the people ; the influx of Italian workmen and their families is greatly altering it ; 'Le Cercle du Progrès' has its salle where one would have thought progress is unknown. Yet much which belongs to other days lingers still—old customs, old beliefs, old ballads ; in Haute Provence especially these linger. For instance, if a death occurs while the ground is hard frozen, the body is kept in the highest room of the 'mas' until a thaw allows the grave to be dug, and when winter comes round again, a mass for the dead is sung, followed by a funeral feast ; each guest gives his Christian and surname, and the host demands,

'Whither wouldst thou go ?'

'To the Valley of Jehoshaphat,' answers the guest.

'Whom wilt thou find there ?'

'Evil Satan.'

'And if he says "Where goest thou ?" '

'I will say to him, "Let me pass, for I worship one God, and the Virgin Mary, and I go to purify myself." ' After this the meal begins.

Still, too, the Yule log is blessed, and a libation of wine is poured over it, and the farandoule is danced, just as it was when Greek colonists imported it into Provence.

In some remote places the dance of the distaffs may yet be

seen. Forty or fifty youths march at nightfall through the town, preceded by a tambourine and a harlequin ; some forty years ago this important part used to be filled by a well-known Marseillais, hired whenever the dance took place to organise the figures, and improvise verses in which the spectators were, of course, not spared. The signals for the various figures were given by a boatswain's whistle, and the song of the 'Fièlouès, (distaffs) was sung ; the second verse alludes to the distaff carried by each youth, topped by a candle in a sheath of coloured paper. 'See our torches, the candle within will light our way. All have fine distaffs, long as from poop to prow.'

The mere mention of this song will galvanize any Provençal who ever took part in it into animation and joyousness ; no matter if he be old and rheumatic, he will know the air, spring up and give a specimen of the dance. The costume of the dancers is a white blouse adorned with bright ribbons, white trousers, a collar, scarf, and white hat, also gay with ribbons. Every one has a different coloured paper around his candle, and the moving lights, the singing, the picturesque dress, the shouts of the spectators, the deep shadows in the narrow streets, suddenly contrasted with the brilliant and fitful glare as the procession goes by, form a scene so lively and striking that it remains a unique and delightful recollection. But even forty years ago it was one not often witnessed, and is now rare even in the remote and mountain towns of Haute Provence.

Legends have a stronger hold than even traditional customs on the people. The peasants still utter a warning against Estrella, the lovely and terrible fairy of the Esterel Hills, where all is 'horror and sunshine and flowers,' as says the Poet Mistral —Estrella, whose kiss brings madness. Was she an Oread ? Did she, with the Farandoule, come hither from Greece ? Still the old wives declare that over the ruined convent of Almanarre on stormy nights hovers a tall and threatening form, 'L'Abbesse,' as they tell you, but what abbess we cannot learn ; and still you may hear how a Duke of Africa—Africa seems quite a near neighbour when we live in Provence—had a fair daughter beloved of a genie, who haunted her invisibly, now as a zephyr, now in music, so that castanets seemed sounding in her ear, until, in spite of herself she sprang up to dance. Seeing her thus, by turns sad and gay, her father said, 'She is no more a child,' and he promised her in marriage to a prince whose states were so far off that they lay beyond those of *Prester John*. But no

sooner had the princess set out than the genie in fury snatched her away in a whirlwind, and bore her over land and sea, and fain she was to yield ; but this princess had been secretly baptized by a Christian nurse, and in her need she made the sign of the Cross ; thereupon the genie let her go, and she fell dead on the sea-coast opposite the Isclo d'or—the Golden Isles, in the rade of Hyères—those lovely islands where Fénelon laid the opening scenes of *Télémaque*, and set the grotto of Calypso, according to another local tradition—and seeing the dead princess lying so fair and stately, the Hierois said, ‘This is a king's daughter,’ and gave her goodly burial, which, long after, her father hearing, he would have bestowed on them a cross of gold of man's height ; but they, fearing lest such wealth should bring the Saracens upon them, prayed rather for a cross of iron, which stood on a great stone ‘till the Revolution.’

Ballads and ‘complaintes’ are more tenacious even than legends. Handed down by tradition, they are still sung by women to their children, beggars tramping along the highways, violet pickers in the plain, labourers on the hillsides. All along the olive-covered slopes at one time of the year may be heard, ‘*Ai rescountrat ma mio*,’ taken up by one set of olive gatherers after another, with its jingling burden, in ever lengthening list of the articles which the damsel tried to sell. ‘I have met my love—on Monday—who was going to sell—hay—damp hay. Go home, my sweetheart—go home again.’ On Tuesday, bacon is added to the damp hay ; Wednesday, a hare appears, each stanza enumerating the accumulating articles up to Saturday.

‘*Lou marri riche*’ is in another style ; it is a very ancient ballad, sung by Provençal beggars to a grave, sad air in F sharp. It dwells on the rich man and Lazarus, which also formed the subject of one of the earliest mysteries. The first stanza shows the Virgin Mary weeping because none give alms, and presently comes Lazarus begging for help in Christ's name, to which Dives replies, ‘May the good God help you ; alms I have none for you.’ ‘Give me the crumbs which fall from your table.’—‘The crumbs which fall from my table—are for my *white dogs*,’ is the answer, a reply which suggests that the maker of the ballad had some special hard-hearted seigneur and his pack in mind. A fortnight later the rich man dies. ‘Came knocking at the door—of the Lord Jesus.—Said John to Peter—Look who is here.—’Tis the bad rich man—would enter Paradise.—Ask then what things—did he in his lands.—Gave he to the poor ?—Clad he the ill-

clothed?—No alms I gave to the poor—Clad not the ill-clothed.—But could I return—to those lands of mine—I would shoe the poor—I would clothe the bare.—Could'st have done it then—There thou art no more.—Ha! woe's me! on earth—Never suffered I—Downy cushion had—Bed of velvet owned.—Now my bed is red—burns both night and day.'

Then comes the moral. 'If of this rich man—would'st not have like fate—give unto the poor.—At the hour of death—all which ye have given—in God's sight will count—more than aught beside—yea! *were ye a Jew,*' the mediæval ballad ends characteristically.

The common view of Christ in the Middle Ages as a severe judge, while Mary stands between an angry God and a sinful world, is often shown in these ballads; we may offer the Three White Seats as an example.

In Paradise are three white seats—on them sit Peter and John—Jesus is between them.—Saw his good Mother—come ever weeping.—'What is it, good Mother,—that thou weepest thus?—that thou so sighest?'—' How, my child, my sweet child—have I not good cause?—none will enter Paradise—Hell ever opes and shuts.'—' Comfort thee, good mother,—on these renegades—who renounce us both.—Tempests we will send—vines we will burn—blast will we their corn—great wars shall there be—all the world shall perish.'—' Ah, my child, my sweet child!—send vines that flourish—send ears well filled—give skies that shine—water very clear.—Then will they repent—and in Lent will fast—take the Easter feast.'

This curious little poem is believed to date back to the time of St. Dominick; whose preaching brought prominently forward the glories and merit of Mary.

A great number of *oraisons* exist which the peasant women teach their children, some recalling the familiar English invocation to the four Evangelists to 'bless the bed that I lie on.' One runs, 'Seven angels are there—three at my feet—four at my head.—The good Mother is amid them—a white rose in her hand—bids me—(here the Christian name is inserted, very likely some long descended one, as Azalaïs, Agata, Estève, Magali, or Ourrias)—fall asleep—fear nought if thou hast faith—fear not dog and dread not wolf—neither sickness ever near—water flowing—fire shining—evil folks (*marrides gens*) ; get thee gone, sorceress with thy sorceries! For thou fill'st me with equal fear—as the Virgin does with joy.'

The word for sorceress is *masco*, and the adjuration is noteworthy, for a Provençal peasant has a profound belief in sorcery, and witches, who are believed to meet in the gorge of Ollioulles, and perform unholy cantrips. *Vieille masco!* is an insult often flung at an old woman. So dangerous were the goblins at their commands that popular belief asserts the Angelus to have been instituted expressly to drive them away.

A second oraison is, ‘Great St. Denis of France—keep me in my right mind, my good memory.—St. Jause (Joseph) foster father of God—from sudden death deliver me—and from flames of Hell—St. Anne, mother of our Lady—Grandmother of Jesu Christ—teach me the way to Paradise.’

There are also innumerable *nouvés* (*nouvelles*, or *noëls*) which were adapted to popular airs, some contemporary, some composed later than the carols which got fitted to them. The Fall of Man is sung to ‘Amants, quittez vos chaînes’; another to ‘Dis-moi, Grisel.’ Very popular still in Southern France are the *nouvés* of Saboly, who was chapel-master in Avignon when Louis Quatorze ruled France, and played on the great organ there. One of his *nouvés* celebrates at once the marriage of the Grand Monarque and the beauty of Bethlehem. ‘I have seen Piedmont, Italy, and Aragon—Persia too, and Turkey,—Araby, China, and Geapoun (Japan). I have seen England, Poland, and Denmark. And by land and sea—countless dangers.—I have wandered far, —yet all I saw—counts not, nor can compare—For beauty with our Bethlehem.’ Even Paris, we hear, though a Paradise, cannot compare with the sacred town.

A prettier one describes the shepherds asking leave from their masters to go and see the Infant. ‘Es fort bien véritable—Que lou pichet innocent (the little innocent).—Es na (born) dins un estable.—Qui es auprès de Bethlehem,’ they urge. In a third they are refused admittance—‘Chut! chut! chut! l’enfant sou-miho (slumbers).—Chut! que lou Petit dors.’ They fall on their knees and pray, and are at once allowed to enter. Proumanille, the poet-bookseller of Avignon, who has edited a modern edition of Saboly’s carols and sacred pastorals, has interpolated this beautiful touch. ‘Enter,’ Mary says, ‘O friends, Jesus cannot sleep when men pray.’

There are also cantiques, embodying legends, many of which relate to that peculiarly Provençal saint, Mary Magdalen. One describes her penitence in a desert place for seven years, and her going to confess; but her sins were so many and great that she

could not remember them. A second tells how her sister Martha (in legends she is always Mary of Bethany) tempted her to Church by the promise of a noted preacher, to which she returned that she loved dance better than sermon. On this Martha, descending to stratagem, suggests that at Church are three fair young knights, who desire to see her, and she puts on her ornaments, as in the painting by Leonardo da Vinci in the Borghese Gallery, called 'Sacred and Profane Love,' but which no one familiar with mediæval legends can doubt to be Mary Magdalen and her sister. Our Lord Himself is the preacher, and she is converted.

A wild legend asserts that she was about to marry St. John when he became a disciple, and that her reckless life was the consequence of her disappointment.

Historic ballads are very rare in Provence, where lyric rather than narrative poetry has always been at home; at no time did Southern France produce anything corresponding to the *Chansons de Geste*, but a few exist, as do others with a romantic story in them, and now and then in other parts of France we find a tale which seems to have strayed from the south, such as the ballad of Renaud, well known in Lorraine. Renaud, who has carried off a young maiden, stops on the bank of a river; 'Fourteen ladies have been drowned there,' he says, 'and you will make the fifteenth.' By a stratagem, however, she pushes in Renaud himself, cutting off with his sword the branch of an *olive tree* to which he clings. The dangers arising to women when the state of a country is unsettled, furnish many subjects for popular poetry; wandering soldiers carry off Louisoun, 'que disoun qu'estant belo'; the youngest sets her on his 'blanc hacqueneio' (a hack had not yet become a term of reproach), and carries her off fifty days' journey. Later, her father's lacquey discovers her married to her dragoon; she gives him a great bunch of ribbons to fasten to his sword hilt, and bids him say that she hopes her little sister will be less fair than she—'For I for my beauty—was stolen away.'

We find, too, domestic troubles arising from husbands being over the seas, or at the Crusades, as in *Fluranço*, and *Guilhem de Beauvoir*, where we get the wide spread story of the Crusader leaving his young wife to the care of his mother, who ill-treats her, makes her the maid of all work, or even the *pourcheito* or swineherd. Miansoun is another version of this theme, corresponding to the *Marianson* of Normandy, and *Mariana* in Italy.

Another class of popular poetry betrayed a considerable amount of lax morality among the mediæval clergy, such as 'Le père blanc' (Carmelite father), with its rollicking chorus of 'Patatin, patatan, tarabin, taraban,' but for obvious reasons it is impossible to give examples.

There is a well-known story in English nurseries of an old woman who could not get her pig to market, and appealed to stick, fire, and water to aid her, the narrative lengthened out at each appeal by the repetition of all that went before. This kind of half-game, half-story has an equivalent in a Provençal versified history describing how 'once upon a time a poor little ant and a grasshopper set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.' Unlike the ant and the cicala of Lamartine, they were excellent friends. 'It was winter time ; they reached a stream which was frozen over. The grasshopper flew across, the ant went on the ice ; it cracked and cut off her leg. "Oia !" exclaimed the ant, "how cruel thou art—to cut off the leg—of the little ant—striving to journey to Jerusalem !" The ice said—"The sun which melts me—is stronger than I."—"O sun ! how strong thou art—thus to melt the ice—ice which broke the leg of the little ant—journeying to Jerusalem !" The sun said, "Stronger yet—the cloud that hides my face."—"O cloud ! how strong thou art—thus to hide the sun—sun which melts the ice," etc. The cloud says that the wind which drives it before it is stronger still ; the wind protests that it is weak compared to the wall which stops its course ; the wall declares itself feeble against the rat which makes holes in it ; the rat owns itself powerless before the cat, and finally comes a wind-up, in prose. 'But strongest of all was friendship, for while they all disputed, the grasshopper laded the ant upon her back and carried her away to Jerusalem.'

We must not conclude without alluding to those serenades still heard in Provence, and very like the Italian Stornelli. They are especially in fashion during the month of May, and the name of some flower is usually introduced. 'Belo (fair one), vous represente la violeto' or vine, rosemary, nettle, thistle, etc., the choice of the plant or flower being all important, for the violet implies suspicion, thyme is a declaration of love, rosemary expresses a complaint brought against the lady by the singer, and a nettle signifies a rupture. Some of these traditional verses are, to say the least, extremely plain spoken ; others seem suggested, or to have suggested, part of a certain collection of 'Recreations and amorous devices,' which is to be found in the stock of every

French book-hawker. They are only the finish of the serenade, and are often composed on the spot, though it is the custom to end with one or two of these which are traditional, after which the singer runs off at full speed, shouting, 'You have heard, my beauty!' leaving the lady serenaded gratified, angry or dismayed, as the case may be, for these serenades are by no means always courteous or flattering.

If we ask what is the origin of this popular poetry, so naïve, so deeply impressed on the heart of the Provençal, what can we say but what Blot did when Gaston d'Orléans pressed him to own who wrote certain satires directed against him? 'Faith, monseigneur, to tell the truth, I believe they made themselves.' Even now a ballad will suddenly 'make itself,' where this gift exists, and spread far and wide, none knowing the author. Such was the case with 'Il vezzo' a few years ago in Italy, and later, with 'Se voglio bene assai,' which every one seemed singing in salon and street, to a favourite air which fitted the words, just as 'Dis-moi, Grisel,' had done Saboly's *nouvé*. Everybody wanted to know who the author of the air was, and no one could find out. He remained unknown, though so popular was the song that a comedy was written, and played at San Carlino, the plot of which turned on the vain attempt to solve the little mystery.

ANNE COVENTRY AND ROBERT FERRERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF LADY OKEBURY.'

PAPERS FROM AN OLD CHEST;

Being fragments of the Diaries of Mrs. Anne Coventry, of Norton Manor, and Mr. Robert Ferrers, of Grange Court, printed alternately.

PART I.

NORTON MANOR. July 10, 166—. (From the Journal of Mrs. Anne Coventry.)—It is now a week since my mother first told me that my father was minded to marry me to Mr. Robert Ferrers of Ferrerstown, the son of an old friend and neighbour. His mother had been here to see me, though the reason of it was not then made public, nor was I told of it. I should not, indeed, have marvelled greatly if it had all been concluded without my consenting, seeing that my cousin Madge was married in that fashion, and is, by this time, exceeding content with her new condition. But my father has ever shown to me great kindness and indulgence, nor have I at any time suffered from the hot and angry temper which is his affliction and the terror of those who displease him. Therefore, he told my mother that the young gentleman should be permitted to wait upon me and to make my acquaintance before the wedding-day was fixed, and the wedding clothes bought, and that if I could not bring my mind to the match it should not go on to a conclusion.

It was on the Thursday of last week (it being now Sunday), that Mr. Ferrers came to visit us, and with him a young gentleman, who is his cousin, it being judged more convenient that he should not come alone on so difficult and delicate an occasion. I could, however, have very well dispensed with his cousin's presence, he being as clownish and awkward as Mr. Ferrers is himself gallant and agreeable. My mother presented them both to me in the gallery, and then she left me to discourse with them

alone, thinking that in this manner she would more readily forward our acquaintance, we being until that time strangers to one another.

At first, indeed, I dared not look at either of them, but Mr. Ferrers so contrived to talk to me that I presently forgot to be afraid of him. Then did I first perceive how handsome he was, and what a gallant bearing he had. He has been a great traveller, and can tell me much of what he has seen, both in this country and in foreign parts. But his cousin, that was his companion on these journeys, has neither the sense to remember what he saw, nor the manners to speak of it. Yet doth Mr. Ferrers with great good-nature endeavour to draw him into our discourse, and, moreover, he shows me plainly that he would have me think kindly of him, which, for his sake, I will endeavour to do.

Presently we walked out on the terrace ; and there he talked to me with great pleasantness of the plants that were growing near it, with other agreeable discourses, but very little compliment to myself, for the which I liked him better, because he desired, as it seemed, to satisfy my understanding rather than to flatter my vanity. Once, only, he took my hand, and that was to lead me down the steps that are by the fountain ; and this he did with so much grace and modesty, that I could not resent it, though I thought it a little early to make such advances.

However, when he was gone, and his cousin with him, and my mother came to ask me what I thought of him, and if they might proceed further with this matter, I covered my face with my hands and would not at first answer anything.

Then I asked if my father's mind was greatly set on the match. And she answered that she feared it was so, but yet he could with honour withdraw if I liked not the young man, and it would be to my unhappiness to proceed further.

Now I marvelled, when she said this, that she could expect me to be other than mightily pleased with one who was so much handsomer and pleasanter than any I had seen before, being besides, so great a contrast to the gentleman my cousin Madge had been married to. But this I would not say, and dissembled a little. I was, perhaps, in my heart, ashamed to be so speedily satisfied, yet would it be a great misfortune to feel otherwise, and moreover, a great folly to make trouble where there need be none. So I waited a little, until my mother became uneasy, fearing my dissatisfaction ; and she said to me, with exceeding

tenderness, ‘Speak to me openly, dear child, for no constraint shall be put upon thee.’ Then I answered that I was satisfied to obey my father.

But she questioned me further. ‘Thou art not afraid then, nor in any wise doubtful of thine own heart?’

‘Dear mother,’ I said to her, ‘of marriage I know nothing, except that you esteem it best for me, and for the good of the estate. But for Mr. Ferrers himself, I do not wish him other than what he seems to be.’

Thereupon she kissed me heartily, and said that this was well indeed; and she made haste to tell my father, who laughed when he heard it, and called me to him, saying; ‘So thou art satisfied with thy bridegroom, Nance, and esteemest him a goodly fellow? Truly, flattery blindeth maiden’s eyes.’

This he said, doubtless, to torment me, and methought that it displeased my mother a little; but she tells me, that his honour being partly engaged, he is mightily glad that the match is to go on. And we are to be married in three weeks—which is soon, indeed,—but I am to see him again first.

GRANGE COURT. *July 10.* (From the Journal of Mr. Ferrers.)—Now am I newly come back from Norton Manor, where I went with my cousin Robert, to wait upon him while he paid his addresses to the lady he is to marry. It was his father who desired that I should do this, Robert himself being backward and mighty bashful, not knowing how to bear himself on so great an occasion. He was, moreover, a stranger to everybody there; and I have helped him through worse scrapes than this. He is, however (this I greatly fear), no better than a clown and a fool, and will neither mend his manners nor his wits for all the travelling and the marrying in the world. I am mightily sorry for the young lady, who is a sweet creature to look upon, with a most lovely shape, a bright eye, and a voice like a nightingale for making good music. Her manner is full of modesty and gentleness, and she blushed so sweetly when I touched her hand once (having a mind to show my loutish cousin what his duty was), that I was exceedingly sorry to give it up to her again. And it is a marvel to me how the parents of a creature so fair and discreet can give her to a clown like my cousin, however rich he may be; but it is a greater marvel that she should consent to such a marriage,—as I am told she does. But this doubtless arises from her obedience and her confidence in her parents’ judgment.

She is, notwithstanding, a handsome creature, indeed, and worthy to be the wife of a prince.

NORTON MANOR. *July 15.* (From the Journal of Mrs. Anne Coventry.)—I am not so happy nor so satisfied as I was, for Mr. Ferrers' manner is strange to me. Moreover, his cousin displeases me by his endeavours to be familiar. Twice has he kissed my hand when we were alone together, as has happened more than once by a chance that I do not understand. Mr. Ferrers is himself colder and stranger than before, which is not (to my thinking) what he should be, seeing that I have given him what encouragement I may. He is very sad, moreover, and speaks as if he had great reason to be unhappy ; and this is certainly no compliment to me. I am sorely perplexed, and would fain speak to my mother concerning it, but that, I think, she avoids me ; guessing, perhaps, that all is not as it should be, and yet too late to alter. It is, besides, a matter on which I should be slow to make any complaint, unless it be for the breaking off of the match ; and this, indeed, is what it may come to. For I do not understand what the distance now is between us, we having made friends so readily at first, and no occasion for quarrelling having arisen since. Yet Mr. Ferrers withdraws into himself more and more, and that with increasing melancholy. Therefore, it is not possible for me to show him any favour, even if I would ; and I desire it not, unless it is valued and sought for more than is now apparent. My mother has, however—but this was not lately—thought it well to chide me for my forbidding manner to him, which adds to my perplexity and trouble.

‘We understood, indeed, your shyness at first,’ she said to me, ‘but it is not fitting that you should avoid Mr. Ferrers as you now do, nor refuse the proper advances that he makes to you. He has spoken to your father, and told him that he fears his suit is not in any way advanced from what it was at his first coming.’

‘It is strange, indeed, that he should speak to my father,’ I answered her. But this was yesterday, and matters are to-day worse than before.

After she had so reproved me, I judged it right to linger a little on the terrace, where I knew he must come in from the pleasure, to give him occasion to speak to me if he desired it ; yet, when he found me there alone, he stopped but for a moment

and then went on with an air of great trouble, and as if he must put some constraint upon himself.

And this morning again my mother reproved me.

'Indeed,' I said, 'I know not in what I have offended him. Nor is it for me to be pleasant to him if he desires otherwise.'

'He has reason to be offended,' she made answer, 'because you show too much kindness to his cousin. And though this was right at first, and a compliment to him, and a proper cover to your own shyness, yet should it now be altered.'

I was amazed at this that she said, and I told her that indeed I hated his cousin, and knew not why I was troubled so much with his presence and his familiarity. Then she kissed me, and made answer that she was right glad to hear it, because they had all failed to understand me, and feared that I had, as she said at first, mistaken my own heart. 'And now,' she said, 'your father's word is pledged to this marriage; nor can he go back from it.'

After I had thus talked with her, I made bold to be very angry indeed with Mr. Ferrers' cousin (who is called Robert Ferrers also, but Robert Ferrers of Grange Court, instead of Robert Ferrers of Ferrerstown), when he presumed to take my hand and to try to speak prettily to me in his foolish fashion. How these two can be related so nearly is a marvel to me, the one being as great and tiresome a clown as the other is a handsome and gallant gentleman. Alas, how have I been so unhappy as to displease him who is so wise and courteous? And who, moreover, is presently to be my husband, and to hold that place in my household which my father holds in this. To-day he hath spoken but a few words to me, and those distant enough. It may be that his friends force him to this marriage; and—though he disguised his reluctance at first—yet does it grow upon him when the time of the solemn ceremony (which cannot, in truth, be undone, so long as we both live) gets nearer to us. I am now, indeed, as perplexed and unhappy as I was content and satisfied before.

NORTON MANOR. *July 15.* (From the Journal of Mr. Ferrers.)—I must leave this place, and that quickly. I can see plainly that they lied when they said that the sweet damsel who is to wed my loutish cousin, consented to the match of her own accord, and willingly. Her hatred of him grows daily more apparent. She is, alas, minded to tell her distress to me, and I

dare not hear it. It was my misfortune that I came hither to teach my foolish cousin how to do his wooing ; because the taste that I had both of it and of her kindness, hath worked my own unhappiness. And now the sight of her trouble, and the thought of the sacrifice that is to be made of her, have finished the business. I would, indeed, that this matter had not gone so far, and that I could, with honour, either ask her hand from her father, or carry her off from her unworthy bridegroom. But the manner of my coming forbids this ; since I was brought here as a friend of Rob's, and to advance his suit. Yet, indeed, it is a shame that so fair a creature should be wed to such a clown. Nor can I bear to see more of it, but will return to Grange Court this day, and leave my cousin to do his wooing without me. At first he could be got neither to speak to the lady, nor to offer her his hand to lead her in and out. Now he affrights her by his clumsy boldness and the forwardness of his compliments. I can no longer endure that which must be, and that which I have myself helped to bring about, so that I will presently say farewell and depart.

NORTON MANOR. *July 16.* (From the Journal of Mrs. Anne Coventry.)—Now, at last, I understand my trouble ; and a grievous one it is. The Mr. Ferrers I am to marry is that clownish cousin, who is so detestable to me ; the other came but as his friend and kinsman. It was this afternoon when Mr. Ferrers (as I must ever call him, though the other belongs to the older branch of the house, and has the greater estate) came to bid me good-bye, that I made the discovery. He came to me down by the fountain, where is the little garden that Mr. Evelyn planned for us. I had gone there to escape the importunities of his cousin, who desired, as I thought, to be too friendly and familiar with me. And yet my mother saw it, and said nothing (after all her chiding of me), but left us alone together ; and when I went to seek her, I was told that she was occupied with my father, and would not be disturbed. Therefore, I fled to the garden, and there it was that Mr. Ferrers found me. I was glad, indeed, at his coming, being in some distress, and determined, moreover, to complain of what I disliked in his cousin's behaviour.

‘Madam,’ he said, ‘I have come to bid you farewell.’

With that, he took my hand and kissed it, sighing as he did so. Now this gave me courage, though the meaning of it was

strange to me ; so I cast down my eyes (for, indeed, he looked at me with so much sadness that I was ready to weep myself without knowing why), and I made answer, ‘Do you go so soon, sir ? I thought, indeed, that you were to stay until to-morrow.’

‘I had thought so myself,’ he answered, ‘but now I must go.’ So he dropped my hand (after kissing it once again) and turned away. I was amazed at this parting (seeing that we were to be married so soon), and I said, hoping to detain him a little, ‘When do you come again, sir ?’

‘Not until the wedding,’ he answered, with exceeding melancholy ; ‘at that, indeed, I have engaged myself to be present.’

‘Sir,’ I said, ‘your words flatter me little ; for you speak as if some compulsion was put upon you.’

‘That is because you understand me not,’ he answered, ‘and I may not speak of what is in my heart. Could you read it, you would find nothing there to offend you, but great reason for compassion, instead.’

Now this riddle that he uttered was beyond my reading, but I saw that he designed not to displease me, and there was indeed a great and tender respect in his manner towards me ; so that I answered him nothing, but waited to see if he would speak further. Presently he said, ‘It is my ill-fortune that I must go away so soon from a presence that is, alas, too delightful to me. But my duty and honour both require it. If there is, however, anything in which I may serve you, I entreat you to favour me with your commands and confidence.’

‘Sir,’ I said quickly, ‘you can serve me in one thing ; I hope that—’ I went no further than this, for it had been in my mind to say, ‘I hope that you will not bring your cousin with you the next time you come.’ I remembered, however, that this savoured of rudeness, the man being his kinsman (though unworthy of such an honour) ; so I stopped myself in time, and I was glad afterwards that I had done so.

‘Madam,’ he said, repeating my words, ‘you hope that—’

‘What I had designed to say was foolishness, but you can serve me in this, that you tell your cousin to trouble me no more with his familiarities ; because they are distressing to me. And since you brought him here he will take it more fitly from you than from any other. Otherwise, I might beg my father to help me.’

He looked at me then with a great surprise and (as I thought) a great compassion. ‘Madam,’ he said, ‘I feared, indeed, that they were not to your liking.’

‘Why, then, did you not protect me from them?’ I asked him.

‘Because I had not the right to do it. And if he offers you more courtesy than you find convenient, have you not yourself given him reason to expect your indulgence? It is not strange, indeed, that he makes use of that privilege that you have granted to him above all other men. And if I brought him here, as you tell me, was it not for this very purpose, and with this very intention?’

‘Sir,’ I said, affrighted, ‘what is this that you tell me?’

‘Nothing, alas, but what you must have known before. For I came hither at the desire of your father and his, because my cousin was a stranger to all of you, and little used to the society of ladies; so that it was feared that his bashfulness might stand in his way, and my company (to which he was well used, for I have helped him in all difficulties since his boyhood, we having been brought up together), might be of service to him, and give him confidence. And if, as I fear, Madam, you are dissatisfied with the match that is made for you, I beg you to remember that I knew you not at all when I consented to help it forward. Otherwise, I would not have stirred in a matter which must make my own unhappiness, since it was my ill-luck to see you too late, and when you were already promised to another; and that other my cousin, whom I have bound myself in honour to help. Moreover, Madam, I was assured that you would not be forced into this match without your own consenting. Before I came hither, this second time, I was told that you had of your own free will and with great readiness, agreed to obey your father’s wishes, and this after you had seen my cousin and talked with him. If they have lied to me in this particular, then, in truth, they shall have reason to repent it; for I will have no hand in so foul a cruelty and deceit.’

But now I understand it all, and that I had, in my own haste and carelessness (concluding that he who was the handsomest, and moreover, the first to speak to me, and the readiest to show me courtesy, must also be the Mr. Ferrers I was designed to marry) brought myself into this dreadful trouble.

‘Alas,’ I cried, ‘I have, I fear, fallen into a grievous error, and one that will cost me dearly!’

'Madam,' he urged, 'if you will only tell me that you never consented.'

'Indeed,' I said, hardly knowing what I answered him, but designing now to keep the truth to myself, since he had never, it seemed, sought me in marriage at all, nor divined that I had supposed it, 'I should not have been so hurried. It was a cruelty to conclude the matter so hastily.'

'Then you did, in very truth, give your consent to the marriage?' he said; and after looking for me to deny it, which, alas, I could not do, he turned from me in much dejection, as if I had taken from him all power to help me.

This filled me with despair, so that I answered passionately, 'I knew not what I did.'

'That I can well believe,' he replied, 'and that you now repent it. Would, indeed, that I had the power to serve you!'

'I would rather die than marry him,' I declared.

'And will not your mother speak for you? Has she so hard a heart that she can resist your distress?'

Then I remembered that, indeed, I might tell the truth to my mother, though I could not tell it to him; and perhaps she might be sorry for me, and entreat my father to break the match before it was yet too late. Therefore I said, 'You speak wisely, indeed. I will beg my mother to help me.' And I lifted my head and tried to speak with dignity, remembering that this man, though I had thought in my folly that he was shortly to be my husband, was truly little more than a stranger to me, and, moreover, that I had already showed to him more than enough of my distress.

Then it was that he knelt on one knee before me, kissing my hand again and again, and telling me that he desired my happiness before anything in the world, and was sorely grieved at having had any hand in the hurting of it.

'And are you,' I was constrained to ask, it being indeed so strange a happiness to feel my hand in his and to hear his voice speaking to me, after the coldness that had been betwixt us (and it was as great a bitterness to think that this was to be the ending of all); 'and are you still resolved to go, leaving me in this plight that I am now in, with none to speak for me except myself?'

Then he told me that it was because he loved and honoured me before all women that he could endure to stay no longer while I belonged to another, but that if ever I was again free he would come back and try to secure for himself some of that

kindness which it had been his unhappy fortune to procure for his cousin.

Now I wondered if I might tell him that the favour was already his; but this was beyond even my forwardness,—at which I have since marvelled many a time, and been constrained to put it down to my confusion and distress.

So I said no more, and he departed.

GRANGE COURT. *July 17.* (From the Journal of Mr. Ferrers.)—I have come away from Norton Manor, for I could not in honour stay longer. It is but too manifest that the sweet lady, Mrs. Anne Coventry, has an ill fate before her, unless she can move her parents to set her free from the contract she has entered into. It seems that she gave her consent in an ignorant obedience, and too great simplicity and confidence, and has come to rue it bitterly, since her better acquaintance with my cousin. And indeed there is much cruelty in these marriages that are made by the fathers without a sufficient regard and consideration for the daughters themselves, especially in the giving of fair and cultured maidens as wives to clowns like Rob. For a clown he was born and a clown he ever will be, though his father employed the most learned of doctors for his tutor. And a worse thing is this, that I fear he values not his good fortune as he should, but finds it easier to jest with Peggy, his mother's maid, than to discourse with a delicate creature like Mrs. Coventry; yet will he hold on to the match because of her fortune, which is considerable, and for fear of displeasing his father. I can, for my part (unless this match is broke) endure to see her no more until the wedding day. I have promised to be present at the ceremony (unhappy that I am) and I would not have it known what reason there is, in the love it is my ill luck to feel for her, for me to stay away. And indeed it would be accounted a strange act on my part if I did so, seeing that I helped at the beginning to bring about this marriage.

PART II.

NORTON MANOR. *July 20.* (From the Journal of Mrs. Anne Coventry.)—The marriage is to go on. My mother will not even tell my father the chief reason that I have for desiring it to be broke. She has indeed pleaded for me so far as this, that

she has told him I had mistook my own heart and Mr. Ferrers' character, being little better than a child in the understanding of so serious a matter as marriage. She has told him further how hateful it is to me that Mr. Ferrers should so much as hold my hand or walk familiarly beside me, and that I would rather die than be his wife. But my father answers that it is now too late for such scruples as these, and that nothing can make him go back from the word he has given, a thing he has never done in his life before and never will do till he dies. Moreover he had given me my choice at first, which is more than is granted to many in my place ; for daughters—being ignorant of the world and thinking that marriage is only a matter of pleasant talk and a little love-making, while it concerns indeed the welfare of families and the keeping together of great estates—cannot judge in so grave an affair what is for their own advantage.

'If I told him further that you had a liking for Mr. Ferrers of Grange Court,' my mother went on to say, 'it would but make him angry : for he could not endure to think that you should have been so careless and indiscreet as to show favour to a man who hath never desired it. What you have told me of his gallant speeches can count for nothing after the appeal you had made to him. He could indeed, in courtesy, answer little less : and he has now shown his opinion of the matter by going quickly away. For the which I hold him in honour ; but yet it teaches you to expect nothing further from him. It would be greatly to your disadvantage if any suspected that you had had such a liking for another man before your marriage : and it is, in truth, an injury to the one that is to be your husband so much as to remember it.'

This I find a hard saying indeed, that the man who is so detestable to me, never having done one single thing nor said one single word worthy of my honour and esteem, should have a right to control even my thoughts and desires ; so that the sweet memories that I have of the words his cousin said to me are counted as a crime to him.

I know not now what I shall do ! I am but sixteen years old, and my great-grandmother, who is still alive, is eighty-nine ; there are, then,—it may be—seventy-three years before me, and all of them—except one week that is left—must be spent as the wife of a man I detest and despise, and who is better fitted to be the husband of my mother's maid than of me ; I would rather die than this, but there is no way to avoid it. My father hardly

looks at me, and never speaks to me, so afraid is he that I may complain to him of my unhappiness. But this I will not do, for I perceive that he is fully resolved, and that he is like to break out into one of his passions,—which he has never before made me suffer from—if I put him into any difficulty concerning it ; he is already, my mother tells me, sorely displeased on every side with this affair. For he liked not the bridegroom at the first seeing of him, and they were both—this my mother also tells me—greatly astonished that I should express myself as content with the match.

‘ Gladly, then, would we have broken it off for you,’ said my mother, ‘ having reserved the condition of your consenting ; but now it is too late, and the business must go on. Perhaps, indeed, it will turn out better than it looks. Many a woman has found happiness in a worse marriage, for the man has in truth no profligate habits ! ’

‘ Not a woman like me,’ I cried.

‘ I see not how you differ from other maids,’ she answered, in some displeasure ; ‘ except that you have been more indulged. Your cousin Madge has no better a husband, and a smaller fortune with him ; while you will have a noble house, and apartments fit for a princess, where you can entertain troops of friends at your pleasure ; yet, though Madge was dissatisfied at first, she became very speedily content, and would not now have the marriage undone.’

‘ She had not learned to know and esteem a better man than her husband,’ I answered.

But for this saying my mother reproved me greatly, telling me that such a thought was unmaidenly, and not worthy of the teaching I had had. She has, however, promised me that I shall see Mr. Ferrers—of Ferrerstown—no more alone until our wedding-day, which relieves me of my present distress, but will not help me after.

His manners are become much worse since his cousin left him, he having no one to inform him either as to what he should do or what he should leave undone. He has, it seems, at all times taken as a pattern and model, Mr. Ferrers of Grange Court, to whom he is greatly indebted in many particulars, as he has told me himself ; and he has a real respect and regard for him, which is, in truth, the only good quality that I have as yet discovered in him. My mother bears his follies with patience, and a sad compassion for her unhappy daughter ; but I can perceive that

they fret my father exceedingly. Yet is he none the less resolved to sacrifice his only child—whom he has treated so tenderly before—to his bargain with this fellow.

In this sore strait that I find myself, I have even tried to offend Mr. Ferrers—that in his displeasure he may break the match himself—but he will not be offended, or at least he will not be driven to set me free. I have told him that the thought of marriage is hateful to me, and that he could not serve me better than by getting the contract that is between our parents altogether undone. But he answered only that this was a maidenly thought, most proper for me to have, and that he esteemed me highly for it. He himself entered into marriage—so he was minded to inform me of his great courtesy!—from a sense of duty, rather than from a desire for his own satisfaction. He therefore required from me no more than that I should obey my parents. A submissive daughter would make, he did not doubt, a submissive wife also.

When I, being displeased at this, went so far as to imply that it was not only marriage that was detestable to me, but he himself also, so dark and sullen a look came into his face that I was afraid to proceed further, knowing how shortly after I should be in his power, when he could take whatever revenge his evil temper might suggest to him.

Therefore I changed my manner, and entreated him to have compassion on a poor creature that was most unhappy; and I begged him only to leave me in peace to lead the life that I knew and loved. ‘Of a certainty,’ I said, ‘if you take me away now, I shall never know pleasure any more.’

Then he smiled and bade me be comforted, for he was satisfied that in the end this marriage would be for my own happiness, and that I should come to like him sufficiently when we were better acquainted. And again he spoke as if it was a trial for him as well as for me—and no happiness that he looked forward to in my poor company—but that he was prepared to do his duty, and expected that I should do mine also.

Mr. Ferrers of Grange Court has come back no more. He hears doubtless that I am to be sacrificed: Little did I think one month ago that such a terrible fate was before me, or that my father could show so hard a heart in the face of my distress.

It grieves my poor mother that I can eat little and sleep less; but my father answers her, when she speaks of it to him, that all

this will pass away when I am married. He has known maidens make just such a to-do before, and change into fond wives after. And all because my cousin Madge—who is a little fool—knew not her own mind, and thought well to keep the whole house in a tumult about her ; when she was in her heart—as I have reason to know—more than content because of the fine house and clothes she was to have. Thus it is that those of us who are sincere must suffer for the deception and vanity of others. But yet I think that if my father could have found any decent excuse for breaking the match, he would have been glad to spare me. No opportunity has, however, been given him ; for the father of Mr. Ferrers, and his whole family, are eager for the marriage, and do most anxiously promote it.

And it is now fixed that the wedding is to take place on Wednesday of next week.

ISLE OF DOGS. *July 27.* (From the Journal of Mr. Ferrers.) —Here am I, with the rest of my cousin's company, and all of us kicking our heels like a set of fools in this place, when we ought to be by this time at his wedding ; and he himself fretting over the danger of spoiling his fine clothes, with other such matters, rather than the delay and the slight to the lady. So occupied is he with the care of his new suit (which is mighty fine indeed, being of silk, velvet, and brocade, with gold lace and buttons), that he was like to forget the licence and the ring, which I now have in my keeping, and which his father has begged me to take charge of. To Rob's thinking, a new coat is the chief part of a wedding, or else he hath lost his wits (of which he never had many), because of the greatness of the occasion. And now have we come to this place, and find the tide already so low that the coach cannot be brought over that was to have carried us on to Norton Manor ; and we must wait here (while the lady, may be, waits at church) until its turning. I have offered to my cousin that I should ride across with him on some horses that a fellow here hath (one news having already gone over in this manner since we came to the ferry), but he will hear nothing of it, because, in good sooth, we should spoil the fine suits we have got on, and it would be an affront to the lady to ride to church in bespattered boots. I think that this would be an affront less to be regarded than that of her going back from church unmarried ; as she may well have to do if no greater haste is made than seems likely. It is a sorry business

altogether, and I wish she were well out of it, or that I had never had any hand in it. I am ashamed to see my cousin cut so poor a figure. I have told him that the canonical hour will presently be past and that the wedding must then be put off for another day ; but he is for still waiting on the chance of getting over in time. I should indeed be right glad to wait with him if I thought his slackness would set the lady free ; and I know that, and her father were of my opinion concerning it, she should not be taken to church twice to be married to the same man, so long as no better reason can be given for the delay than this of my cousin's. But I fear that his mind is set upon the marriage, and—though he may rage a little at first—yet he will not be inclined to undo that which he has taken great pains to bring about ; so that this affront will but serve to make her despise my cousin more, which will add to her unhappiness after, for she will, notwithstanding, be kept by her friends to the contract.

I am so weary of my cousin's foolish prating as to what he must do, and how he must carry himself when he gets to church, and when he must first salute the lady (alas ! that it must be only because she is my cousin's bride, that I shall myself be allowed that priceless privilege), that I have come away from him, finding my pen better company than his tongue. And, indeed, I have writ down in this book, what I dare tell no other, how dear that lady is to me, and how gladly I would give up all for her sweet sake.

This, however, I am resolved to do ; whether my cousin goes over or not I will do so myself presently, and ride on to the church to tell the bride and her friends what the hindrance is, so shall I save us a little in their esteem.

NORTON MANOR. *December 29.* (From the Journal of Mrs. Ferrers.)—It is long since I writ in this book, but now am I come to stay a little in my old home, which brings in mind the manner in which I left it ; so that I will put down for my better remembering how it was that so great a change came over my life.

I was, on my wedding day—at least in my own esteem—the most unhappy creature that ever lived. But I had been brought up in so great a fear and respect for my father, that I dared not resist his will. Even my mother wept when she got me ready to go to church, and saw the great despair into which I had fallen. My father tried to jest and to say that he should see me yet a

proud and happy wife, glad to show him the extent of my new possessions. But I answered him nothing, nor looked up into his face ; so that he jested no more. Only I know that (except to me) his temper was of the worst that morning, and he rated the servants for the least failing in duty, until even my mother trembled to hear him.

Mr. Ferrers and his friends were to meet us at church (coming in a coach and six from the ferry that morning), so that we set out betimes, my mother holding my hand all the way and my father riding on horseback beside us. It was, to my thinking, a sorry wedding altogether, nobody having the spirit to pretend to be glad of it.

When we came to the church, Mr. Ferrers was not there, nor any of the friends that should have come with him. This gave my father new occasion for anger ; but I would, for my part, rather have waited there for the rest of my life than see my bridegroom (that was to be) enter the door.

My mother held my hand still, and strove to comfort me and give me courage ; but I was now beyond any such consolation. My heart felt as dead as a stone, and my hand as cold as ice. If I could have been turned into one of the carved images that were near us, I could hardly have been more indifferent to what those did that were about me. But my father fretted and fumed, and said, moreover—and this many a time as the hour went on—that he would wait no longer, but take me away presently, and not bring me thither for such a purpose again. In this, I believed him not (or I might have been comforted), for he delayed, alas ! continually to do it, finding excuses each time to wait further ; nor could I then guess that for the delay itself I should have reason to be glad afterwards.

At last there was a cry from those that watched outside, that a messenger was coming to us in all haste ; and there rode a horseman alone to the door. He got quickly down from his horse, and strode into the church. Then could we all see that he was dirty indeed ; his fine clothes being spoilt with mud and salt water, and his hat lost in the crossing he had made. Yet did he look handsome and gallant enough, as he always did ; for it was Mr. Robert Ferrers of Grange Court.

He went up to my father and told him of the hindrance that had been, and how his cousin would follow presently, though too late he feared to be married that morning. Then my father swore a great oath, and cried out in his anger, ‘ You

have come here, yourself, sir ; therefore it was possible to come.'

'That is true indeed,' Mr. Ferrers said, 'and if I had had the same reason for haste as my cousin, I would have been here earlier.'

'Sir,' my father answered, 'I would have your cousin know that I bring not my daughter to church twice for such a paltry reason as this : for it is a great slight put upon her that she should go back unwed, in the sight of all her friends and neighbours,—and he waiting only to come over dryshod. If a news could get over the Ferry—as I have reason to know one did—then a bridegroom should do no less.'

Now Mr. Ferrers was not prepared to take upon him his kinsman's fault, having come in advance rather that the affront to me might be lessened by his courtesy than that the bridegroom should be fully excused for his folly. Therefore he said, 'My cousin must answer for himself, sir, though he meant no slight to your daughter. But I think indeed, though he is my kinsman, that your daughter deserves a less craven bridegroom than he has proved himself. If I could myself in any way make amends for his slackness, I should be right glad to do it.'

'How could you, or any man, make amends?' my father asked, being now in a great rage.

'Will you, at least, permit me to speak a moment to the lady herself?' said Mr. Ferrers, to whom a happy thought had come.

This my father granted—though he understood not the reason—and my mother was so very kind (it was indeed a great kindness in her) that she moved away a little to permit us to speak more privately.

Mr. Ferrers knelt beside me then, to speak to me more easily (for I was seated all the time of waiting, being too faint to stand), and he took my hand and kissed it, asking pardon for his cousin, but not looking into my eyes the while.

'Sir,' I said, 'your cousin can do me no greater favour than that of staying away altogether.'

Then he looked at me, asking in a low tone if I was still in the same mind as before. I answered, yea, and more than before ; but that I was a poor creature, abandoned to her fate, whom no one would help in the least degree.

'Do you hate my cousin so much?' he asked.

And I answered, 'I think there is no man in the world whom I would not sooner marry.' This was a foolish thing to say, but

yet it was sufficient, and he understood me. So he kissed my hand again, and got up, and went to my father.

'Sir,' he said, 'what is it that you are now minded to do?'

My father answered that he was minded to carry me away, and not to bring me thither again for such a purpose.

'Then,' said Mr. Ferrers, 'if my cousin's business is finished I may venture to speak for myself.' And my father asked what he had to do with the matter.

'Only this,' said Mr. Ferrers, 'that it was my ill fortune to see your daughter and to love her, after that she was promised to another, and that other my own kinsman. Now, however, is she free. You have said, moreover, that it is a slight on her to have come here as a bride, and to go back home still unmarried. I have here with me the ring and the licence, and my name is the same as my cousin's, he having been born on the same day as myself, and this being a fancy of our fathers' to commemorate it. My estate is not as good as his, but yet it is good enough, and my family good enough—being indeed the same. What hinders then, that you should marry your daughter to me instead of my kinsman, who has failed to secure the advantage that you offered him? So shall she go back home Mrs. Robert Ferrers, as you had intended.'

Now was my father taken aback, not having meant perhaps to carry out all his threats. But yet he was not sorry—though this he would never have allowed to any that had dared to tax him with it—to find so good an excuse to be rid of a son-in-law he liked not, and who had treated him and me with so great a disrespect. Therefore he answered only that he could not ask his daughter to take a husband at so brief a notice.

'Have I your permission to ask her myself?' said Mr. Ferrers, who desired to lose nothing of the chance with which fortune had favoured him.

My father made a sign of assent; being, I think, too much astonished to speak, and yet not altogether displeased at the turn the affair was now taking.

So Mr. Ferrers came to me and said, 'Madam, it is not your father's desire that, having come here as a bride, you should go away still unmarried. He is resolved, moreover, never to give you to my cousin after this slight which (however unwittingly) he has put upon you. He has, therefore, given me permission to ask you whether you will take me for your husband instead of my kinsman?'

It was as if I awoke from death to life. I felt all the blood rush to my face at once; and I lifted my eyes to see him regarding me with a great tenderness and triumph. But I had discretion enough to reply only (as I had done once before) that I was ready to obey my father in this matter.

Then did I see a light of joy come into my mother's face (for she had grieved for me sorely in secret), and my father laughed like a man that was well out of a bad plight: for he had had no pleasure in putting so cruel a constraint upon me.

"Let us make haste," he said, "that we be not interrupted."

So I stood up before the altar (my strength having returned to me miraculously), and I was married immediately to Robert Ferrers of Grange Court.

I think that never a bride walked out of church beside her bridegroom happier than I that day. For I was delivered from a great fear, as well as made certain of a great happiness. I knew that I was prized and loved (and that by a worthy and gallant gentleman), as the clown that was to have been my husband never could have prized and loved me. My dear mother wept for very pleasure in my happiness, and my father was like a man who had thought to commit a great crime and was set free from the necessity of it.

Now as we came out of church, a coach and six, with men in liveries and a great show of gilding, drove up to the door, and Mr. Robert Ferrers of Ferrerstown stepped out of it.

Then did my husband go forward and put his hand on his cousin's shoulder, laughing: 'Thou hast saved thy clothes, Rob, but thou hast lost thy wife. I could think of nothing better (her friends being offended) than to offer to take thy place; and she is already married to me.'

The chin of that foolish fellow dropped a little at this—and ah! how great was the contrast between them as they stood there, the one a clown in spite of all his bravery, and the other, though muddy and without his hat, yet a very noble gentleman—and he opened his mouth the better to stare at me. But my father went to him and grasped him by the hand.

'Sir,' he said, 'I had a great mind to call you to account for your dilatoriness and for the slight you put on my daughter in breaking your engagement to wait for her here. And this without any sufficient reason. For if your cousin could cross the water, so could you, sir: and a negligence towards the gentlewoman you were to marry was a graver matter than the spoiling

of your clothes. But I am resolved instead to thank you, because you have done us both a good turn in sending a better man than yourself to take your place.'

So did it all end without any discord or wrathful words ; for though some of the friends of Mr. Ferrers of Ferrerstown were disposed to say that he had been badly served, yet when they knew that he might have been at church in time, and was not, they agreed that his treatment was no worse than his deserts.

Nor do I think him quite so evil and worthless a fellow as I did. But he keeps a very great distance and respect when he is in my presence, being afraid (as my husband tells me) of my sharp tongue and ready speech, now that I have overcome the shyness that kept me silent formerly.

'Thou hast too much wit for so slow a fellow,' my husband has said to me more than once, 'and it was out of pure pity and regard for him that I made such haste to take you out of his hands.'

But he himself is not, it seems, afraid of anything I may say.

ANNIE ARMITT.

SONNET.

WRITTEN BY

HIS MAJESTY, DOM PEDRO II.,
 THE LATE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL,
 ON THE DEATH OF HIS SECOND SON,

With a translation into German and English.

PREFATORY NOTE.

A FEW years ago I had a letter from the Professor of Literature at the Court of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, asking me, on behalf of the Emperor, if I would translate into English a Sonnet written by His Majesty on the occasion of the death of his second son, as he wished to print it, with an English and German rendering, for private circulation.

After this was done, I inquired if I might have the Sonnets printed in some English magazine, and permission was readily given. I have, however, not done so until the recent death of the Emperor, and the loss, so lately, of the eldest son of the Heir to our English Throne, suggested that the re-issue might be timely of a Sonnet, the thought of which, in the original, is of much force and beauty.

S. J. STONE.

All Hallows-on-the-Wall, E.C.

PÓDE o artista pintar a imagem morta
 Da mulher, por quem déra a propria vida.
 A esposa que a ventura vê perdida
 Casto e saudoso beijo ainda conforta.
 A imitar-lhe os exemplos nos exhorta
 O amigo na extrema despedida.
 Mas dizer o que sente a alma partida
 Do pae a quem, meu Deus, tua espada corta
 A flor de seu futuro, o filho amado,
 Quem o pôde, Senhor, se mesmo o Teu,
 Só morrendo, livrou-nos do peccado ;
 Se a terra á voz do Golgotha tremeu,
 E o sangue do Cordeiro Immaculado
 Até o proprio ceu ennegreceu.

Der Künstler kann erneuen das Bild des todten
Geliebten Weibs, ihm theurer als sein Leben.
Trost mag ein innig feuscher Kuß noch geben
Der Gattin, der vom Untergang bedrohten.

Beispiele solcher Art sind uns geboten
Beim Scheiden auch des Freundes nachzustreben ;
Doch wer enthüllt der wunden Seele Beben
Des Vaters, bei dem Sohn, dem theuren Todten !

Herr ! meiner Zukunft Blume schnitt dein Schwert.
Hieltst du doch nicht den eignen Sohn zu werth
Zu sterben, daß wir frei von Sünde werden !
Die Veste hebt' beim Schrei auf Golgatha,
Als man des Heilands Blut dort fließen sah,
Ward Finsterniß im Himmel und auf Erden.

Friedrich von Bodenstedt.

Wiesbaden.

THE lost Love of his life, loved more than life,
Her Artist's hand may to his eyes restore ;
And when in death all wedded bliss is o'er
Remembered kisses may console the Wife ;
The Friend, by his farewell in life's last strife,
May, in his friend's true following, live once more.
But ah, the Father's heart, struck to the core,
Where grew the flower with such fair promise rife,
Now rapt away,—its anguish who may tell ?
His Son's dead future is the father's tomb !
O FATHER, when on Golgotha there fell
Thy Son's Blood—though it saved our souls from doom—
The great Earth shook as with the throes of hell,
And all the awful Heaven was whelmed in gloom.

S. J. STONE.

WORK AND WORKERS.

BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

VIII.—TEACHING AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

BY M. T. WALLAS.

THIS is an age in which the laws of the social code are undergoing many alterations and modifications.

With regard to that part of the code which refers more particularly to women, the prohibitive commands are decreasing in number, whilst those which set forth the duty of doing instead of abstaining are as surely increasing: 'Thou shalt not' is giving way to 'Thou shalt.'

It has long been the custom to expect in a woman particular virtues such as self-abnegation, gentleness, humility, whilst the discovery of such qualities in one of the opposite sex brought with it the pleasure of the unexpected. The generally received opinion that women's sphere is the domestic one, has of late years been greatly modified by the recognition of the stubborn fact that many households consist of a number of unmarried daughters.

The fact which is usually the correlative of the preceding—namely, that servants form a part of the household, and that the domestic work for each member of the family is therefore reduced to an infinitesimal quantity—is becoming also a matter for comment rather than of indifference. After the hour of household work—if so much is required—a single woman must, for the remainder of the day, find occupation for herself. The maxims, 'No one need ever be idle,'—'there is plenty of occupation for willing hands,'—have certainly lost none of their truth, but might well receive this important addition: 'Before undertaking

NOTE.—The Editors do not necessarily *recommend* everything described in this series of papers.

any work, see that it is worth doing. Make sure that the expenditure of your energy will be repaid by some solid good done to the community.'

The amount of unproductive work done by women, and by women capable, if their energies were properly directed, of doing real service to their fellow-creatures, is a painful subject for contemplation, not only to him whose economical soul grieves over the waste of time and talent thereby incurred, but also to him who believes in the dignity given to the labourer by his power of contributing to the real wants of his generation. I say 'real' wants, for women, as a rule, do not discriminate between mere occupation and serious work. Provided that they are not idle, are not 'wasting their time' (although by 'waste of time' they often mean nothing more than bodily inactivity), many women feel no serious dissatisfaction with the aimlessness of their exertions.

We all feel the pathos of Mr. Casaubon's wholly profitless literary efforts, but the sight of mountains of needlework, done with infinite labour, with much mechanical skill, but without the artistic training or talent which alone make such productions valuable, is surely as pathetic. To devote hours to the reading of history, art, science, literature, for the sake *only* of the occupation thereby provided, is to sentence the mind to the punishment of the mental treadmill.

I once, when a child, watched with the fascination of the horrible, a lunatic picking up pebbles on the sea-shore. She slipped each laboriously sought-for stone through the hole in her gown, from which it fell on to the shore again, instead of dropping it into her pocket. Thus, very early in life, I received a never-forgotten lesson on unproductive labour.

The best way of ascertaining that one's work is both intrinsically good and adapted to the wants of the age is to carry it into the labour market. The absolute necessity of earning a livelihood drives many women there, but where the goad of actual poverty is absent, that of principle can with advantage take its place.

A naturally sincere mind desires that its work shall be judged by unbiased critics.

Home companions or friends, for the sake of the doer, frequently overlook, perhaps scarcely see, the many imperfections of the work.

To such sympathisers with every effort, life owes most of its

smiles and much of its grace, but the judge of results should be sought elsewhere. The professional cook on the failure of her apple-pie cannot look for the consolation administered once in my hearing to an amateur in the art: 'It is a very good pie if one ignores the taste of it.'

If your pie is to find a purchaser, it must taste well.

The ideal of work, which everyone worthy of the name of labourer possesses, becomes, in times of depression, very dim ; nothing, according to my experience, gives the daily stimulus needed to undergo drudgery, to force the unwilling flesh to perform its allotted work, like the thought of the impending judgment. Companionship is another sweetener and lightener of work. The professional ranks offer such opportunities for friendship, founded on similarity of aim and effort, as are seldom to be found amongst the scattered bands of amateur workers.

For all these reasons I should advise even those who do not absolutely need the pecuniary remuneration to compete with paid workers, in order that their work may supply a real want ; may be intrinsically good ; may be done with more sustained effort, and consequently with less expenditure of effort.

These reasons seem to apply more especially to the profession of teaching. In no other profession is there so much of what may be called 'subterranean industry.' Anyone may proclaim him or herself a teacher, and may possibly obtain from credulous parents more or less occupation. Teaching might well seem to be the most important of all industries, since the commodities with which it deals are minds and characters. But by an odd contradiction it is precisely in the profession of teaching that work can be obtained without any tangible show of merit.

Any one calling himself a medical man, and practising without a medical certificate, is liable to punishment—to practise ignorantly on the mind of a child is no offence.

This state of things must continue until certain proofs of efficiency are universally required from those who enter the educational profession. Many teachers (I use the term exclusive of the quacks of the profession) and other persons interested in educational matters are endeavouring to exclude unskilled labourers from their ranks by establishing a system of registration, with the hope that eventually certain certificates may be required as the condition of registration.

Naturally as long as our daily papers contain such advertise-

ments as, 'Required, a thoroughly good nursery governess capable of teaching French, music, English, needlework and drill ; disciplinarian and bright with children ; salary £12,' there will be unskilled workers to supply the demand for the terms offered ; but it is to be hoped that increased educational advantages will teach parents the difference between thoroughly good work and that which is indifferent or bad, and will also, teach them to apply the rules of the commercial to the educational market. I fully recognise the frequent excellence of private teachers and of private schools. To many a thoroughly enlightened and conscientious teacher, the absence of University inspection, of public examinations, of the necessary routine of public school life, is of positive advantage ; but to keep the work of teaching up to a general standard of efficiency, these tests are most useful, if not indispensable.

The thoroughfares for teachers of girls are the High Schools, Middle and Grammar Schools, and the Board Schools. I should advise any one who intends to become a teacher, to aim at obtaining a post, at any rate for the first part of her career, in a school which stands well in the educational world, or is, at least, a recognised member of it.

There are very good openings in the Board Schools for candidates who not only are properly qualified, but who have also enjoyed the advantages of a cultivated home.

The work in such schools is certainly severe, but any woman strong enough bodily and mentally to stand the strain, will find here the best of all possible opportunities for using the gifts of refinement and culture in making the lives of her fellow-teachers and of her pupils brighter, fuller, and more interesting.

I find in the report of the School Board for London for the year 1889, that the average salary of a head-mistress is £231 19s. 2d., and that of a fully-qualified assistant-teacher, £108 14s. 8d.

Having the aim of teaching in some public school, the methods of preparation for the work must next be considered. As a High School teacher myself, I feel qualified to give advice concerning the entrances to that department alone of the educational world. Applicants for a post in the schools of the Girls' Public Day School Company are usually required to possess either the Cambridge University degree, whether it be taken in classics, mathematics, history or science, or the B.A. degree of the London University, or the certificate obtained by proficiency in

three groups of the Cambridge Higher Local Examination for Women.

Preparation for the last examination is frequently given in the sixth form of many leading girls' schools. A general feeling is, however, arising that preparation for this examination interferes too greatly with the general course of the school work, and that students more fitly prepare for it when they have done with the ordinary routine of school life.

If the family purse can bear the strain, a year spent in either France or Germany by an intelligent girl at the end of her school course, will not only ensure valuable success in the papers set on foreign languages, but will be of the greatest assistance in the acquiring of general culture.

Not only can colloquial knowledge of a language be thus obtained, but association with a continental people, even though it be but for one year, increases the appreciation of a foreign literature by giving some insight into the national habit of mind and national customs.

I never thoroughly appreciated Goethe's 'Hermann und Dorothea,' until by living amongst Germans I learnt to sympathise with the ideal of a 'tuchtiges, deutsches Mädchen.'

Much of the work for this examination can be done at home. I joined the University Correspondence Classes as I was unable to obtain good oral teaching. The fees for the different courses vary from two to four guineas. The work is carried on by means of directions as to the books to be read, explanations of any difficulty occurring to the student, and periodical examination papers, the answers to which are returned after correction. The guidance I thus received in the study of English literature formed my first real introduction to the charmed world of books. By means of many a delicate hint directing my attention to the pathos or the humour of various passages, I made some progress in the art of reading—the art which is within the reach of all of us, and which alone can transport each of us from uncongenial surroundings into society and scenery of our own choosing. 'This world is a brazen one,' says Sir Philip Sidney, 'the poets only do deliver a golden.'

I should advise any one intending to take this examination, to allow herself two years for obtaining a full certificate, taking the subject most congenial to her as one year's work, and completing her certificate in the examination of the following year.

The course of study for the Cambridge degree, if something

more than the mere pass is aimed at, is more suitable for those who have some distinct bent of mind, whether classical, mathematical, or scientific. Scholarships, such as the St. Dunstan Exhibitions, exist, which are large enough to cover the expenses of three years of college-life at Girton or at Newnham. Many of the cleverest girls in the High Schools and Colleges compete for these, but such prizes are of course only within the reach of the 'chosen few.' A certain number of scholarships are also awarded on the results of the Senior Cambridge Examination, the Higher Local, and the Newnham and Girton College Entrance Examinations. These all help to defray the expenses of college-life, amounting to about £100 per annum.

Students living in London can study at small expense for the degree of the London University, by attending the classes held for matriculation, intermediate examination, and the final B.A. degree, at University College, Bedford College, the Birkbeck Institute, and other centres. There are also correspondence classes in connection with these examinations.

Many girls now matriculate before leaving school, which reduces the time required for working for a degree from three years to two.

Supposing then that due qualifications for a teacher's post have been obtained, the fact must be faced that the educational market is yearly becoming more crowded, and that, therefore, those who have done good work, but are not specially distinguished amongst other competitors, may find it difficult, without some mark of extra merit, to obtain such work as they desire.

A modern feature in the educational world is the training of teachers. Besides the numerous training colleges open to those intending to teach in government schools, there are two Colleges, one in Fitzroy Street, Bloomsbury, and one in Cambridge, which offer a course of training to women who wish to teach in schools of a higher grade. Many of us believe that either the teacher, like the poet, is born not made, or that any one who thoroughly knows a subject can teach it. With regard to the 'born teacher,' no doubt talent for teaching exists as well as for any other art. Very few people will, however, deny that training develops natural talent, and I do not see any reason why talent for teaching should alone be excepted from this general rule. When I hear remarks to the effect that systematic help and advice from the more experienced in the profession will very probably destroy the originality and brightness of a clever

young teacher, I am forcibly reminded of the story of the grim-looking lady applying for the post of head nurse in a hospital ward.

'Where have you been trained, Madam?' asked a member of the committee.

'Trained!' replied the applicant, with a scornful smile.
'Nowhere, sir—I have a *gift*.'

As the musician and the painter at least make use of the experience of their predecessors, by studying their works and noting their methods, surely the teacher may profit by studying the excellencies or noting the defects of various educational systems. Why should the educational views of such men as Locke, Pestalozzi, Fröbel, or of Dr. Arnold, Herbert Spencer, Dr. Thring in later times, be of less value to the embryo teacher than the works of the masters in other arts are to modern devotees?

The course of study at these training colleges includes the reading of some of the best books on educational theories, actual practice in the art of teaching a class, and lectures on the elements of psychology. Since the science of teaching must necessarily be founded on the knowledge of the human mind—that is, of the various mental processes, such as imagination, memory, reasoning—the instruction given in psychology is of the greatest practical use. A scientific basis is thus supplied for the educational maxims regarding the importance of teaching little children largely through pictures, of passing from the known to the unknown, of always allowing observation and reasoning to precede definitions, or, in other words, of using a rule as the culminating point of a lesson, instead of as an introduction.

Such a course of study not only increases the pecuniary value of a teacher's work, but is a scientific short cut to a much higher standard of efficiency than can be gained in the same time by unaided effort. A quotation from my own experience, when a student at the Maria Grey Training College, will perhaps illustrate what I mean by the helpfulness of supervision and suggestion at the entrance of a teacher's career.

I was making strenuous but ineffectual efforts to explain the meaning of the word 'opposite' to a child of eight. The Principal of the College came to my rescue, and enlightened both teacher and pupil by means of the question, 'Which walls in the room look at one another?'

Supposing, then, the teacher to be duly equipped, and, as a

further step in life, to have obtained congenial work, it only remains to assure her that the profession of teaching has its rewards in the sympathy of colleagues, the affection of pupils, the absorbing interest of work that can never be done too well, of work, the effect of which is more wide-spreading than any amongst us can calculate.

I will merely repeat this advice, once given to me by a celebrated member of the profession : ‘Do not become absorbed in school work. Be a teacher, but do not cease to be a citizen. Your success in your work will indirectly depend on the amount of interest you take in the progress of your generation.’

ONE PAIR OF TRUE LOVERS.

[JANUARY 14TH, 1892.]

‘We thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet “youth,”
And not have strewn thy grave.’

ALL smiles and sunlight, life, love, and laughter,
Bride-crowns and royal crowns, joy ever after,
May-blossoms blowing, youth in its hey-day,
Fair sight for all men, May Queen and May-day.
‘Sweet’ light beats on them, look, faithful lovers !
One pair of many the blue sky covers.

Through light and darkness, they and all others
Pass as their turn comes—all men are brothers.
In goes the sunshine, hushed is the laughter,
Death hides the bride-crown till—hereafter.

Long may our hearts be purer for pity.
Love is no other in palace than city.
Eyes cannot reach the joys of the many !
Dull hearts they suffer, hardly with any.
Full in our view this one pair of lovers,
Look, then, how many the vast sky covers !

CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

Suggested by the remark of a working-man, ‘We are all so sorry, because he was going to marry the girl he was in love with.’

KING ARTHUR, AS AN ENGLISH IDEAL.

BY CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

PART III.

MANY FACETS OF THE DIAMOND.

IT is now necessary to notice in passing that other view of Arthur's character and history, which comes oddly and incongruously into the French mediæval tales ; but which had no place in the original conception of him, and which, as Mr. Ryland remarks in the interesting articles on the subject in the 'English Illustrated Magazine' for 1888, did not live or take root in the popular mind.

Whether the incident of Arthur's sin and subsequent punishment found its way into the story from some classical source, or whether it was invented by the French romancers, it was never worked out or fitted into the remaining legends.

Mallory tells us in some of his first books, how Arthur, in his early youth, set his love upon the wife of King Lot of Orkney, and how she afterwards bore to him Modred, who was at once his nephew and his son. Arthur, however, did not know that the lady was his half-sister by the mother's side until Merlin told him his early history, and prophesied that the child thus born should be his destruction. Arthur had terrible dreams and strange adventures, and was induced by Merlin to play the part of Herod, to send for all the children born on May Day, in the hope of killing Modred, a most uncharacteristic piece of savagery, which seems to belong to quite another conception of the gentle King. Modred, of course, escaped, and the fact that he was the King's son is occasionally mentioned afterwards, and given as a reason why he is put in charge of the kingdom when Arthur is absent on his war with Lancelot. His treachery is also the means of bringing about Arthur's final ruin, but the idea of a

Divine retribution is never referred to again, though probably the facts did not strike the writers as so irreconcilable with the rest of Arthur's character as they must appear to us. His repentance for this early half-unconscious sin, and his confession of it, are very touchingly described in one of the poems published by the Early English Text Society.

But in the sixteenth century, one of those dramatists who were endeavouring to form the English drama on ancient models, perceived that a story as tragic as that of Ædipus was ready to his hand, and 'The Misfortunes of Arthur,' by Thomas Hughes, was played at Greenwich by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn in 1587.

Mr. Symonds calls it 'a truly Thyestean history of a royal house devoted for its crimes of insolence to ruin.' The story is intensified from the old legend, Arthur and Anne, children of Uther and Igerne, are actual *twins*; their son Modred seduces Guinevere, revolts against Arthur, and the father and son kill each other in battle.

Arthur is a fine and magnanimous hero, worthy of the Greek model which Hughes followed. He accepts with dignity the results of his sin, bears as long as possible with his villainous son, with something of the gentleness of the legendary—it is difficult not to say of the 'real'—Arthur, and he commands sympathy throughout the play.

And, painful as is this version of Arthur's story, it has its part to play in the Ideal development: sin, retribution, and repentance, are part of the human story through which we see the Ideal hero pushing his way.

Still the Arthur of tradition and literature is in the main a good hero, leading a glorious life, not a penitent expiating his sins.

When he flashes upon us, almost simultaneously with Hughes' tragedy, in the pages of 'The Faëry Queene,' we find, indeed, no following of the letter of the old story, but the very quintessence of its spirit. Spenser says, in his letter of dedication to Sir Walter Raleigh, that when he wished to write a book, the end of which was to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in virtuous and gentle discipline, he chose the history of King Arthur as *most fit for the excellency of his person*. Arthur, had the whole scheme been carried out, was to show, as a prince, the 'twelve private moral virtues of Aristotle,' and then, after he became king, the twelve 'Politicke virtues.'

'In the person of King Arthur I sette forth magnificence in

particular, which virtue. . . . is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth them all.'

How Spenser would have set forth this magnificence, this magnanimity or splendid greatness of soul, how his fancy might have told the story of the Round Table, and read its lessons, if his design had been completed, we can only guess. In the seven extant books Arthur is still a knight-errant, a most brilliant vision, as he flashes now and again upon our view.

' His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray.

* * * *

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd,
For all the crest a dragon did unfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spread
His golden winges.' . . .

Here is the first appearance in visible shape of the 'dragon of the great Pendragonship.'

His warlike shield he kept closely covered, for it was—

' All of diamond, perfect, pure, and cleene,'

and

' So exceeding shone his glistering ray
That Phœbus' golden face it did attaint.
The "flying heavens" it could "affray,"'

and neither knight nor magician could stand before its dazzling purity.

This splendid and terrible personage constantly appears as Saviour and deliverer. He comes to Una in her troubles, and rescues her Redcrosse Knight with his sword Mordure :

' That flames like burning brand,'

defends Guyon against the Paynim knights, and in the House of Temperance studies the history of Britain down to the time of his father Uther with patriotic pride. He defends the castle of fair Alma from the insidious attacks of Maleager, against whom diamond shield and flaming sword are useless, so that he is only overcome when Arthur,

' Catching him 'twixt his puissant hands,'

flings him to the ground, but nearly dies himself of wounds and exhaustion.

Whenever he appears he is always brilliant, helpful, and

successful, the connecting link of the whole fair company of virtuous knights, just as he is the bond that unites his own Round Table.

Had Spenser finished the 'Faëry Queene,' or still more, had Milton ever written that epic of King Arthur which he contemplated, declaring the national hero to be the fittest of all subjects for a great poem, we should have seen the old story coloured by other imaginations, and consecrated to another form of faith. What would the two great Puritans have made of the 'Quest of the San Grail?'

But Arthur slept, and never came again for at least a century and a half, till the Wizard of the North used his name to conjure with and took it very much in vain.

Why Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Bridal of Triermain,' took up the most frivolous side of the old legends, and represented Arthur as a sort of Charles II., is a curious fact in the great restorer of mediæval taste. Perhaps the old ideal was too mystical, and his surroundings too shadowy, for one whose heroes were always of flesh and blood, and were generally expected to explain themselves to the satisfaction of the common sense of the early nineteenth century. Arthur, in this pretty poem, is a jolly, cheerful, unscrupulous prince, the father, by a secret amour, of the fair heroine of the tale, and, in spite of the magic that surrounds him, by no means an ideal character.

He is still, however, noted for his truthfulness. Still he never 'went from his word.'

In Dean Milman's 'Siege of Jerusalem,' the boy Arthur flashes for a few moments upon our view in the midst of the battle, golden haired and bright faced, the signal of hope and comfort; but put into a quite new and imaginary setting.

In the first Lord Lytton's little remembered poem 'King Arthur,' we find a serious attempt to depict the ideal princely knight, as the author thought that he should be, and a very refined and graceful ideal he is, something like a water-colour by Richmond of a wavy-haired, open-collared young Etonian of the day.

The Welsh original legends and the French Fabliaux founded on them have both been carefully studied; but, as in the case of Spenser's, a new set of adventures have been invented for the hero. The story is placed in the period of his early youth, when he first comes to the throne.

We come now to a much more definite personal description of

the ideal hero. After the curious touch of reality given to the very oldest mention of him by Guinevere's scorn of his 'middle size,' we only hear of his 'great beaute' in general terms, though an unsurpassable impression of flashing glory and splendour is conveyed by Spenser. But now we hear of the 'golden hair,' the 'frank and azure eyes' with which he has ever since been pictured.

He is roused by a vision from a joyous youth, and sets forth northward to seek adventures, in the course of which he is always gentle, generous, and chivalrous, if a trifle sentimental, and sets forth the Christian ideal of mercy and courtesy in many a combat with heathen foes. His dearest friend is Lancelot, young, fresh and innocent like himself, and the relation between them is very prettily described. He falls in love with a maiden named Agl , who dies, to his great grief; but finally marries Guinevere, Lancelot winning another maiden called Ginevra. They woo these ladies with modern sentiment and devotion. The religious side of Arthur is much dwelt on. He is led by a mystic dove, and fights with a sort of incarnation of the spirit of heathenism, in a cave near the North Pole, about the only place to which the original Arthur never penetrated. The description of the adventure is really fine, a not unworthy imitation of the Cave of Mammon and other horrid and awesome places of trial for good knights.

'King Arthur' is a very long and rather tiresome poem; but it is a by no means unsuccessful attempt to depict the ideal hero. Arthur wears 'the white flower of a blameless life,' and is all through a pure and stainless gentleman. He is also, before all things, a Christian champion, for the ideal has now learned to devote himself to a cause in the abstract, apart from individual or national glory, or personal affection. He is more ideal and spiritual than Scott's heroes, and much more virtuous than those of Byron, but he belongs to their generation, to the courtly days of fine gentlemen.

The most notable verse in the poem is the old Bardic prophet's address to the young king—

'And thou, thyself, shalt live from age to age
A *thought of beauty* and a *type of fame*;
Not the faint memory of some mouldering page,
But by the hearths of men a household name;
Theme to all song, and marvel to all youth,
Beloved as Fable, yet believed as Truth.'

PART IV.

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.

THE heroic type develops, and Arthur has learned much and suffered much before he shines out on the present generation. Now, he is the 'heir of all the ages,' and more is required of him than of Keltic chief, mediæval knight, Elizabethan warrior-prince, or royal gentleman of fifty years or so since. If the ideal has not risen, it has broadened. It includes many more relations of life—

‘This old, imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing *sense* at war with *soul*.’

Arthur, in the Idylls, has then an allegorical significance, and stands for something more than himself.

There is a hint of this idea flashing through *The Faëry Queene* and a germ of it latent in the old mediæval story, where we hear that 'Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of the roundness of the world,' and that 'By them which should be fellows of the Round Table, the truth of the Sancgreal should be well known.'

It is, therefore, most fitting that the head of that round table, which signified the whole round world, should be himself a type of ideal humanity. And, since, in the *Sancgreal*, the Christian faith, nay, Christ Himself, was revealed, King Arthur may well represent that Spiritual principle at war with the world, the flesh and the devil, which is for us embodied in the religion of Christ.

This allegorical significance must be remembered in treating of the latest presentation of Arthur; but it is of course only an undercurrent, rising occasionally to the surface, and the story is complete without it.

What manner of man, then, is this Ideal Hero,—this Power, who is to regenerate the world?

He has a Divine origin, doubted, and disbelieved. When the long wave that broke in flame and glory along the 'thundering shores of Bude and Bos,' flings the naked babe on the beach at Tintagel, from the shining dragon ship that sails the heavens, we see a development of the heavenly origin and mystic nature of Uther-of-the-Dragon's Head, as told us by the Welsh bard Taliesin.

From the glowing light of the setting sun came Arthur, and he trailed clouds of glory as he came, never losing that golden

brightness, from the days when 'his face shone in the mêlée' of the old Cambrian battle, till Tristram saw

'His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hill-snow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips with light,'

till his statue, gold winged and golden crowned, flamed in the sunrise over the hall at Camelot, till Guinevere beheld

'The Dragon of the Great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire,'

no—not till Bedivere, in the 'fresh beam of the springing east,' cast his last longing glances at

'The light and lustrous curls
That made his forehead like a rising sun.'

Bright and gracious, calm and serene, Arthur stands in the midst of his knights, still the same Arthur as of old, but seen in a clearer light.

He is still the man whom

'No man could prove untrue to his promise ;'

but he has discovered a grand reason for this' faithfulness,

'Man's word is God in man.'

He loves and rejoices in his noble knights, Lancelot is still especially dear to him, and to this friend he

'Swear on the field of death a deathless love,
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death.'

He is still first in the combat, still he refuses the Roman tribute ; but now, because

'The old order changeth, giving place to new,'

still

'He drove
The heathen, after, slew the beast, and felled
The forest, letting in the sun, and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight.'

All this he did of old : but now he does it 'as the purpose of his life.' He has a great cause and a great enthusiasm. When he gathers the 'fair order of his Table Round,' it is to

'Serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time. ...

To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
 To speak no slander : no, nor listen to it,
 To honour his own word as if his God's,
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
 To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
 And worship her by years of noble deeds
 Until they won her.'

In fact, he founded a great brotherhood in order that they might purify themselves first, and the whole world afterwards. His intense enthusiasm so impressed itself upon them, that when they

'Trembling laid their hands in his, and sware,
 From eye to eye through all their Order flashed
 A momentary likeness of the King.'

The ideal hero has then a noble and mighty purpose, to which he dedicates himself and his life. This is one development from the knight-errant, who took adventures as they came. Another is in the new love of which the always loving Arthur is now capable.

It was foretold in vision before he came, that,

'Could he find
 A woman in her womanhood as great
 As he was in his manhood,
 The twain together well might change the world.'

This helpmeet he seeks, for he knows

'Of no more subtle master under Heaven
 Than is the maiden passion for a maid,'

and this helpmeet he believes himself to find in Guinevere. He longs for her with

'Travail and throes, and agonies of the life,
 for without her the earth is hollow and vexed with dreams ; he seems as nothing, he

but,
 'Cannot will his will, nor work his work,'

he will
 'Living with her as one life,'

'Have power on this dead world to make it live.'

So that when his hope of winning her grew strong, the world

'Was all so clear about him that he saw
The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,
And, even in high day, the morning star.'

Arthur and Guinevere are married. A perfect married life is the ideal of purity set forth by the modern English poet, and Arthur works his work in happy trust that the two wills are working together to a perfect end.

These great hopes are vain, and when the blow falls, there is for him not only the agony of waging bitter war with his trusted friend, it is not only that Guinevere has left his hall lonely, and that he has to take last leave of all he loves; but that she has spoiled the purpose of his life, broken up his glorious company, and by her example, lowered the tone of his knights so that his realm

'Reels back into the beast, and is no more.'

The purpose of his throne has failed, his helpmeet has been a hindrance to him, his life is spoiled. He can forgive and look for union in a purer world, but he cannot, as he would in the old story gladly have done, condone the sin and 'set her at his side again,' though his hearth is waste and his heart aching, and though, instead of the crystal clearness, through which, in hope and love, he once saw the morning star,

'A blind haze
Hath folded in the passes of the world.'

As Arthur's aims have been higher, his sufferings are more varied and deeper than of old.

To fit this larger conception into the frame of the old legend, is something of a pouring of new wine into old bottles. If the co-operation and sympathy of Guinevere were so much to Arthur, he must have missed what she entirely failed to give. So passionate a lover must have felt that he was not loved. The unsuspecting blindness is felt to be inconsistent with ideal devotion to the wife, and makes Arthur's character appear to some to be 'faultily faultless.'

The religious side, also, of Arthur's character is made to approve itself to the 'crowning common sense' of the English poet, who has elsewhere recorded his dislike to the 'blind hysterics of the Kelt.'

In the old story of the Quest of the Holy Grail, Arthur does not like the undertaking; he is miserable at losing his knights

from his side ; but that he thought their action wrong does not appear for a moment. Now, while the knights are seeking this great spiritual experience, he tells them that 'the chance of noble deeds will come and go.' Most of them will follow wandering fires, and, being neither Galahads nor Percivals, the quest was not for them. The King must guard

'That which he rules, and is but as the hind
To whom a space of land is given to plough,
Who may not wander from the allotted field,'
Before his work is done.'

He will not leave human wrongs to right themselves for any visionary rapture. There is so much to *do*. How can the knights waste time in trying to *see* ?

The King's ideal is that of an Englishman, it may almost be said of an English Churchman. It was, 'to do his duty *in that state* of life unto which it should please God to call him.'

It is not quite easy to reconcile this common sense and self-restraint with the mysticism which, an essential part of Arthur's original character, is much brought out and dwelt upon in the Idylls.

He also can see visions and dream dreams.

'Many a time they come,
Until this earth he walks on seems not earth.
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
This air that smites his forehead is not air
But vision ; yea, his very hand and foot,
In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again.'

We cannot but feel that such an Arthur, in Arthur's day, must have seen the Grail, even if he did not purposely seek it. We feel that Lancelot was a higher creature, for that inconsistent year of tragic magnificent failure in the search for the vision he was unfit to see, than he would have been without it.

But the Arthur of the Idylls is 'Soul warring with Sense,' and, in the spirit, if not in the letter, he belongs to a day when many may feel that the vision of the Grail is after all a thing of the senses, and that in Arthur, when he found his God 'in the shining of the stars,' and in the 'flowering of the fields,' there dwelt a purer and a noble faith.

But on this modern Arthur, to complete the picture, there

must fall a trial far more profound than he could formerly have conceived. Utter failure comes upon him, all on which he leaned, wife and friend, are false, his work is undone, his cause defeated. All his mind is clouded with a doubt. Can it be that even God is true? When he has worked and warred in vain; when his knights lie dead at his feet; when the battle is lost and the mists close in, and his day is so entirely done that he stands alone, without even the cry of an enemy in his ears; when he hears nothing but the great rolling voice of all the ages, unchanged and unchangeable by any system, let its day be as bright and as long as it may; when the very land he stands upon was upheaven from the abyss, to fall back into the abyss again?

From the great deep came Arthur, to the great deep shall he go?

No. He has done his work, and, when the Dragon helmet is cloven through, when Excalibur, the visible symbol of conquest, of power that can be seen and known, is flung away into the shining mere, we hear, through mist and above despair, the echo of Arthur's cry of faith—

'Nay, God my Christ—I pass but shall not die.'

Not from darkness to darkness, but from light to light, from the shining ship of Heaven that cast him on Tintagel shore, to the mystic barge that bore him into the dawn of the new year, beyond the limit of the world, on and on, till he vanished into light,

'Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,'

or one ideal limit its possibilities.

Out of the brightness of the sun, before the dawn of legend or of story, he whom we call Arthur came, and, as his mystic story is touched by successive hands, he comes again to shine upon the world and to light it for a little space.

So doubtless he, or that Ideal which he embodies, will come, again and yet again, till he climbs back once more to his Heavenly birthplace, and is lost in the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness Himself.

THE WHITE ROSE OF ROME.*

THE gas is flaring hotly in the little narrow Mission Room, the yellow jetting flames contrasting with the pale gleams of the two tall candles in front of the small organ in the corner close to the large green curtain which hides the platform—so close, indeed, that there is barely room for the person, who works the ropes which regulate the ascent and descent of such curtain, to stand. Every bench is closely packed with spectators, some reading their salmon-coloured programmes, some gazing expectantly at the green curtain, or whispering to each other ; but nothing can exceed the quiet decorum which prevails throughout the room.

And now the Vicar comes forward, and, after a few remarks explanatory of the semi-sacred nature of the performance, and the lessons it ought to teach to Churchmen and Churchwomen of the present day, reads, from Mrs. Jameson's 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' the story of St. Agnes, which tells all present how the young Roman maiden spurned the love of the Prefect's son ; how, when arrested and brought before the Prefect, she refused to sacrifice to Vesta ; how a storm of rain extinguished the fire kindled to consume her tender frame ; and how she, finally, perished by the sword. The Vicar also relates the brief story of St. Emerentia, the child friend of St. Agnes, who was stoned to death while praying at the martyr's grave, and, further, tells of the bright vision which appeared to the mourning Christians in the Catacombs, of the sister martyrs.

After this, the gentleman deputed to give the introductory Readings in verse, which preface each Tableau, does his part, and the great green curtain rises on the first of the nineteen scenes shown.

Dark-red curtains on three sides of the platform throw the Tableau into strong relief, while the blazing footlights illuminate the figures. On a couch sits the mother of the virgin martyr,

* The Christmas rose is the floral emblem of St. Agnes.

arrayed in a coral-hued robe, and green mantle, bending forward towards St. Agnes, who, in a bright blue dress with a silver girdle, her brown hair falling loose on her shoulders, sits on a stool looking up earnestly in the sad face bent down towards her. A small Roman bronze lamp suspended by a chain sheds its soft light on the bended head of the mother, while the glare of the footlights catches the upturned expectant face of the listening maiden. Listening? Yes, to old stories of days of persecution, to stories—

‘Of saints who, in the circus wide,
The black-maned lion’s rage defied ;
Of maidens who, all smiling, came
To wear the martyr robe of flame.’

Surely there is something prophetic in that look the mother fixes on her earnest child.

The same scene, but somewhat different actors. St. Agnes stands, arrayed as before in her blue robe and gleaming silver girdle, meekly but firmly rejecting the glittering casket of pearls offered by the client of the Prefect’s son, who, clad in white toga and trailing scarlet cloak, kneels at her feet. Near St. Agnes stands little Emerentia, a fair-haired childish figure in a long pink gown, her blue eyes fixed in wonder on the kneeling client.

Next we are shown Emerentia and the client, the little girl standing with her hands clasped behind her back, gazing half fearfully, half wonderingly at a string of pearls offered to her as a bribe if she will only reveal the name of him whom St. Agnes loves so well. The bribe is refused; but, by the introductory reading, we learn that the child in her innocence did reveal the secret of her lady’s faith.

Then we have a very quiet scene. St. Agnes is reclining on a rich couch, with Emerentia seated on a stool at her side engaged in twining

‘The threads with Tyrian purple dyed,’

and then—the Lamb is shown in the she-wolf’s clutches, the maiden appears bound and guarded by a stalwart Roman soldier, while Emerentia crouches, sobbing at her feet, and her nurse, Syra, kneels imploringly. This is a most vivid Tableau. Agnes stands, with slightly knitted brow and compressed lips, her hands tied before her with cords (strange contrast those rough-hempen bracelets with the rich blue robe and flashing silver girdle), looking down at the weeping child; the soldier stands to his front

as he leans on his spear ; the client on the other side of the captive folds his arms beneath his scarlet cloak, and gazes with scornful exultation at the bound victim.

Then we see the maiden martyr before the Prefect. She stands rigid as some fair statue, her right hand stretched heavenward, heedless of the white-robed vestal virgin who holds up the marble image of the goddess before her eyes, heedless of the dark bearded Prefect in his purple bordered gown, heedless, too, of the lictors, who gaze on her like leashed greyhounds eyeing a crouching hare, and of the motley crowd of spectators at the side of the scene.

After this we have four scenes in rapid succession. The curtain rises, there is the stake, the straw, the faggots, the crowd kept back by the lictors and soldiers, and St. Agnes, now in virgin white, ascending the pile, while Emerentia kneels and looks up. Then we see the martyr chained to the stake, bending forward for a last look at Emerentia, who, as a pitying soldier leads her away, turns her blue eyes towards the victim and stretches out her little hand in mute farewell. Next Agnes is shown with the light of the torches glowing on her upraised face and praying hands, and casting a crimson light on her snow-white robe ; * lastly, we see the virgin martyr, free once more, standing with closed eyes and clasped hands, while the crowd press about her, and little Emerentia kneels clinging round her, as if to hold her back from the soldiers who advance to seize her.

Then follow four scenes in the Mamertine dungeon. The first merely shows the virgin martyr asleep, her head pillow'd on a bundle of straw ; in the second, we see a Christian deaconess, who has gained admittance to the prison, kneeling by the side of the sleeper, clad in grey and white with a white hood ; in the third, called in the programme, 'The Kiss of Peace,' the two exchange the sacramental embrace and kiss, for the time is at hand, and the dawn is white above the Alban hills ; in the fourth—but this will need more detailed description.

There are four figures introduced. On the right is Sempronius, the Prefect's son, who has come with a last hope—will Agnes sign a scroll to the effect that she *has* sacrificed. Look at her as she stands in her white robe fixing a gaze on the tempter, in which meekness, pity, and scorn contend, and beneath which he quails, and drops the lying scroll to the floor. See, she gives

* This effect was produced by lime-light thrown through red glass.

her hands to her friend, the deaconess ; the latter steps forward and, taking those willing hands between her own, folds them in the attitude of prayer, while the soldier draws the cord round the slender wrists. Sempronius can hardly mistake the meaning of that action, nor does he, wrath, disappointment, and real anguish, too, are seen in his downcast look ; he cannot raise his eyes to the meek face. No less remarkable is the expression of the deaconess, she half shrinks from her task of holding those gentle hands steady for the cord, and yet she half glories in it, too. The soldier alone is indifferent to the whole scene, and does *his* work mechanically.

Next come three scenes which lead up to the martyrdom, though in accordance with the old classical maxim, the actual passion is not shown. St. Agnes appears, walking slowly to her death, her hair loose, her tied hands placed, as in the previous Tableau, in the attitude of prayer. Behind her are the soldiers charged with the execution of the sentence ; before her, right in her path, stands a group, consisting of her mother, the deaconess, and Syra, the nurse ; midway is little Emerentia, who has run forward to greet her lady, but has paused, horror-stricken, and now stands with her little arms uplifted in passionate protest.

Agnes is unconscious of the presence of those loving ones, her eyes are bent on the ground in meek, prayerful submission, but they see her, and what a look does the mother bend on her martyr child ; in vain would Felicitas, the deaconess, and Syra gently urge her forward, she stands rooted to the spot, her hands clasped, her eyes almost glassy in their gaze of speechless anguish.

The curtain drops, then rises again. They have met, mother and daughter, they stand heart pressed to heart, the former bends to feel for the tied hands that she may clasp them, but blindly groping, she only touches the cords, the shock has brought the much needed tears to those dim eyes at last. Agnes casts on her a look of perfect filial love, yet what a light of high resolve shines in her eyes. Syra weeps silently ; the deaconess lays her hand on the mother's arm and points upward ; the child kneels and kisses the martyr's white dress.

But nature can bear no more, and the next scene shows the mother swooning in the arms of Felicitas. Emerentia, frightened, has run up to Syra and hidden her face in the nurse's dress. Agnes stands perfectly rigid—she longs to take the stricken one

in her arms, but she cannot—her hands are tied—and she stands in all the anguish of helplessness. Throughout these two scenes the soldiers remain motionless with their swords drawn.

The last four Tableaux need little description. We see the Christian mourners, male and female, grouped together in the gloom of the catacombs, and hear the funeral hymn, then we gaze on Emerentia, in white, going to the grave alone, bearing a basket of snowdrops (her subsequent martyrdom is told in the narrative verse, not made the scene of a Tableau—who could wish to see such a spectacle?) ; then we see Agnes' mother, with her two faithful companions, kneeling in the gloom ; and, lastly, is shown a scene, which, though to some it may appear rash if not presumptuous, is perhaps warranted by the tale, and is surely the best way of finishing the story, namely, the vision as seen by the mourners—Agnes and Emerentia are shown in robes of white, the light flashing round them, the child witness, with innocent, wondering look, clinging to the maiden and holding the victor palm on high above her fair head ; the virgin martyr standing like some sculptured figure, with bent head and hands joined in prayer, looking down on her kneeling mother. Then all is over, the spectators disperse, and pass out quickly into the gaslit street. Such is 'The White Rose of Rome,' as given by Sunday-school teachers in one of our northern towns.

RICHARD F. JUPP.

NOTE.—The duration of the Performance was a little under two hours. Since the above account was written the piece has been somewhat altered. It now contains only sixteen Tableaux.

FLOWERING SUNDAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'RUTH HALLIDAY.'

SOME years ago I was teaching a class of little children in a Sunday-school. I was showing them a picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds. In this picture there is a representation of a group of angels as in a cloud. One of the children began to admire the angels very much, and told me of his little twin brothers who were dead, and who, his mother had told him, were now angels in Heaven ; another child said he had a little sister in Heaven ; and another, though he could not remember who it was, said he was sure there was 'some one belonging to *we* there.' I always think of these children on Palm Sunday, or, as it is called in this part of Wales, 'Flowering Sunday.' The thought of *some one belonging to we*—as the child said in the quaint Hampshire dialect—is the uppermost thought in many minds at this season. For weeks before Flowering Sunday preparations are begun ; many who have been saving their money, that they might put up a stone to the memory of their father, or mother, or child, try to get it placed now. There is a bustle in the churchyard, and you may see quite old men tidying up a wife's grave, and many a woman busily scrubbing a stone, while the children walk many miles to secure early primroses and violets.

On Flowering Sunday itself many a lad, whose work lies in some distant smoky town, comes to spend that day in his old home ; many a girl in service begs for a holiday for the same purpose. There are greetings in almost every home. It is unlike the family meetings at Christmas, and yet in some ways it is like a larger family meeting, for on that day all thoughts are blended with recollections of those whose bodies lie in God's acre. Some of those who on this day wander in the beautiful churchyard, and look at the distant mountains and the fast-flowing river, have not many friends or relations left ; maybe

some are so old that most of their relations are gone before them. But even these feel less lonely as they look at the beautiful flowers and the well cared-for graves ; to them—

‘ Past sorrow is a sort of home,
An exile’s home, and only lent
For needful rest in banishment.’

‘ They will come back, for they have left their dead here,’ said some of a savage nation, when they saw the reverent care with which the English Christians buried their dead in a distant land. True, indeed, though it is, we know, only the body which lies there ; yet, the resting-place of our dear one has chains to draw us back when we wander in life’s rough way, and the thought of that quiet sacred spot may well soothe us who long for rest in the midst of the battle of life.

The ‘ In loving remembrance ’ which is placed on that stone is no bare formality, but a real true sentiment, and may well serve to soften the heart and rouse the energies of those who are left on earth.

‘ Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.’

Though we miss them in our daily life, they are ours still. Death cannot hinder our still being of one family. Like the child in Wordsworth’s poem, we can still maintain the ‘ We are seven ’—though two of us in ‘ churchyard lie.’

Nothing but sin can separate us from them, they are far more our own than if they were here in this world of sorrow and ceaseless change.

‘ Yes, they are more our own,
Since now they are God’s only ;
And each one that has gone
Hast left our heart less lonely.’

Dear Dead ! they have become
Like guardian angels to us,
And distant heaven like home
Through them begins to woo us ;
Love that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places ;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.’

AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

M A R C H.

LEADEN skies, dry hard atmosphere, with a grey haze over the distance, such is the general character of March. The boys play at marbles, favoured by the hardness of the village street people's faces get a stern fixed expression, and their talk is of 'black east wind.'

But the Easter moon, the moon of moons, will soon begin to fill her horns. She often breaks through the haze at night, as the sun cannot do by day, the fact being that his absence makes more equality in heat (or cold) in the air, and therefore there is less opaqueness. The sun towards the end of the month is in Aries, therefore, of course, that constellation is invisible now ; but in the winter it was to be distinguished by two large stars, one with a lesser one beside it, leading the zodiacal train. Just now, at night its opposites, Virgo, with her brilliant Spica, and Libra, are the most distinguished stars. Libra, by the help of one star of its neighbour Scorpio, makes a kind of star-dotted anchor. It is a wonderful and grave thought that on that first Good Friday, the sun who hid his face at noonday, must have been in Aries, the Ram, named long ago in some strange uncomprehended foreboding of the Sacrifice.

Here, too, preparing for the Holy Week, are the withys, the silver buttons of their catkins expanding into the full, fragrant yellow tuft of stamens protruding from tiny scales—pussies and goslings, as happy children call them. They furnish the substitutes for palms, which our village children still wear on Palm Sunday. It is far from inappropriate when we remember that 'willows from the brook' were part of the prescribed booths, made by the Jews at the Feast of Tabernacles, though that was in the autumn. The willows then used were, by their traditions, to have smooth-edged leaves, resembling a smiling, good-

tempered mouth, whereas a rough-edged leaf betokened ill-temper. In some counties, yew branches are used instead of willow, and the tree is called, in consequence, palm. .

The yew's dark evergreen branches are all over little buff, dusty balls, that is about every alternate tree, for the yew is diæcious. This is a great country for it. The deep green bushy trees stand at intervals in the hedges separating the fields from the chalk down, flourishing, though their trunks are in a state of dry decay, crumbling away, and sometimes with ferns nestling in their breasts. A row of them at Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, is said to have been planted by Bishop Ken, and the path beside them is called 'the Bishop's Walk'; but though the living was held by him, it is doubtful whether he ever lived or walked their much. Near at hand in these parts, is the great mushroom-like yew of Twyford Churchyard of unknown age, and with a seat around its gnarled ruddy trunk. It might almost date from the enactment of Edward I. for the cherishing of the trees that were to supply the tough yew bows that made the English archers well-nigh invincible.

The glory of March is, however, in favoured places, the daffodil. They have come to be popular favourites now, though I remember when they were despised for being yellow and having no scent, whereas at present they are so much the fashion that the places where they grow need to be guarded from unscrupulous marauders, who pull up roots with the flowers, and it is even said that some farmers mow them on their first appearance to prevent the incursions of trespassers.

For my own part, they have been the delight of my life ever since the days of rushing down, in a funny little round frilled white tippet of checked cambric, to the hazel copse where they nodded in profusion, nay, still nod, or, as Dorothy Wordsworth called it, dance. That copse has pools of water, which encourage the daffodils to be much larger than those on a lighter, thinner soil. What peculiar beauty there is in the six pale petals and the deeper coloured bell, which old-fashioned botanists called the nectary. Call it what we will, the fairy robe, the folding of the bell, the crimping of the edge, and above all, the marvellous subdued glitter upon it, are unequalled, and render it more charming than its white, yellow-eyed congeners, whether called butter-and-eggs, pheasant's eye, or more elegantly, *Poetic narcissus*. It is curious that when cultivated into being double, it should become so much larger, as well as lose all its peculiar gracefulness.

The 'pale primrose' has a longer reign than the daffodil or than the sweet violet, purple or white, according to the soil, or sometimes of a curious undesirable pink. Like most blue flowers the violet 'sports' into white and pink, white being perhaps more frequent than purple, and forming the staple of those school-children's 'Sunday nosegays,' so charming in intention and theory, but in practice so often squeezed so tightly together as to lose their bright beauty, and have their own odours stifled in that of hot pews, whereas a white violet smiling on a bank in its freshness is a sight for sair e'en!

Not that this is a very favoured country in the way of *Viola odorata*. We are not destitute, but they are few and far between, and in the clay soil copses where they grow, many a hope of gathering them is disappointed by the anemone bud, otherwise there would be not a word to say against the beloved *Anemone nemorosa*—the wind-flower—or, as the village children unpoetically call it, 'smell foxes.' It is a more universal flower than even the primrose, starring the woods with delicate pearly blossoms, each standing simply between two delicately pinnated winged leaves, on the stem, rising from the roots which creep in an endless network underground. Here is a congregation all wearing a purple stain ; there the whole party are pearly white. If they are pulled up from their junction with the creeping roots, they will last for some time in water. The garden shows their blue brother, the Alpine anemone, which is almost identical in growth ; also the gorgeous Pyrenean anemone, brilliant scarlet with a black or purple centre, so dazzling that more truly than the rose does its 'hue angry and brave, bid the rash gazer wipe his eye.' Whether it is the rule, I cannot tell, but here, if a garden cherishes the blue flower of the Alps, it seem alien to the scarlet pride of the Pyrenees, and *vice versa*. The little *Anemone hepatica*, blue or pink, which peeps from the snow in Scandinavia, seems to have an affinity for cottage gardens—perhaps it is because it is less liable to be disturbed by gardeners. The little Banksia roses, which are not roses at all, but an Australian creeper, named after Sir Joseph Banks, are putting out their little uncalyxed buds all over the house, trusting not to be nipped by frost. In the hedges, among their heart-shaped, sometimes black-spotted leaves, rise the folded spathes of the arum. These will by-and-by expand into a hood, wherein arises a column, crimson or white, surrounded at the base by white beadings and little threads. These are really the flowers,

one circle male, the other female, and the hairs between divide them and carry the pollen to the bare germs, which by-and-by will become scarlet acrid berries. The old nicknames are Cuckoo-pint and Wake Robin ; but I knew them as lords and ladies in their coach, the red ones being lords, the white ladies. This is, however, a corruption of Our Lord and Our Lady. Devon makes it a lamb in a pulpit, and it is the English passion-flower with pillar, scourges, nails, blood, and a final arch of glory.

When I first saw the great white arum, properly a Caladium, I felt as if my beloved lady were there glorified, and it is in every way a suitable Easter decoration for churches, only it ought never to have been called a lily. It grows all over marshes at the Cape ; and it is curious that, while the berries are acrid and poisonous (one of the many sorts is used to poison tigers), the tubers afford the best starch-powder or arrowroot, which is really arum-root !

The terrible storm of March, 1891, held back the spring unseasonably. It is to be feared that the tendency to inflation, which calls a moderate-sized shop a mammoth warehouse, and a selling-off a tremendous sacrifice, will soon term every shower a blizzard ; but this really was one, and its doings on Dartmoor and the adjacent parts were really terrific, devastating woods, burying cattle, blocking up deep Devonshire lanes—so that supplies of food were cut off for three or four days, while travellers on the railway were in a still more piteous condition—weather-bound for twenty hours at a time with nothing to eat but, perchance, samples of Cadbury's cocoa, or Devonshire cream on the way to a friend.

Here the storm came in a comparatively exhausted state, but it was bad enough, and greatly interfered with March Confirmations. One clergyman came tandem, bringing as many of his flock as he could ; but it was well that the whole system has been altered in these days of increased activity and earnestness, so that few parties of candidates have to go far from their own parish church.

An old man—he would be over a hundred years old were he alive now—used to relate that he first saw ‘his missus’ at a great Confirmation at the Cathedral ; but he waited for her until he had two pigs in his sty : ‘And then, sir, I knew I was a match for any woman !’

Triennial Confirmations at central parishes became the rule,

but though the distances were not long, the expedition could hardly fail of being a somewhat excited and noisy one when lads and lasses had to make their way unguarded by their clergy ; and such a thing has been known as a boy pulling out the tail-board of the cart going up a hill, and letting the screaming, giggling girls down into the mud. Indeed, when Bishop Samuel Wilberforce began to confirm from parish to parish, an innkeeper possessed of an assembly-room threatened an action for thus preventing the ball that used to be given, when so many young people were assembled.

There is far better hope of a permanent impression being made where the gatherings are smaller, and the churches easily reached, so as to have room for parents and god-parents. Long did we hold out against veils, as a greater excitement, and possibly an encumbrance to unaccustomed heads ; but when caps became useless afterwards, and veils came to make a distinction between rich and poor, it seemed well to keep a stock of squares of tulle to lend on the occasion ; and very fair and gracious is the spectacle of the bent heads under their white drapery.

I had written snowy—but in 1891 we had had too much of literal snow to wish to use the term figuratively. It lingered long in banks where it drifted, and kept back the spring. Nevertheless, a flock of no less than forty water wagtails suddenly appeared walking on this little grass-plot one evening just after sunset on the 25th of March. They seemed to be too much tired to wag their tails, though a few made little flights, after insects, and they gradually disappeared into the shrubs, where they roosted—and doubtless continued their journey early the next day. The wagtails of Southern England are stay-at-home birds, but those further north migrate even to Africa when their food of flies begins to fail them, and this troop must have been on their way home, since they came back in March. They were pied wagtails ; the yellow species, properly called grey wagtails, is not often seen here. The yellow wagtail—so named—is more rare, and less yellow than the 'grey,' a pretty creature, not uncommon in Devonshire, though the pied species is far more frequent here. Dishwasher is the Hampshire name for these pretty birds of graceful form and lively air ; Lady Dishwash is their title in Kent. I have known one haunt the outside of a window, running backwards and forwards on the sill, and pecking at the insects.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXCIV.

1738-1741.

WHAT CAME OF JENKYNS' EARS.

WITH Queen Caroline, much was lost of sagacity and firmness, though George II. still felt implicit confidence in Sir Robert Walpole.

This Minister's leading desire was to secure peace, and the country, after a term of rest, was in a turbulent condition, desirous of an outbreak. One great source of discontent was the trade with South America. The Spanish Government held that the use of colonies was to increase the trade of the mother-country, and therefore the numerous Spanish provinces from Florida southwards were forbidden to obtain European goods from any save Spanish traders ; nay, even Indulgences were purchased wholesale from the Pope by his Catholic majesty, and retailed to the colonial Spaniards, who were perhaps the most superstitious of all Romanists.

Spain, however, was less and less able to minister to all the requirements of advancing civilisation, and there was a market for English goods. By treaty, the Spanish crown had been compelled to consent to one English ship every year being sent out to America, but no more, except that in stress of weather it was permissible to put into a Spanish port. The right of search for contraband articles had been acknowledged by all nations, and the American harbours were watched by *Guarda costas*, or preventive ships.

The English merchants were bent on eluding these stipulations. The single ship was kept continually full of goods by lesser ones, which supplied her as fast as her cargo was sold off ; and again, smugglers would come off to the English ships, hovering on the coast, and made their bargains. The Spaniard guards naturally used their right of search whenever there was suspicion, and often with violence and injustice. In especial, the

captain of a Jamaica trader was by his own account captured and his vessel searched by a Spanish *Guarda costa*, and though nothing contraband was found, he was treated with great violence, and one of his ears was torn off by the ruffians, who bade him show it to his countrymen. That he had lost half an ear was certain, and also that he displayed something in cotton wool, which he said was the missing lobe ; but there were enemies who averred that he had left his ear in the pillory, and that the curiosity in his pocket was a bit of rabbit's skin ! Moreover, all had happened seven years before the case was brought forward, and Jenkyns was examined before a Parliamentary Committee. When he was asked how he felt when he found himself in the power of those truculent enemies, he replied, 'I commended my soul to God, and my cause to my country,' and this reply made a great sensation throughout the country, and there was a determination to avenge the wrongs of Jenkyns.

Sir Robert Walpole remained desirous of averting war, and he entreated the House to wait patiently and avoid exasperating the Spaniards by denunciations ; but the opposite party were not to be silenced, and all his negotiations were betrayed to them by the Spanish envoy, a Hibernian Spaniard, Thomas Fitzgerald, now translated into Don Tomas Geraldino. This man, likewise, made the worst of everything to the Court of Spain, caused Walpole's intentions to be distrusted there, and declared the interest of Spain to be in the fomenting of English dissensions. George II. himself was more of a soldier than anything else, and without his Queen to check him, sent messages through the Duke of Newcastle likely to lead to war.

However, Walpole succeeded in arranging a Convention, by which a compensation in money was agreed upon for the injuries that the Spaniards had inflicted upon the English in their trade. However, in Parliament, the arrangement was most indignantly received, at the right of search not being given up, nothing being said about Jenkyns' ears, nothing about the boundary between Georgia and Florida, and the sum accepted in compensation being insufficient. Young William Pitt, who was just becoming prominent in debate, spoke most hotly against it, and so did that strong Tory, or rather Jacobite, Sir William Wyndham, who ended by saying that remonstrance being of no effect, he should withdraw and serve his country with his prayers.

All this loud-voiced opposition greatly offended the Spaniards,

who could not believe that it was against the will of the Minister, and thought that he was dealing treacherously with them. Cardinal Fleury offered to mediate, but in vain, and on the 19th of October, 1739, war was declared.

There was general rejoicing, every one expected conquests, some of the Members of Parliament walked in procession behind the heralds, who proclaimed war by sound of trumpet, the Prince of Wales rode not far behind, and stopped at the Rose Tavern near Temple Bar to drink ‘Success to the War.’ Bonfires were lighted, and bells were rung in the churches. ‘Ah!’ said Walpole, as he heard them, ‘there is ringing of bells now, soon there will be wringing of hands.’

Every one, however, looked on victory as certain, and meant to dispose of the bear’s skin before they had caught him, deciding that whatever England should take in the West Indies should never, on any pretence, be given up. Two naval expeditions were fitted out against South America, one under Admiral Vernon, which was to attack Porto Bello and the Atlantic Settlements; the other, under Commodore Anson, was to sail round Cape Horn and plunder the Pacific Settlements, as in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Vernon was the favourite. His father had been Secretary of State under William III., and had imbibed the true Dutch hatred of France, which he had transmitted to his son, Edward Vernon. As a Member of Parliament, his hot denunciations of the French, and all alliance with them as treason, had nearly brought him to the Tower, but made him such a favourite with the nation, that Walpole, when accepting the war as inevitable, likewise gratified the Opposition by appointing him.

Everything was done in his favour, and he absorbed the best ships, crews, and sailors, while only the refuse were left for Anson, who had no one to plead his cause.

He himself was brave and spirited, but not conciliatory, for he was rude and turbulent to his superiors, uncivil and contradictory towards his equals, and harsh and haughty towards his subordinates.

He set sail in July, 1739, hoping to capture the ships carrying quicksilver, but having missed them, he appeared before Porto Bello on the Isthmus of Panama with six ships of the line on the 20th of November. The Spaniards were taken by surprise, their garrison was incomplete, their ammunition insufficient, and many of their cannons unmounted. There was a fort called the Iron

Castle at the entrance of the bay, which the sailors scaled by mounting on one another's shoulders, and the next day another fort was about to be attacked, when a boat came out with a flag of truce, and the place surrendered, after the English had only lost seven men. There was only a sum of 10,000 dollars in it, but there were sixty cannons, which Vernon carried off, besides those which were left spiked, and the fortifications were blown up, which proved a more arduous task than conquering them.

The country was delighted. Vernon was unfairly contrasted with Admiral Hosier in 1726, who had twenty ships, and had not taken the place his successor had taken with only six. It was forgotten that Hosier had orders not to provoke the Spaniards, but only to block up their ships, since the Peace of Hanover was in the act of being negotiated. Moreover, he and 3000 of his crews had died of yellow fever in the deadly climate of the Gulf of Mexico.

One of the best of modern ballads was written by Richard Glover, making Hosier's ghost rise to rebuke the unjust comparison.

'As in Porto Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant Navy rode,
There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniard's late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet.'

The spirits of their fathers *did* start from every wave, all the 3000 of them—

'All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wove ;'

and Hosier, as their spokesman, pleads—

'Though in Porto Bello's ruin
You now triumph, free from fears,
When you think of our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.' !

He continues—

'I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright ;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
O that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain.'

‘Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismayed,
 And her galleons eading home,
 Though condemned for disobeying
 I had met a traitor’s doom.
 To have fallen, my country crying,
 “He has play’d an English part,”
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a grieved and broken heart.’

The pestiferous climate of Porto Bello has caused it to be almost deserted at the present day.

Vernon had the thanks of Parliament, his head was made a sign for public-houses, and his birthday was celebrated with the din of marrow bones and cleavers around the bonfires in the city streets. Reinforcements were sent out to him to Jamaica, the soldiers under Lord Cathcart, and the ships under Sir Chaloner Ogle. Altogether there were 115 sail, 15,000 sailors, and 12,000 soldiers; but Cathcart died almost as soon as he came out, and General Wentworth took the command.

What this great armament was to do had not been settled, but Vernon was resolved on attacking Cartagena, and was so foolish as to write about his intentions to the French Governor of St. Domingo, who gave information to the Spaniards in time to put them on their guard.

However, after fifteen days’ battering, the English succeeded in taking a fort at the entrance of the harbour, called Boca Chica, and though, with better engineers, it ought to have fallen much sooner, Vernon wrote a triumphant despatch, and a medal was struck in preparation for the surrender of Cartagena, with Vernon’s head and the inscription: ‘The avenger of his country,’ a boastful proceeding, such as England has seldom been betrayed into.

Meantime, Vernon and Wentworth were quarrelling, and an attempt at an assault was repulsed, not for want of courage, but of skill. Disease set in, and in two days 3200 out of 6600 men were sick or dead. The enterprise was abandoned, more especially as letters were intercepted, showing that the French Admiral might attack the fleet. Returning to Jamaica, the two commanders hoped to regain their honour by an attack on Santiago in Cuba, but though the ships entered the neighbouring bay, the difficulties of the ground were such that it was decided not to attack. Thus ended the expedition, Vernon persisting, and perhaps with truth, that had he been in sole command, he should have won both places with less loss than from sickness.

MR. FRANCIS.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER.

'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'

P A R T I I I.

FRANCIS, standing in the gateway, gazed for a moment at the speaker's eager, excited face, and then, almost unconsciously, obeyed the command laid upon him, and took Walter's strong, brown hand into his white, wasted, slender one. So they stood for a few moments, too much moved and carried away to remember that bugbear of an Englishman's life—the fear of being ridiculous.

'Let me go,' said Francis, suddenly—he drew back a little, leaning against the gate. 'Listen,' he said, 'Francis is only my Christian name, not my surname.'

'I have known that this long time. Mrs. Campbell calls you Mr. Frank as often as anything else.'

'My own family—brother, sister, mother—have disowned me.'

'I will be your brother,' was the reply.

'Mrs. Campbell, though her true old heart clings to me, believes me to be a—a very impenitent sinner.'

'I'm sorry for Mrs. Campbell. I don't think you are penitent, all the same, and I know we all need to be so. But not you more than myself.'

'You are wrong there. I have been wild, idle, wilful, extravagant; no one was very much surprised when asked to believe that I was something much worse.'

To this there came no answer.

'Ah, I have moved you. You wish to draw back.'

'No! I have been hard, conceited, overbearing; do you want to be rid of me for that?'

Francis laughed, such a dreary laugh.

'Boy, boy,' he said, 'your white past shames me! But it can-

not last long, and I will do you no harm. I surrender at discretion. Let us swear an eternal friendship.'

'You may sneer as much as you like now, I don't care. Let me go home with you.'

'Come, then. But remember our friendship is to be a one-sided affair. I will not enter your house ; but you may come to mine. My palace, yonder, looking as if it had been dropped there by accident. Here comes Sylvan, looking for me. I left him weeding his flower-beds,' and when Sylvan joined them, he added, 'Sylvan, run back and tell Mrs. Campbell that Mr. Bernard will share our meal, and she must make up her mind whether it is dinner or tea—for I don't know.'

Sylvan gave the young clergyman rather a dark look, but obeyed at once.

From that day a somewhat brighter life began for Francis. It may be doubted if Sylvan's happiness were increased. He was as jealous as a woman, and besides, had never quite forgiven Walter for his early harshness. He had more frequent attacks of the 'wandering fever,' as Francis called it ; he was short in his manner to Walter when Francis was not present. In his presence he was a different creature, not from hypocrisy, but because he loved his 'dear master' so sincerely that he could not bear to vex him.

Mrs. Bernard was very uneasy about her son, and even spoke to her husband on the subject of this friendship. But the Rector, though he had lived all his days in this out-of-the-way corner, had a large charity in his heart, which served him instead of knowledge of the world. 'Don't fret about Walter,' he said, 'he is a better man since he has known young Francis. Larger hearted, less opiniated, gentler. Francis will not harm him, and he may benefit Francis. Let us beware of interfering with what may be God's way of bringing peace to a troubled heart.'

Mrs. Bernard did not interfere ; but Francis guessed her feelings very well, and all his friend's endeavours to bring him to the Rectory were unavailing.

One Sunday, when this 'one-sided' friendship had lasted about a year, Walter, following his father from the vestry room, saw Francis sitting besides Sylvan near the pulpit. Sylvan had left the choir, as his voice was gone. The congregation was aware of the stranger's presence ; his abstention from coming to Church had been set down to conscious guilt, but his appearance did not

induce his neighbours to reconsider their verdict. On the contrary, they looked scandalised.

'Francis, I saw you in Church yesterday.'

'Though attenuated, I am still visible, Right Reverend.'

'Why did you come?'

'I heard an old lady say it was "just my imperence." Well, Campbell assured me lately that you are very much improved. She considers you nearly equal to a certain Boanerges named Kidd, whom she was wont to hear long ago.'

'Well, and what do you say of my sermon?'

'I am glad I did not hear you before the improvement,' said Francis, gravely.

'I did not expect civility,' said Walter, laughing.

'No, no, you only want an argument. You will not get it, dear boy. But I shall go again, just to encourage you. You are a painstaking youth. Your mother admires you. Does your father never preach?'

'Not often. He has something the matter with his throat, you know.'

Francis came to Church every Sunday, and Walter, in his love and his anxiety, would have made a grievous mistake if left to himself. He would have preached a series of 'Christian Evidence' sermons. From this his father saved him.

'Francis would know that you were preaching at him,' said the Rector, 'and he would either leave off coming or he would begin to argue with you. And arguments do no good. No—preach exactly as you would if he were not there; try to forget him.'

Walter tried to do this, but failed. Once or twice he said something, prompted by his anxiety for his friend, and on those occasions Francis looked up at him with his fine, slight smile; and Walter, poor fellow, was in despair. He thought he was doing harm where he most longed to do good. So it was with great pleasure that he heard his father say—

'Walter, you want rest. I shall preach next Sunday morning.'

'My dear, your throat won't stand it,' said his wife.

'It must,' said the Rector. And it did, after a fashion. He preached for several Sundays, at the cost of much pain and hoarseness during the week, and in October he had an attack of his old malady, and could preach no more.

Now, when his father preached his first sermon, Walter was

terribly disappointed. It was so simple, so practical, so suited to the bulk of the congregation, so little suited to impress critical, cavilling, careless Francis. Yet Francis listened, not with an occasional smile, but with a gravity that grew upon him every Sunday. He never spoke about what he heard, but he came regularly. Even when the Rector was ill, and Walter began to preach again, Francis still came, and still listened gravely. That year, before Christmas, Sylvan was confirmed ; and, on the following Sunday, among the lads who came up to make their first Communion, Walter saw Francis and Sylvan side by side. Still, he never spoke on the subject.

In this capricious climate of ours, we sometimes have a few days in February which seem to belong rather to May, to make up for which we sometimes have a June that might pass for February. The shortest month this year was very cold. One night, with snow on the ground, old Bains lighted every stove in the Church with unusually good fires ; and lo, in the morning, the weather had changed, and the day was damp, warm, and oppressive. The windows were opened by the Rector's orders, but need I say that the congregation promptly closed them ? whereby the atmosphere of the Church became like that of a vapour bath. And during the service Francis suddenly stood up, holding by the back of the next seat, and trying to gather strength to walk away. Finding this impossible, he sat down again, and next moment fainted dead away.

Sylvan was with him, and Mrs. Campbell not far off. Walter ended his sermon abruptly, and came from the pulpit in hot haste. Peter Kirke met him, saying, 'I'm here, sir, if you want help.' Among them, they carried Francis into the vestry room. The doctor was not in Church, having been sent for to a distant patient. Mrs. Bernard followed into the vestry room.

Now, as we know, Mrs. Bernard did not approve of Francis, or of Mrs. Campbell, or of Walter's friendship with the former. Yet, as she stood there, watching the handsome, ivory-white face, so emaciated, so hopelessly sad, somehow her heart began to melt. Mrs. Campbell felt a hand on her shoulder, and found Mrs. Bernard beside her.

'This room is hot and crowded ; he cannot recover here. Would it harm him to carry him over to the Rectory ? It is raining, or he would be better in the air.'

'It would not hurt him—Sylvan knows how to lift him. But if you could get these people to go away.'

'No, no,' said Walter, seeing his opportunity ; 'it will be better to do as my mother says.'

And in a few minutes they laid Francis down on a sofa in the Rectory drawing-room.

'The air did him good,' said Sylvan ; 'he is coming round. Mrs. Campbell, send them away.'

'Hush ! How can I, child, in their own house ?'

Whereupon Sylvan stood up, and said—

'I think my master would wish to be alone with us, his servants.'

The Rector vanished, and Walter took his mother's hand to draw her away, but she had not been attending to what was said, and lingered. And in another moment Francis half raised himself, caught Sylvan by the arm, and gasped out—

'Draw me out of reach ; we're both done for. Ah, poor Wild Darrell ; our last mad race together ! It was my fault ! Is that my mother ?'

'Hush, Master Frank, hush !' said Mrs. Campbell ; 'that's Mrs. Bernard—you fainted in Church ; don't you remember it ?'

'Not my mother—so much the better for her. Is Wild Darrell dead ? Sylvan, where are we ?'

'In the Rectory, sir.'

'Help me up—I must go at once.'

'Please, don't move,' Mrs. Bernard said, half-crying ; 'you've been so ill ; do stay quiet, or you will faint again.'

'Madam, you are very kind. I fear I have no choice but to obey.'

And with these words, he closed his eyes and his lips, and neither spoke nor moved until he felt that he could perfectly control himself. It was by this time getting dark, and he found himself alone with Sylvan.

'Are you quite well now ?' said the boy, anxiously, as he met his master's eye.

'Oh, quite ! In high health, first-rate spirits, and generally jovial. Where's Cammie ?'

'Gone home, sir. She said something she had in the oven would be spoiled.'

'Very good—no, it won't be very good if it gets spoiled. Let us hope for the best. Where are the others, Mrs. Bernard, etc. ?'

'They thought you were asleep, and they're all in the dining-room. If you like, we could get out of this window and get away without being seen.'

'Sylvan, my friend, you still have a little of the savage about you. That would not do at all. Here, help me up. I'm a nice kind of fellow, making an exhibition of myself—it's a long time since I played this prank, however. Can I walk? Yes; come along; but first I must "tidy" myself, as Cammie says. Am I all right now? My hair feels like a haycock; but that can't be helped. I think I'll lean on you, Sylvan. We'll go and say good-bye and thank you, and then make for the Haven and poor Cammie's burnt dinner.'

'Ah,' said Walter, at the door, 'I thought I heard your voice. Are you quite yourself again, Frank? you're always so white that one cannot tell. Sylvan, what do you say?'

'He is quite able to go home, sir.'

'Home! not until he has had something to eat! Francis, we are waiting tea for you, and my mother—'

'Will be delighted to be rid of me,' whispered Francis, mischievously. 'Yes, my dear Right Reverend, I know all about it.'

'You do not, indeed. Come and see her.'

'Of course, just to say thank you. Come, Sylvan,' and, still leaning on the boy, he passed into the dining-room. 'Mrs. Bernard, I am sorry to have given you so much trouble; but I have to thank you for your kindness and to say good-bye, as I had better get home while there is any light left.'

'There will be a moon presently,' she answered, 'and it is very dark now. Tea is just ready; you must sit down and have a cup of tea.'

'A woman's remedy for most ills,' said the Rector, smiling; 'I hope you will stay.'

'Thanks, but no, I shall do very well, and Sylvan won't let me walk into the ditch; I think he sees in the dark.'

'My mother will be quite hurt if you don't stay,' said Walter Francis looked at him with his mocking smile. 'You will console her,' said he.

Mrs. Bernard felt very wretched. She had rather nursed up her dislike to Francis, but how had he found it out? And the curious thing was that her dislike had vanished, without any very tangible reason, too. There were tears in her kind old eyes as she said imploringly—

'Do stay, or I shall know that you cannot forgive me.'

'Forgive you?' he repeated, raising his eyebrows a little. 'My dear lady! for what?'

She looked embarrassed, and Walter laughed.

'Never mind for what, Francis, but stay, mother will have no sleep to-night if you persist.'

'You are very kind ; if I— well, I will stay. Sylvan, will you go and explain to Mrs. Campbell, and then come back for me.'

Sylvan hurried away, looking very black, but poor Mrs. Bernard was in great delight. It was not often that she cherished uncharitable feelings, and she felt better without them ; moreover, she loved petting an invalid, and here was such an interesting one ! But, alas ! Francis would not comport himself in invalid fashion, but sat down to the table in an ordinary chair, and made himself very agreeable. She plied him with delicious tea, delicate sandwiches, and crisp biscuits of her own making, and he ate with an appetite which rather surprised her.

'I am quite glad to see that you can eat,' said she.

'Oh, dear yes, I can eat, but for any improvement it makes in my cadaverous appearance, I might as well fast ; Campbell's heart is nearly broken about it, she says it's a mystery.'

'Our kind doctor is very skilful. It is a pity you don't let him try to cure you.'

'He has too much sense to try, Mrs. Bernard.'

Presently, the two clergymen went off to Evensong, but Mrs. Bernard said she would stay at home and entertain Mr. Francis. He made no objection to this, and as soon as they were alone, he said—

'I have sometimes wished, of late, that I could have a word with you, Mrs. Bernard ; I know just what you must feel about Walter and me, and I don't resent it, believe me. But I will not harm him. I promise it. And you can see for yourself that I shall not trouble any one long. Do not make him give me up. I have let myself love him, and you see——'

'Oh, Mr. Francis, don't say another word, I am ashamed of it now. Do forgive me, and to show that you do so, come here sometimes. Walter loves you dearly.'

'He does, I wonder why ? Sylvan, is that you ?'

'Yes, sir, I thought you might wish to go home.'

'Yes, I had better. I always feel battered to pieces when I've been fainting and making a fool of myself—like a girl. Good-bye, Mrs. Bernard, and thank you.'

'And you will come again ?'

'Thank you again ; good-night.'

As they walked along, Sylvan said, 'I love you better than Mr. Walter does.'

'Eh! What may this mean?'

'I heard what Mrs. Bernard said. But I love you, Mr. Frank, a hundred times better than he does. If it came to seeing what one of us would dare and do for you—ah, I wish it might! Mr. Frank, will you ever tell me who has injured you? who has been your enemy?'

'Yes, I'll tell you now, if you like.'

He could actually feel the fierce throb of delight that heaved the boy's heart, for he was leaning on the strong young arm.

'Ah! will you really?'

'Yes, and give you leave to pitch into him, if you wish. He is quite within your reach. I have been my own enemy, Sylvan. No one could have harmed me, but for my own conduct, my own sin. But do you know, I think a stronger hand than yours has punished me.'

'Mr. Francis, say what you like, you *have* an enemy, and one day I shall find him.'

'Well, boy, if you persist in hating my enemies, at least, love my friends.'

But to this remark Sylvan made no answer.

From that day Mrs. Bernard took Francis under her special protection, and was never so happy as when she could coax him into the Rectory, or find an excuse for a visit to the Haven. Walter was half afraid that his friend would rebel, but far from rebelling, he seemed to like nothing better; perhaps a long fast from a woman's tender fussiness made him value it. Between her and Mrs. Campbell a sort of armed neutrality was established after a few encounters, which afforded both the young men much private amusement.

So time went on, and Francis seemed to those about him to get neither better nor worse. Certainly not better, and if he suffered more he kept it to himself. He still went to Church, still taught Sylvan, and still spent much of his time in the open air. Walter Bernard, one of a perfectly healthy family, and himself in perfect health, almost forgot that Francis believed himself to be a dying man, and enjoyed their present intimacy without any thought of the future.

Two years slipped away. Sylvan was now a tall active fellow, very handsome, and, thanks perhaps to his occasional wanderings, very strong and healthy. Francis now wanted to send him to

London, to study art more effectually, but Sylvan would not hear of it. Sylvan was beginning to have fears. He was more with his master than any one else was, and from him no amount of self-control could quite conceal his sufferings.

'But, Sylvan, you really have talent,' Francis said one day, 'and I don't like you to waste your time.'

'If you had not befriended me, what should I have known of my talent? and though I know Mrs. Campbell would do anything for you, she could not fill my place—ah, say she could not, Mr. Frank! say that I am some help and comfort to you. What do I care about being a great painter in the future, if—if—'

He burst into tears. Francis drew him towards him, and soothed him with womanly tenderness.

'Do you love me so much as that, boy?'

'I would die for you—gladly.'

'Forgive me then. I will never urge you to leave me again. I did not think you saw—and you are my chief comfort, Sylvan.'

A few days after this conversation, Walter Bernard stopped, on his way home, at the Haven, expecting to find Francis and Sylvan in the garden, Sylvan working, and Francis offering absurd advice and grand suggestions of improvement, to worry the enthusiastic gardener; but they were not there, and the cottage door was shut. Walter knocked and Mrs. Campbell appeared. She looked grimmer than ever—how was he to know that it was because she had been crying? Ah, these poor grim women!

'Mr. Frank is not very well, sir. He has had bad news. He told me to say he could not see you just now, not just for a day or two. But don't stay away too long, Mr. Walter.'

Walter would not question her, so he went home, rather startled. It was a week before Francis admitted him again, and then he was shocked at the change the few days had made.

'Francis! I'm afraid you've been ill?'

'Not much worse than usual, except just for a day. I—have had a shock; we will not talk of it, yet.'

Nor did he mention it again for some months—months, alas! of daily decreasing strength and increasing suffering. Yet the magnificent vitality of youth and more than common strength disputed every inch of the downward way; and Francis seemed to watch the struggle as if it were something that did not much concern him, while Walter, poor Sylvan, and even stern old Cammie, were breaking their hearts over him.

One by one, all his pursuits and habits were laid aside.

'Can't venture to Church, Cammie, to-day. I doubt if I shall ever go again, alive.'

And a little later—

'Put away the Books, Sylvan. Indeed, I've taught you all I know. You'll be all right, old fellow, by-and-by. I've settled everything for you.'

And presently—

'Come for a walk, Walter. I'm bound for the gateway where you pinned me up against a post and forced me to take your hand. I'm not up to the hill, though the sunset will be grand.'

Slowly, and with many a pause for rest, they made their way to the gate in question.

'Ay—this is the place. Walter, dear boy, I bless that hour. You've been the truest friend who ever wasted good love on one not worthy of it. Of course—you're bound to contradict me—but I know, and you do not.'

Then, when they had again reached the Haven—

'There! I suspect that's my last walk. I wanted to go there—to have just one more stroll with you.'

A few weeks later, he insisted upon going out into the garden with Sylvan, though he had not left the house for some days. He watched the lad at work, but there were no proposals for impossible alterations now.

'I'm glad you love flowers, Sylvan. When you're an artist, have a garden, and mind, you're to keep it in order yourself. It will keep you in health. It is wonderful, all the pleasure you have got out of this little strip of ground.'

He stood in the porch, looking round. 'Poor little garden!' he said. And next day, he confessed that he was too weak to enjoy going out. But I must not give the impression that he talked often or much of himself; it was only an occasional word, and always with the same observant, impersonal air. One day he fell, and hurt himself a good deal, and in the evening they heard him mutter, 'That was a facer! Frank, old fellow, you'll not stand that kind of treatment.'

Mrs. Bernard was away at this time, with a married daughter, who had been ill.

At last, Francis became so weak, that except from his bed to the sofa in the sitting-room, he was unable to move. He had seen Dr. Pearson, to please Walter; but the doctor confessed that there was nothing to be done; but when, by his advice, all

attempt at exertion was given up, Francis seemed to rally a little.

- One evening, Sylvan having gone out to get fresh flowers, Francis said—

‘Walter, I want a long talk with you, come as often as you can. I can’t vex Sylvan by sending him away, but some day an opportunity will turn up. I want to tell you a long story ; and I don’t care to tell him, because I really do not know what he might not do.’

The opportunity turned up the very next day, which would have surprised Francis less had he known that Sylvan was close to the open window when he spoke to Walter. The lad said that he believed his uncle was in the Wynyates, and it was a long time since he had seen him, so, as Mr. Frank was pretty well, he might as well go.

‘But you will come home in the evening, Sylvan ? It is not a case of the wandering fever ?’

‘Oh, no, and I may as well call at the Rectory and tell Mr. Walter that you are alone.’

Sylvan departed, and Mrs. Campbell brought her knitting into the sitting-room, to employ her busy fingers until Walter should arrive. She never left her charge quite alone now. Francis watched her for some time.

‘You may give those socks to Sylvan, Cammie.’

She nodded, knitting away faster than before ; presently she dropped a stitch.

‘Ah, ha ! that comes of knitting like a fury. Cammie, never mind the sock for a few minutes. I know your eyes are full of tears, and you may as well get your handkerchief and dry them comfortably, as go on pretending. I want to say a few words to you. It is five years now since you insisted on staying with me, and but for you, I should have died long ago. Perhaps died before I knew how to die. God bless you, my kind and faithful friend ! Well, now, Cammie, don’t sob, I really want to say this while we are alone. Your task here is nearly over. You will not need to go to service any more ; but go to my mother and say this for me. First tell her that I am dead and buried ; for you are to bury me in the little churchyard here, and you are neither to go to her nor to write to her till that is done. Tell her then, that I—now remember my very words—that I repented sincerely of all my sins and follies, which are many, and that I died in hope. You’ll say this, Cammie ?’

'I will, Master Frank ; and so long as I live I shall be giving thanks for it.'

'It will comfort her, too. I want you to make a home for Sylvan in London, Cammie. You're fond of him, and he of you, and he is too young to be left so much alone. You will ?'

'I will do just whatever you wish, child.'

'I think that's all ; except a letter which you must deliver for me, with your own hand. I will give it in time. Now, I'll just rest until Mr. Walter comes—quite a chance for that sock, Cammie.'

Walter appeared very soon.

'So Sylvan is off for a walk ! I can stay with you, for my father will do all my work, dear old dad ! My mother is coming home.'

'I am glad of that. Sit here beside me. Walter, I've a great deal to say to you. My dear, true friend, you don't know what you have been to me, what you have done for me. Till you spoke out to me that day on the hill, I always thought that all religious people were hard and proud ; but I must leave all this, I have not time to dwell on it. Only I know it will comfort your kind heart to know that it is your doing that—like the fellow your father preached about the first time I heard him, I have "come to myself," and——'

His voice failed, but Walter understood. To know the pure joy that filled his heart, one must be such as he was ; and of such there are few.

'Now,' resumed Francis, presently, 'you took me by storm that day, and you have never asked me a question. But I am going now to tell you all—and to you only. I leave my secret in your keeping, because you alone, of the few I love, will be the happier for knowing it. Others would only be grieved anew ; and Sylvan may never need to hear it at all.'

'Frank, I don't want to know. I don't want you to tell me ; it will be too much for you, and I could not trust you more than I do.'

'What do you mean ?'

'Whatever wrecked your life, Frank—was all a lie.'

'Not all, and you must let me tell you. Happily, I can still talk ; when I cannot, I shall be in a bad way indeed, for my tongue is a specially active one. I wish you to know it ; it is the only way in which I can prove to you that the love has not been all on your side.'

'I know that already.'

'Right Reverend, I'll thank you to interrupt me as seldom as is consistent with your well-being. To begin, my name is Francis Percy Warrington, and I am one of the Warringtons of High Cliff, near Redcombe, in North Devon. Dear old High Cliff, I see it in my dreams sometimes.'

'Were you an only child?' Walter asked, for the speaker seemed to have forgotten to go on.

'No. My father died when I was about two years old, and Araby, my sister, a baby. We had an elder brother, so much our elder that he was a man while I was a schoolboy. There had been children between him and us, but none of them lived. My sister's name was Arbel—an old form of Arabella, but we called her Araby.. She and I were very unlike in everything, even in personal appearance. I was like my father—you see the ghost of me. She was like our mother, small of stature, dark-eyed and dark-haired—very lovely—as lovely a girl as I ever saw. I was a troublesome, noisy, mischievous, unruly imp ; she was gentle and good, and never got into a scrape except by following my leading. My mother was—is—a good Christian, I do believe, but she has very little strength of character, she was her husband's most devoted slave, and on his death she transferred her obedience to my brother Rupert, and, in fact, she never had a will of her own. Rupert is a good man—a great philanthropist.'

'What, are you brother to that Mr. Warrington? He sent my father money once when there was fever, or cholera, or something, here.'

'That is he, no doubt. I won't say of him that he was "an angel abroad, a devil at home," for to those who were submissive and amenable—to my mother and Araby—he was always good and gentle. But I was neither submissive nor amenable, and to me he was very harsh. I see now that it was because he was young and inexperienced, but in those days I laid it all down to his religion. I see now that my mother allowed it, because she did not think that Rupert could make a mistake, but I did not see it then. Well, I was unmanageable, and I led Araby into mischief, so they sent me to school very young.'

'I daresay you were happier there than at home?'

'Oh, I was happy enough at home! I was full of life, of hope, of enjoyment. They complained that no punishment made any impression on me. I took it as part of the day's work, and never

gave it a thought once it was over. But it failed to make me obedient ; indeed, it was a point of honour with me not to let it influence me. You see now why I understood Sylvan. At Eton, I fell in with Vivian Dale. We were in the same house, we both fagged for old Warren, we were both clever and idle, bent on having as much fun and doing as little work as we could. He was heir to an old uncle, and was an orphan, and not very well off ; the old gentleman took but little notice of him. I had plenty of money, and was always ready to share with him. We lived together, played together, studied together, and I loved him better than anything on earth, except my mother and Araby. I sometimes wonder, did he love me then ?'

'Surely he did.'

'I don't know. I was very overbearing. If I gave royally, and of my best, I expected much in return ; not for the gifts, but for the love. I was masterful and wayward, and I daresay I bullied him, though he was the elder. But I loved him, and shared all things with him. I had him home for the holidays twice, but Rupert did not approve of this. When at home alone, there was some chance of keeping me within bounds ; but when I had Dale with me, I am sure we were unbearable. When I was fourteen, and Vivian nearly sixteen, we got into a fearful scrape at Eton. My part in it was mere boyish disobedience, but his had been a far more serious fault. Of this I knew nothing then. Rupert came and took me away ; Dale was expelled. I think that if Rupert had told me the whole story then, and made me see that Dale had made a cat's-paw of me—not for the first time—I should have seen that he was no friend for me. But Rupert merely told me that Dale was expelled, and that his only wonder was that I was not expelled too. Now, I knew that I could not have been expelled if the truth had been known, and so I regarded Dale as a victim. Rupert sent me to a private tutor, a Mr. M'Arthur, who had a living in a wild part of Yorkshire ; and I was sent with the worst possible character, and orders that I was to see nothing of Vivian Dale, nor even to correspond with him. M'Arthur was a good man—really good—but I don't think he was judicious. I was always in disgrace, and his mode of punishment drove me wild ; he locked me up and gave me long tasks, and talked by the hour. Well, poor old boy ! he did his best, I know. At the end of a year he gave me up as a bad job, and I was sent to a crammer to prepare for my exams, as I had decided to enter the army.'

'I wonder you were allowed a choice.'

'Rupert never *meant* to be unjust. Besides, I was quite independent of him and of my mother: a rich old aunt, or great-aunt rather, had left her fortune to me and Araby. I did pretty well in this establishment, and in due time passed, and was gazetted to the Fifth Dragoon Guards. And my immediate senior on the list was Vivian Dale! Of course I renewed my friendship with him—I would have done so to show my anger with Rupert, even if I had not cared for Dale.'

'Did not your brother tell you the truth about the Eton affair, even then?'

'No; Rupert was abroad that year, and I never wrote to him. The spring after I joined the regiment Araby came out. She was a gentle, clinging, tender-hearted creature, and she loved me, and was naturally inclined to like my chief friend. Vivian soon confided to me that he was madly in love with her. I knew that Rupert and my mother had other views for her, and I believe that made me more determined that Vivian should have her than even my love for him. Araby, sweet soul, was always wax in my hands, and he was very handsome and in every way likely to be the hero of a girl's first romance! Even now, knowing him as I have bitter cause to do, yet, looking back to those days, I find myself thinking of him as I saw him then. Ay, even now.'

'But go on, Frank,' said Walter, too much interested now to bear a long pause.

'Rupert found out how things were going, and he sent for me, and spoke to me—as no one has a right, I think, to speak to his equal. He took both my mother and Araby home to High Cliff. He told me that I would be the ruin of Araby's happiness if I brought these two together; but he was—he angered me—indeed, Walter, I believe it was with me the fault lay; but remember that I knew nothing worse of Dale than of myself. I know now that even if he had been only such another as I was, no girl's happiness would have been safe in his hands; but, like all my small wisdom, this came too late to be of any use in this world. Dale and I became closer friends than before, if possible, and amused ourselves in the usual manner of our kind—Racing, gambling—I'm not going to describe all that. If I could forget it, it would be a comfort; but these are the pleasant sins that turn into whips to scourge us. We expected that Araby would come to town for the next season; but before that came

we heard that she was going to be married. Dale was furious, and I hurried off to High Cliff.'

'It was not true, was it ?'

'The report was premature. The man was a friend of Rupert's, an excellent man, and a very suitable match in every way. He had proposed for her, but had been refused. He told her that he would wait ; he knew her story, and could not believe that so loving a daughter would keep up an attachment of which her mother, with good reason, disapproved. I don't know whether he would have won her in the end, or not ; but I know it would have been well for her if he had.'

'Was she wavering ?'

'No ; there is that much to be said in my defence. She said she could not forget Vivian, and that she would never marry unless she could love her husband. She was pale and thin, with a sad look in her sweet eyes, and I—— Oh, I believe I'm forgiven, but I can't forgive myself ! I persuaded her—and it was not easy—I took her to London without any one's knowledge, and she was married next day to Vivian Dale.'

He paused, putting his hand over his eyes.

'So proud as I was, too ! I thought I had done something very fine. My mother and Rupert made the best of it ; of course they came hurrying after her, but they were too late. They accepted Dale, for her sake ; but Rupert never forgave me. I don't blame him now.'

'Frank, you are tired ! Tell me the rest to-morrow.'

'There may be no to-morrow. I am able to go on, Right Reverend, and I would rather get it over. I suppose it was to silence all gossip about the marriage that, later in the year, my mother came to town, and invited the newly-married pair to stay with her for the rest of the season. They had been abroad, and I had been in Norway ; I came back at about that time, and was quartered in Windsor. I came to town for some great festivity, and of course stayed with my mother. Araby was looking happy and beautiful, but I thought Vivian seemed low and out of sorts. I had not long to wait for the reason. He asked me to lend him money—a very large sum. I must tell you that Rupert and my mother could have kept Araby's money from her till she was five-and-twenty, because she had married without their consent, and they had made use of this to make Dale consent so to settle it, that, except to spend the income, he had no power over it. Still, I was surprised, for I had paid a great

many debts for him on his marriage, and he had helped me to make ducks and drakes of *my* capital. However, he said that forgotten debts had turned up—debts connected with a scrape he got into before I joined. I insisted upon knowing everything, and I found that, for my sister's sake, I must help him if I could. I had no money to give him—my affairs were in a very bad way, and I wanted money badly myself. I did for him what I never could have done for myself—I asked Rupert to lend me some, telling him what was true enough, that I was very much in debt. Rupert refused—and he was right. Then we tried to raise the required sum ; but Rupert was going to be married, and this changed my position, of course, and no one would lend me a five-pound note. I had run such a rig that my credit was completely gone.'

' Yet you are well off, Frank ? '

' I have enough ; saved out of the wreck, as you shall hear—a very literal wreck it was, too. Failing to raise the money, we hit upon what I considered then a very clever scheme. It looks ugly enough now, even without what came of it. There was a fellow in my regiment—by the way, Dale had left the regiment on his marriage—who was very nearly, if not quite, as good a rider as myself ; and between him and me, and his horses and my horses, there had long been a great rivalry. We were getting up some races—by we, I mean my corps and one or two others ; and on this occasion the question of the merits of my horse, Wild Darrell, and his, Marmion, was to be decided ; there was to be a race for those two, and as he and I were the best riders in the regiment, and both popular men, the betting ran very high. I felt perfectly certain of winning, because Wild Darrell had a most perfect temper, and there was a brook to be crossed which I knew he could do splendidly. Well, Dale and I backed him—that is, I did, it was all done in my name, but it really was a joint concern—'

' Which means,' interrupted Walter, ' that he was to share the winnings ! '

' My affairs were so bad that they could hardly be worse,' Francis went on, with a laugh, ' and if we had succeeded we should both have pulled through. We stood to win something very considerable. Dale was with me the day before the race—we had just dined ; imagine our feelings when Gifford, my groom, came in and told us that Wild Darrell had put his foot on a rolling stone and slightly strained his leg. We hurried to

the stables—Dale seemed half mad with fear and anxiety. The hurt was very slight, but—I ought to have postponed the race. However, Dale urged me—said that with my riding Wild Darrell would win in spite of it—and altogether went on in so frantic a way that I was thoroughly uncomfortable, and began to suspect that there was something worse than even all I knew.'

'And was there?'

'You shall hear. When we had done all that we could for the horse, Dale left me, saying that he must return to town. He assured me that he felt certain that there would be no trace of lameness in the morning, and as he was an authority in such matters I tried to believe him; but the event proved that he did not believe it himself. I went to my lodging, thinking that I ought to get a good night's sleep to quiet me—for somehow I was puzzled and ill at ease. I locked myself in, and when some of our fellows came knocking I made no response; so they went away, believing that I was out.'

'Yes. What next?'

'Ay—what next? I'm wondering, Walter, if now, standing, or rather not able to stand, on the very brink of the grave—would I have the story of that day other than it is? I should have righted my affairs—I meant to leave off my reckless ways, and I could always keep a resolution—I should have escaped all this, if I had succeeded. But what manner of man should I have been by this time? Dale was with me early—Wild Darrell seemed all right, but I determined to ride very carefully, and, as you shall hear, I rode like a madman. As we were getting ready, weighing, etc., one of the Chetwynd's (my rival's name), one of his grooms drew near me on some excuse and whispered "It's all right, Captain." "What's all right?" said I aloud; there was a tremendous noise going on, and I scarcely knew what he said. The only reply he made was, a wink; a piece of impertinence which made me very angry. Dale came between him and me, and bid the man be off. "He's drunk; Frank, don't get out of temper about it, you'll need all your coolness now." Next minute we were in the saddle, and then we were off. I knew at once that Wild Darrell felt the strain, and I glanced round to see what Marmion was doing. Now Marmion was always very hot at starting, and I had intended to let him take the lead and keep it till we came to the brook. So I was surprised to see that Chetwynd seemed to have some difficulty with him—fiery, impatient Marmion! what could it mean?

Then, with a rush, he passed me. The first leap was a hurdle—not very stiff. Marmion took it awkwardly, Wild Darrell went over like a bird, and I passed Chetwynd, calling out to him "Good-bye, old fellow!" He shouted out, "Something's up with Marmion," and I saw that the horse was all in lather, and that he was using both whip and spur. In a moment I knew what had happened! I don't know how it came to me, it was the work of a moment. *That* was what the rascally groom meant—he had drugged the horse, and who had bribed him to do it? Dale! I felt as sure of it then as I do now. Do you wonder that I felt mad? I drove Wild Darrell at the next jump, all my boasted skill and coolness failed me; the horse fell and rolled over me; he had to be shot at once—my good old Wild Darrell! I was carried on a door to a house hard by, and my mother and Cammie came to me before night. I was fearfully injured, and lay for weeks only just not insensible. I had recognised my mother, and yet I did not miss her when she went away. When I began to get better, the only person with me was my poor old nurse, Cammie. She told me that Araby was ill and my mother had gone to her. But as days passed, and of all my friends, not one came near me, I began to wonder—to think—finally, to remember. Ah, it was terrible! But I felt that I must know the exact truth, so I made Cammie send for Rupert. The poor old Don! he came—he was always stern-looking, but now!—he stood over me in silence, until I said, "Rupert, I want to know what all this means. My head is not quite clear, yet; tell me everything." I got it out of him at last. Marmion *had* been drugged, and that brute of a groom, who did it, and over-did it, for had he given a smaller dose, it would have done what he intended, whereas he half poisoned the horse—this fellow swore, that I, wild, reckless, extravagant Frank Warrington, had paid him for the job.'

'How did he manage it—I mean Dale?'

'He employed a fellow who had been in his service when he was in the regiment, to settle everything with Chetwynd's groom. And this man said that I had been his employer.'

'And did your mother believe it?'

'Why, Walter, every one believed it! Wild Darrell's lameness; my absence, as they thought, from my rooms that night; the groom's words to me, which some one had heard; the enormous bets I had on the race, and the desperate state of my affairs, all these had convinced every one. Of the men who had been like brothers—not one ever called to ask whether I were dead or

alive. Between Rupert and my Colonel, it had been so far hushed up that no public notice would be taken if I resigned my commission. Rupert had paid my creditors, partly with my own money, but he had made up the deficiency, he said (and I knew what that meant), and had secured me enough to live on, if I recovered. He had taken my mother away—Cammie would not leave me. Araby had been ill, and was still very ill, all this Rupert told me. I said, "And where is Vivian Dale?" "He never leaves her; he is the only person who can calm her when she remembers about you; if she lives, it will be owing to his devotion." I was silenced. No one else could take his place, for I was helpless. Rupert left me, saying that he hoped he need never see my face again, and before night I was delirious again. I remember no more for a long time. When at last I was myself again, and just beginning to wonder what I must do, and felt too weak and stupid to decide, Dale came to me.'

'How could he do it!' cried Walter.

'He did it—that's all I know. You can guess his errand. I do not remember all he said. I was only half alive, I think. Araby's illness had been brought on by the news of my accident, and added to by the story of my disgrace. Her life and reason still hung in the balance. His act had been partly for my sake; to expose him would be to kill Araby. And I thought I was dying, and was too utterly weak to care about anything, too angry with them all for believing it all, to wish to see them. His uncle was dead, and he could now pay his debts, and for Araby's sake, would I be silent, and bear the blame of the deed?'

'Frank, how could you be so mad?'

'I was so mad. But it was not madness, I knew what I was doing well enough. It was not for his sake; at last, I knew him as he was; it was for Araby. Remember, that but for me, she would never have been his wife. And I was dying. But as there was just a chance that I might recover, I refused to bind myself hand and foot. I made him write a full confession, but I swore solemnly never to use it as long as he continued to make Araby happy, but that if I out-lived her, I considered myself free. I have that precious document safe—give me that black leather case—yes, there it is. Don't read it, Walter. In explaining how he came to want such a sum of money after his marriage, he, accidentally, cleared up my ideas about the old, old scrape at Eton. I told him that had I known him, I would

sooner have seen my sister dead than his wife, but that for her sake, I would bear the odium of his last crime. I was——'

'Dear Frank, lie quiet. Don't tell me all this, you will be ill.'

'Well—I got better—but the doctors told me that my very life depended upon perfect quiet. They said the spine was injured, and in some way, this affected the heart. I was better, as you know; but I think Araby's death snapped the last link that bound me to life. Yes, it was her death that I heard of, that time when I was first so ill.'

'Then let me have this paper. I will go to your mother—and——'

'Hush. Don't tempt me. I have determined otherwise. My mother has lived through the shock of my disgrace; and I was her favourite, I think; and she has seen Araby die. Why bring her here to see me die? And Vivian was my friend, I loved him dearly. Why disgrace him, now that but a few weeks, or days, remain to be passed through? I have written a letter to him, and I'll put that paper in it. Cammie will give it to him. He does not know where I am, or anything about me. I intended at first to go to America, but I never could go. They only know that I am not dead, for Campbell would go to my mother.'

'Ah, Frank, let *me* go to her. It is so hard on you.'

'Walter, for many a day I used to dream of how it would be if events ever set me free to undeceive my mother and Rupert, to say to them, "all this time you have been cherishing the guilty man and punishing the innocent." And sometimes to be revenged on Dale was my most earnest desire. But that is all over. The great grief to my mother is now a thing of the past; the poor old Don never meant anything but to do his duty; it would be terrible pain to both to know that they had misjudged me all these years. As to Dale, I want no revenge now. I have been forgiven much, and I forgive him. I have written to tell him so, but would he believe I forgave him if I disgraced and ruined him? I hope he may live to repent; but a sense of his wrong doing may do that, when disgrace would only harden him. As to me, the end has come so near now that not even the longing for my mother, which sometimes drives me nearly mad at night, matters much. It will soon be over. Yet I do long sore sometimes to see her again, to feel her cool, soft hand on my forehead, and to hear her dear voice say, "Frank, all is forgiven." For though I am innocent of *this*, and honestly believe I never was capable of it, yet there was much to forgive. But I was always a selfish

fellow—let me spare her now ; it is all I can do for her. Remember your promise, Right Reverend, you are to keep my secret. Here, put the box on the shelf again.'

'Oh, Frank, how can I obey you in this ?'

'Don't make me regret that I told you. In years to come, should my story, as the world believes it, come to Sylvan's ears, you must tell him all. He will be older and calmer, and I shall be at rest ; he won't insist on breaking my mother's heart. But nothing would stop him now ; I dare not tell him. I look for more self-control from you.'

'Where are your people now ?'

'I saw in the paper that they have returned to High Cliff.'

'Frank, let me go and bring your mother here.'

'Once for all, no. I tell you, nothing matters now. It will so soon be over. I have you and Sylvan. I like to think that I've been of use to Sylvan. But for him, I think mine has been a lost life.'

'Oh, Frank, if you could only see what your story says to me ! Brave, generous, loving heart ! enduring shame and loneliness, first for the love of your sister, now for a higher love. Your life lost—yes ; but surely he who so loses his life shall find it unto life eternal.'

Francis was silent for some time, and then said, just as if finishing a sentence—

'But as to all those fine words, Right Reverend, I don't quite know. I wonder Sylvan is not here yet. He promised to come back.'

It was very late before Sylvan came in, and he looked pale and excited. His dark eyes glittered, and his sensitive lips quivered ; Francis thought that something had vexed his boy.

(*To be concluded.*)

BOOK NOTICE.

The Secret of Madame de Moulac, by the author of 'Mlle. Mori' (Methuen & Co.). This is one of the author's delicate and careful studies of French life in the period affected by the French Revolution. It is not fair to tell the 'secret,' but the story deals with the clashing of the new life with the old, and the courtly Abbé, the faithful Caleb Balderstone of an old valet, Madame de Moulac herself, and all the minor characters, are touched in with much grace of style. Solanges is a sweet heroine, and the love story has much pathetic interest. There is a finish about the whole study which is very uncommon.

AMÈLIE DE VITROLLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'VERA,' 'BLUE ROSES,' ETC.

PART II.

'Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and home.'

WORDSWORTH.—*Ode to the Skylark.*

FROM the Memoirs of the Baron de Vitrolles absolutely nothing is to be gathered of the intellectual relations between the writer and his only daughter. Much as he owed to her courage and her tactful devotion, he wrote his Memoirs for the public, and that public naturally asked only for portraits of important persons. A young girl is never in France dragged into publicity, and for these causes M. de Vitrolles revealed nothing of the personality of the gentle, though not inexperienced girl, who filled so large a portion of his heart, and indeed of his correspondence. The worries and treacheries which led to his fall from office had naturally disgusted him with the men who conducted public affairs, and with the exception of the Vicomte Mathieu de Montmorency and of Berryer, he was not drawn into very intimate relations with any of them. He could not, however, be indifferent to that Restoration with which he had once been so identified, and his wish to be useful to the party led him to assist in starting the newspaper called the *Conservateur*, a paper whose destinies were to be more brilliant than lasting. The colleagues associated with him proved jealous, but through the years 1818, and 1819, they contrived more or less harmoniously to work together, and to carry on the business of their journal till the death of the Duc de Berry threw the whole ultra-royalist party into extreme confusion. The prince was stabbed at the door of the opera-house by a fanatic called Louvel, and as his widow retained one policy and one set of adherents, while the King and the Duchess d'Angoulême had another policy and another band of supporters, this period (between the years 1827 and 1830) may be esteemed that of the decline of the monarchical fortunes in France. M. de Vitrolles watched the game of cross-purposes with bitterness. M. de la Ferronnays alone seemed to have entered into his feelings, but since the publication of the papers

and letters of Amèlie de Vitrolles (1890) we have assurance that in all his trials she was afflicted, and that an angel long sat beside his hearth.

It is time for us to return to the point at which we left her, when Amèlie's mother was busied in trying to bring about an advantageous marriage for her. It was at this time, and under the pressure of great anxiety, that Amèlie trusted herself so much to the sympathy of the Abbé de Lamennais and of Monseigneur de Villèle (Bishop of Soissons), both of whom she summoned to her help. It was with the most perfect submission that she ultimately told her parents that they might dispose of her as they pleased, though she did not hide from them that what she offered them was not a consent, but a sacrifice—a sacrifice paid, in weeping, to the obedience which she owed to the tender affection of her family. The letter was put into her father's hands, and Monsieur de Vitrolles on giving it to his wife, said that he would never make a victim of his daughter, and he promised that the question of an establishment in marriage should never be discussed between them again.

Vowed as she now was and by her own accord to an unmarried life, Amèlie was incessantly occupied with the interests of three men. We have seen the part that she took in her father's public life. In 1823, her brother Oswald had gone into Spain, where the French Arms were endeavouring to re-establish Ferdinand VII. The Duc d'Angoulême was commander-in-chief, and at one moment Mdlle. de Vitrolles had to fear that both her brothers might be engaged in this campaign. 'Every 27th of the month,' she wrote to her grandmother, 'I have a mass said to obtain special blessings for them. Dear grandmamma, it seems to me that your prayers are a protection for your grandchildren, and I love to join myself with you in everything that you ask for them from the Lord.'

The correspondence of Amèlie with Oswald, employed as he was in chasing General Mina, or in the siege of Barcelona, is one of those things that must be read to be believed. No one would suppose that the knapsack of this young soldier, if it did not carry the legendary *bâton* of a field-marshall, contained pages so graceful, counsels so wise, sentiments so exquisite, and of a charity so wide. '*Cher ami*, all my life is full of thoughts for you, and with the need of thinking of you, and of praying for you. I hope, indeed, that God will permit that we may speak together of those great and touching truths which ravish the soul, and which animate hearts to greater tenderness when they have once loved and searched for truth together. I invoke your good angel, that he may inspire you with those great and useful thoughts which raise the mind, and above all, with those that feed the soul, because they purify it, enlighten it, and fill it with God. This great idea, dominating all others, makes us attain to all that the human intelligence has of most dignified. Dear, you will laugh to see me so faithful to my little sermons, but how not speak to you of your soul, which is so dear to me,

and which occupies my prayers so often when I ask God to grant you a growing perfection. Sometimes when I am praying, I feel to be so near your soul, that I can pass into it those consoling and religious thoughts which preserve one from loneliness. Adieu ! may good angels watch over you : I like this invocation, it is touching and helpful, and leaves one with the sweetest hopes.'

To her younger brother William, then with his frigate at Lorient, she writes, 'Here we are wide apart, and the long distance succeeding to our good and sweet intimacy, causes a very painful impression. My heart aches with it, and you must understand it so well that I need not describe it. You know that even far from me you have the greatest influence over my happiness, and over the peace of my soul, since the sweetest prospect that the future can present to me in this world is, the conviction that you will march all your life in the pure and straight way which leads to God. Only eight days to-day, the Lord saw us united at the foot of His altar, and He came Himself to bless us as His dear children. This recollection will never be effaced from my mind, and I hope that it is graven deep in yours. I am very anxious to hear from you ; I dread lest our separation should have done you harm, for you were very sad, and very much upset We leave this evening at ten o'clock, and travelling all night shall arrive to-morrow early at Vitrolles. I have a great wish to be settled there, for the only things that can seem sweet to me in your absence are my chapel and my poor, since those keep me always in the presence of God, and may draw down blessings on you. As soon as I am a little settled, I will occupy myself with the little blue book. In the meantime, I beg you sometimes in your heart to go over the good conversations which God has allowed us to hold together, and the counsels of Père Grivel. Carry out all the resolutions we have made, and be sure that in them you will find peace and happiness for ever. Write to us often, and give us every detail of your establishment at Lorient. I hope that you will be able to arrange your day so as to have time for reading, writing, study and reflection, for thinking of God and of us. But I beg of you every day to take proper exercise, and to pay visits to the persons with whom you ought to have relationships ; that is to say, with all that is best in Lorient among the inhabitants, authorities and strangers. I know that this will bore you a little, but I am very anxious about it ; in the first place, because it is not good for you to be too much alone, and because, in the next place, I have observed that sociability is wanted in your character.'

The brothers replied by letters calculated to make Amèlie happy, and also by injunctions to her not to neglect her health, and not to try it by early rising, combined with late hours, as had been her practice. In fact her time at Vitrolles was an incessant round of charitable works. A chapel had been built at which mass was not said every morning, so

Amèlie had sometimes to go long distances in the hills to church and school. The *Sœurs de la Providence* whom she had established at Place de Vitrolles a year before, had, as she tells her brother, brought about some amelioration in the manners and customs of the district. Their Sunday school was full, and progress in piety might be remarked, although too many of the parents were waverers, and many more remained indifferent. What was most remarkable was the number of villages that sought to have similar schools established in their midst. A perpetual obstacle arose, however, in the penury of the inhabitants ; Mdlle. de Vitrolles' purse had to supply these wants, and at her death it was found that she had left a small sum ($\text{£}12$ a year) to insure the residence of a *sœur* in her parish.

Little by little, the character and graces of Mdlle. de Vitrolles had become known, but it was impossible to draw her from the retirement and from the simplicity of her daily tasks. Her humility increased even in the midst of daily duties, of hours of devotion, and of the holy inspirations to be found in frequenting the Altar, but she trembled lest she should ever mistake the work of her own fancy for the voice of God. ‘ I seem to hear more distinctly the voice which condescends to speak in the inmost recess of my soul, which calls me to recollect myself in the presence of the God who teaches me the way of peace, who develops both my intelligence and my will. Ask of Him in prayer that I may be attentive and profit by the Divine teachings, and that I may not mistake, as I have long done, that which came from God, and that which was my own. I am sufficiently troubled by the arrangement of a large household, rendered more laborious by the necessity for foresight, and by having dispositions very difficult to manage. I find here many occasions for humiliation : may God grant that they may show me to myself ! I dare not turn my eyes towards the joys of the Heavenly Fatherland ; it seems to me that I deserve to bear the weight of exile, and to work on in the sweat of my brow, as a punishment for my faults. I am often the plaything of the winds, and my successive resolutions lead to little progress, though I know that God asks from me only humility, simplicity and love.’

This was not a *façon de parler*, and diligent as she was, Amèlie often reproached herself before the *Sœurs*, for the imperfections that she found in her best endeavours. It must be confessed, that in the eyes of her brothers, her only fault at this time was her tendency to overwork herself. She was already suffering from a weakness of the chest which was a precursor of her last illness, and it is quite possible that when they returned to Paris, absolutely necessary as she was there to her father, she still regretted the little chapel, the rocky paths, the midsummer nights, and the dewy mornings, when she was wont to rise, and to walk over the hills to pray among her poor.

The affairs of Monsieur de Vitrolles kept him on in Paris, and for many months Amèlie had to forego her own pursuits and pleasures at the *château*, and in spite of palpitations of the heart, of constant cough, and of the alarming increase of pallor and feebleness, to go about her daily life. She rose at 6 o'clock, went to Church on foot, remained there till 10 o'clock, and returned home to do accounts with the cook, to pay the bills, and to order the provisions, taking charge at once of the linen-room, the cellar, and the stables. It is hardly believable, that with all this she found time also to read, to paint in oils, to make clothes for the poor, to embroider ornaments for the churches, and to visit the poor who lived on the sixth floor of houses, while keeping up a large correspondence. She had so much order, and method, that she seldom forgot anything, and was never in a hurry, and this strenuous life she continued to lead until the doctors obliged her to spend part of the day lying on a little bed. Amèlie did not now repine, she had really reached the serenity of those who, having striven, have completely conquered themselves, and of her original quickness of temper she had only kept her great energy, joined to a great gentleness. The Abbé Jammes, in describing her to her niece, said of her, ‘Strong and sweet, she conquered in herself a petulance which surpassed that of all the rest of the family.’ ‘What! more quick-tempered than the Vitrolles, and yet so gentle,’ cried the young Countess; ‘Oh! love of God, what a power you then must have.’ As for Amèlie, she esteemed neither fashion nor elegance, but if she refused for herself all comforts and satisfactions, she was occupied in procuring them for her neighbours. Unmarried herself, she took the keenest interest in the establishment of her two brothers, and though it was hardly ‘a time to plant and build, to add house to house and field to field,’ she loved Vitrolles, and its acres, its orchards, and its homestead. She loved it first from a delicate sense of filial piety, and then for its meadows so full of narcissus, and its woods so full of blossom. She loved its leisure and the liberty which she enjoyed there to cultivate her mind, to converse with her friends and to tend the poor. Blanche de Caulaincourt had by this time carried her point and had entered a religious house: at Vitrolles Amèlie did not require to envy her, for here were duties, and amid the ancient hills with their ineffable beauty, she found order, frugality, disinterestedness, and peace. But it was an order not destined to endure.

Towards the close of 1827, the Government of the King was *in extremis*. For one minister anxious to rule, two shrank from the post of leader. Monsieur de Vitrolles was consulted, so were Berryer and M. de la Ferronnays: the latter accepted, and a Ministry was formed, after which M. de Vitrolles consented to leave Paris, and to represent his Sovereign in Florence. He did not start without dark forebodings, and in a last interview he described to M. de la Ferronnays the shoals

and dangers on which the Government was likely to run. When it was too late, that Prime Minister confessed to M. de Vitrolles how correct his sketch had been, and how insuperable were the difficulties of the Parliamentary policy of the moment, fit only to form a chapter after the fashion of Machiavelli.

The relations of M. de Vitrolles with Metternich, promised some importance for a sojourn in Italy, which was fated to last eighteen months. The new ambassador was able not only to make himself popular with the Court, but to shine in the society of numerous strangers of all shades of opinion who crowded Florence. To a certain measure he succeeded in making Charles X. popular there by the protection granted to Italian commerce in the Mediterranean; but sad presentiments must have filled the mind of the faithful royalist when he saw the royal dignity so menaced, and France threatened with fresh revolutions, and fresh effusion of blood. M. de Vitrolles had asked Amèlie to accompany him on his foreign mission, but what wonder that Amèlie shrank from exchanging her highland home for a Court! The sacrifice had to be made, and at midsummer, delicate and suffering as she was, she bade farewell to Vitrolles, her Saviour having replaced the feelings of sadness and fear, which had at first filled her mind, with those of entire confidence. She felt that to hesitate would show a want of tenderness for her father, would be to exhibit a guilty distrust of the Good Master who had already done so much for her. On the morning of her departure she drew aside the window-curtain and exclaimed, 'Who would not regret to leave such a place!' To live in this corner of the Alps between the parish church and the parish school, far from the world and its claims, such had been her dream, but as she wrote to Blanche de Caulaincourt, 'I quit this place with all the bitter regrets of a heart not yet broken to the will of God.' They travelled in three carriages, Amèlie being accompanied by her brother William. William read to his sister during the journey and watched over her weakness, but at a *hospice* on the Alps the brother and sister had to separate. They communicated together, and then parted for the last time.

Amèlie reached Turin without getting laid up. Writing to William she told him that the roads were sometimes so rough that she had been carried in a chair, but she added that the country was beautiful, and that when Turin was reached she had been able to go to Church. Already the clouds of evening were gathering over her life, and she accepted as a sort of omen the fact that the Mass she heard in the chapel of the Sainte-Suaire was a Mass for the dead. 'I thought,' she said, 'I understood at that moment the necessity of being "*buried in Christ.*" Turn often your thoughts towards the Lord; believe that you are as tenderly loved as any one can be in this world, and make all your arrangements to come to me again as soon as possible.' The rest of

the journey into Tuscany was one of great suffering, but on the 29th they arrived at Sesto, a charming villa, chosen for them by M. de Lamartine, then Secretary of Legation. There among canals and cypress trees, fountains, flowers, and great overshadowing laurels, Amélie rested, and seemed to recover a little of the strength that was ebbing from her. Yet she felt a stranger in a strange land ; her occupation was gone, and there was little harmony between the tastes and wishes of her mind and the life that her parents were forced to lead at Florence. She was separated from her brothers, she was not able to speak Italian sufficiently well for the purposes of confession, she was worried about business matters at home, her brother William's promotion which she had expected to hear of, was deferred, and symptoms of dropsy came to complete the causes of fatigue and discouragement. She made, however, several charming friends. The two Grand Duchesses wished to know her, Princess Borghèse conceived a real attachment for her, while there were others, who as friends of Madame Svetchine, had claims on her time and sympathy, and at all events Amélie was ready to look upon these weeks as a sort of apostolate, as her last opportunity of communicating to others those graces of humility and patience with which she had herself been filled. When M. de Vitrolles was at home, she continued to direct the house, and however weak, swollen, or breathless she might be, she would drag herself from room to room, to see the thirty covers laid for an official dinner, and assist her mother in arranging the visits of ceremony.

Unfortunately M. de Vitrolles was not always with her. He was accredited to Parma and to Lucca as well as to the Court at Modena, and in the spring before Amélie's death, he paid an interesting visit, at Parma, to the widow of Napoleon, to the Archduchess Maria-Louisa recently left a widow for the second time by the death of Count Neipperg. The Sovereign Duchess of Parma who arranged her Court with as much ceremony as if she had never made a *mésalliance*, sent her Master of the Ceremonies to fetch the French Ambassador to a banquet which took place at 4 o'clock. M. de Vitrolles was seated on the right hand of his hostess, and the dinner, which was a *maigre* one, lasted two hours, and seems to have bored the guest. But on the following day M. de Vitrolles also dined with her, and on that occasion the Archduchess talked of everything, past and present, of the Royal guests whom she expected to open her new Opera House ; of Pasta's singing, and of her incomparable distress at the death of the *Chevalier-d'honneur* who had had the honour to become her husband. With the greatest frankness the Sovereign remarked that even in Italy she had been reproached for showing so little attachment to Napoleon after his fall. 'But,' she added, '*nous autres Princesses*, we are not brought up like other women, or with the same dependence and the same family'

sentiments. We are always prepared for events which must sever the ties, which will not only transport us far from our parents, but give us new and even opposing interests.'

M. de Vitrolles spent Easter in Rome, and certainly nothing would have been more delightful for Amèlie than to have visited, which she had not yet done, the religious capital of the world, and to see for herself the artistic treasures of the Vatican. But the journey would have been impossible for her; so she hid her sufferings from her father, and kept to herself the conviction that her life was drawing to a close. This courage must certainly have succeeded in deceiving her family, since her brother and Oswald actually left her to return to France. 'As for me,' said Amèlie, 'I see our Lord means to isolate me more completely. Farewell, then; I recommend my brother and you to each other's mutual affection during this long journey. Believe that I am happy, for the Lord has given me grace to accept peacefully the total uselessness of my life. I thank God for this rest, which is good for the soul, and I often ask for your happiness, both in this passing life, and in that which will endure for ever.' To William also she next wrote, reminding him of their last farewell, and had anything been wanting in these letters, the touching lines found in her portfolio, addressed to each member of her family, show how she hoped, after her passage into another life, still to share the interests of those who were dear to her, and through intercession to be permitted to soften those sufferings of which she was at present but a sad and useless witness. With the most persuasive eloquence, she reminded her father that he had been her first friend, her best support in the world, and she begs him not to be offended when she now conjures him to listen to the voice which calls him to God. 'Turn your thoughts towards the great truths of religion, for one of my great sufferings is, that I cannot speak to you more of God. But pray, I beseech you, pray; and by degrees, little by little, light will be given you to believe and to understand. I feel that I am about to touch the realisation of all my hopes, about to reach that great life which is our true being. But in the middle of the consolations I draw from this hope of soon going to behold my God, there is still a portion of a bitter cup to drink, and that is the pain of leaving you. I hope that God who is so good, will sustain your courage, that He will permit me, *myself* to console you, and I beg of you not to refuse any external succour. Bless me, oh, my father! pardon me; pray for me; turn your eyes towards the Lord and towards that beautiful life where we shall be together; but, oh, my poor father, with what pain I leave you on this sad earth!'

In words nearly as touching she asks her mother to forgive her for a manner, which at times may have appeared dry, cold or constrained; and it was very characteristic of her that when she made her will, she

begged her father to burn her papers, and on no account to embalm her body. The agony, which lasted eight days, finished quietly, and Amèlie's death was soon known all over the Catholic world. Charles X. said when informed of it, 'In Mdlle. de Vitrolles, France has lost a great heart.' The corpse was placed in a double coffin and taken to France by sea, and ultimately buried at Plan de Vitrolles, beside her home and her poor. The mourning of the villagers was heartfelt, and it was with psalms and tears that they received back among them, cold and dead, that devoted mistress who had spent the best years of her life among them, and at whose grave, the parishioners of Vitrolles are still wont to pray. To their simple faith, Amèlie de Vitrolles even now continues to work miracles. What is certain is that the family of Oswald's children and grandchildren continues to be distinguished by goodness and usefulness. Her mother died ten years later, but Monsieur de Vitrolles survived his angel for no less than twenty-five years. He became blind, and at the age of eighty, when

'Life's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made,'

this old Royalist, judging of things in the light of Heaven, felt faith revive in his heart. It was as a humble servant of Christ that he went to rejoin his daughter, united to her in that which had been at once her strongest affection, and her greatest hope, the fruition of the love of God.

Surely this memoir requires no apology.

Amèlie de Vitrolles was not perfect; she had her puerilities and her prejudices, but her life shines like a star among the clouds which vanity and restlessness often gather round our homes. Many of our readers must have made acquaintance with the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, and those who have read it must confess that the exceeding great and bitter cry of Marie's ambitious girlhood is still ringing in their ears. One would wish that equally lasting might be the echo of the sweet bells that chimed among the chestnut woods of Vitrolles. Profound was the impression made by that passionate artist; so profound was it, indeed, that readers, under the charm of her genius, grew blind to her contempt for her inferiors, and to her hatred of her rivals. Amèlie de Vitrolles looked at life through another medium. She had been tempted, it is true, to withdraw from society into a mystic inward life of individual piety, and the solitary practices of devotion; but she learned to accept life as it was laid out for her, and humbling herself under the hand of Providence. She was lifted into the citizenship of a community better and wider than that of any religious order. The thraldom of outward things ceased to worry her, and she was able to hear and to answer many a call of God which could never have reached her behind-a

convent's grille. The recompense of such a life lay in the light granted to her to read her own past and her own future aright, in the power vouchsafed to her to quicken the consciences and awaken the spiritual possibilities of others. It is no small glory to contribute to the well-being of a whole family, and to leave a witness to society that the Kingdom of Heaven being within us, there is a cure even in this world for the pangs, the chills, and the littlenesses of actual life.

LENT SONNET.

'And He . . . healed them that had need of healing' (St. Luke).

OH, happy sufferers, unto whom their pain—
Though sorest pain—such meed of healing won !
Oh, heavenly Father, send to earth again,
To those who languish still, Thy blessed Son !
Look on the wounds Death's cruel hand doth leave,
On those he leaves behind ; on calm, brave eyes,
That shed no outward tears ; of those who grieve
O'er ills unguessed until the victim dies ;
Pangs of old friendship wronged, and true love spurned.
Thou seest in secret. See the springs of hope,
Unto the dry *mirage* that mocks thirst, turned,
See frailties' scars, too apt afresh to ope,
Thou who for us of yore wert sacrificed,
We all have need of healing, oh, Lord Christ !

SARA HAMMOND PALFREY.

Church History Society.

PRECURSORS OF THE REFORMATION.

THE COUNCIL OF BASLE AND ÆNEA SYLVIO PICCOLOMINI.

Questions for March.

9. Write a short history of Ænea Sylvio Piccolomini up to the dissolution of the Council of Basle.

10. Give an account of all the Council proposed to do and did up to its deposition of Eugenius IV. (avoid Ferrara and Florence, treated of last year).

11. Describe how it failed in its mission; and show results of such Councils as Pisa, Constance, Basle. What was the end of Giuliano Cesarini?

12. Give the succession of Popes from 1418–1464, with two or three lines on each, and an account of the last years of Pius II.

N.B.—Consult Milman, Book XIII.; Trench's *Lectures*; *Cameos from English History*, 3rd Series; *Wycliffe and Movements for Reform*.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by April 1st.

December Class List.

Class I.

Etheldreda	40	Andromache	38	Honeysuckle	34
Water Wagtail		Papaver}	37	Gooseberry	
Hermione		Ierne	37		

Class II.

Meniza	26	White Cat.	23	Miss Molly	20
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Class III.

*Fidelia	19	†Λαμβδα	17	†Veritas	14
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* Three answers only. † Two answers only.

FINAL CLASS LIST.

Class I.

(Minimum 30 x 11 = 330 marks.)

First and Second Prizes combined.

*Etheldreda (415 marks), Mrs. Wallace, St. Luke's Vicarage, Stepney. Trench's *Lectures on Mediæval Church History*; Miss Yonge's *Cameos* (4th Series), and *The Counter Reformation* in 'Epoch's' Series. *Hermione (415), Miss H. A. Forbes,

17, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh. Aubrey Moore's *History of the Reformation* and Perry's *Reformation in England*, Epochs Series.

Third Prize.

*Water Wagtail (398). Foregoes the prize for this turn.
 *Papaver (397), Mrs. Brice, St. Jude's Vicarage, Bradford, Yorks. Seeböhm's *Oxford Reformers*.

Fourth Prize.

Andromache (396), Miss I. H. Bill, Farley Hall, Cheadle, Staffs. Perry's *History of the English Church*. Fourth Series.

*Ierne 383 | *Honeysuckle 355

Class II.

(Minimum $20 \times 11 = 220$.)

Erica	321	Fidelia	285	White Cat	252
Crataegus	286	Veritas	284	Gooseberry	220

Class III.

†Verena	215	†Laura	153	†Maidenhair	140
Miss Molly	178	Λαμβά	141	Robin Redbreast	132
†Trudel	175			North Wind	128

and 21 Members unclassed, because they have left off during the past six months, or have not sent six Papers in all.

* Answered every question.

† Began late.

‡ Papers lost in the post.

REMARKS.

41. *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Gooseberry* have the best lists of English Church Builders and their work. Bog-Oak's brain quite turns round with some of the lists, amounting in one case to seventy names (most, of course, of second or third rate account). Can they possibly have been remembered without a book? With such minute lists, such names as Walkelyn (whose tower and transepts are still those of Winchester Cathedral); Henry de Blois, builder and founder of St. Cross; Godfrey de Lucy, whose work is in the retro-choir at Winchester; Richard Poore, founder of Salisbury, and designer of the Chapel of Nine Altars at Durham; William de St. Carileph's, and Ralph Flambard's work at Durham, should not have been omitted. Wykeham is given by all. *Miss Molly*: Edward the Confessor died before the Conquest. By the way, Elias of Derham seems to have been Richard Poore's architect, a canon of Salisbury.

42. The symbolism of Gothic architecture is splendidly done by many, especially *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, *Andromache*, and *Ierne*. Λαμβά thinks Romanesque brings heaven down to earth, and is, therefore, as lofty in symbol as Gothic, which lifts us up to heaven. Would not this be to stop short at the Incarnation, and never rise to the Ascension, its true crown? *Papaver*: The Rose Window generally means the Divine Unity; but the White Rose was the Spartan emblem of Silence; and the proverb *sub rosa*, points the meaning of the ecclesiastical rose on a Priest's hat.

43. *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Honeysuckle* deal best with the religious sentiments of the Middle Ages shown in art. The traditional likeness or type of Face of our Lord, the use of the crucifix, and

the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary are the chief; but others are given as well, e.g. the Blessed Sacrament, honour of Saints, of Angels, and Asceticism. *Papaver* gives several motives for Church Building, which hardly constitute religious sentiments traced in art. *Fidelia* deals only with architecture, not art in general.

44. The Church Builder's life and his work have been very well done by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, and *Andromache*. William of St. Carileph and Durham, St. David and Holyrood, Giovanni Pisano, and the Campo Santo, Wykeham and New College, and Winchester Cathedral (no one describes the College of St. Mary at Winchester), Gundulph and the White Tower, St. Hugh and Lincoln, Losinga and Norwich, are all chosen; but *Λαμβά* only gives pulpits for Niccolo Pisano. *Papaver* describes Fountains, but gives Wykeham as a life, never having seen his work. The year's work is satisfactory for those who have persevered; nearly all have improved. The Prizes are all won by higher marks than last year; and several younger members have improved very fast in the year. But on the other hand, there never was a year in which so many (nearly half) got tired and fell off before the end.

Subscription for 1892 received from *Water Wagtail*.

The China Cupboard. ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

PRIZE WINNERS.
COMPETITION STORY.
CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1891.

A Guernsey correspondent has sent us some excellent criticisms, for which we wish we had room; and she justly observes that of all the stories the 'Tramp's Christmas' best illustrates the proverb.

However, the poll is thus:—

The Stones of Rowling Manor	14	Jottings from above the Clouds	3
L'Epine Noble	12	Pebbles of the Shore	3
A Travelling Acquaintance	6	Yed's Fortune	3
A Tramp's Christmas	5	Tragedy of Temper	2
Sixteen and Sixty	5	Travellers' Joy	2
Wayfarings of Gluck	4	In Cœlo Quies	2
Strangers and Pilgrims	4	Death-bed at Ravenna	1

The prize of £5 worth of books is therefore due to Miss Amabel Jenner, Preston Vicarage, Wingham, Oxford.

CLASS LIST.

FINGER POSTS IN FAERY LAND.

Jon, 250; *Lisle*, 218; *Aphrodite*, 202; *Jessamine*, 197; *Alexandria*, 150; *Robin*, 102; *Moonraker*, 97; *A. W.*, 89; *H. T.*, 59; *Annettes*, 28.

The ten half-crown subscriptions amount to £1 5s.

The first prize, 15s., is taken by *Jon*—Miss Barbara Scott, School Fields, Rugby.

The second prize, 10s., *Lisle*—Miss H. Manley, Tetsworth, Oxon.

The Papers were all very careful and accurate, but those of *Jon*, besides being fuller than any others, contained an amount of original suggestion and insight which cannot be fully represented by the larger number of marks which she has received.

THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

PRIZE, 5s. EACH MONTH.

July, *Honora Guest*; August, *The Lady Elyne Erskine*; September, *Gertrude E. Moxhay*; October, *Lesbia*; November, *Mary E. Morrison*; December, *Daffodil*.

It is usual to publish the real names of Prize Winners as a guarantee of good faith, but as some of these young ladies wish to remain unknown, and as some confusion has occurred with the addresses received, *Lesbia* having apparently sent two different ones, Chelsea China must ask all who have not received their prizes to send their real names to *The Publishers*, mentioning their *nom de plume*. Otherwise how can they be identified?

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

Eleven complete sets of answers have been received. *Cedar*, 175; *Magnet*, 169; *K. Anstey*, 147; *G. Festing*, 145; *Rule of Three*, 140; *Swansey China*, 135; *Three Rock*, 137; *The Muffin Man*, 122; *Nemo*, 87; *Halliday*, 98; *Old Maid*, 115. *Ethne*, *Helen*, *Child of the Mist*, *Only Herself*, *Sandford and Merton*, *The Cousins*, *Theodore*, *Ali Baba*, have sent in five sets. *Cedar* takes the prize of one guinea. Will she please send her name and address to *Chelsea China*?

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Define goodness. Is it a friend or a foe to goodness?

Goodness has roused the wrath of the debaters, and, with two exceptions, they attack it with fury. As to defining it, that is a more difficult matter. It is easier to say what it is *not* than what it is. In the first place, *Chelsea China* differs entirely from those of her correspondents who regard it as synonymous with hypocrisy and Pharisaism, though, no doubt, those vices can adopt its methods.

It is emphatically not the expression of religious opinions with which we do not agree, or for which we don't care. It can be found in books setting forth all sorts of opinions; some 'occult' novels are extremely goody, and *Chelsea China* has even come across works in which exactly the same intellectual quality can only be said to reveal itself as *badness*. *Chelsea China* is inclined to think that in itself it is the putting forward of principles, or still more often of practices, connected with principles, without a full sense of the opposing forces, or of the propriety of time, place, and person. Indeed, it is often relative rather than absolute. What is useful advice for one mental condition, is trite and tiresome repetition to another. A great deal of it, no doubt, comes from want of faith, desiring to draw a clear and visible moral, and to have distinct rules, forgetting that the ways of

Providence are past finding out, and that Good and Evil are very big things. In this sense it is a foe to goodness, and repels some minds utterly. But, on the other hand, when all interest in religion and good works, and all discussion of the ways of promoting them, all sense of purpose in life is called goody, then the unfair attack is really, as *Bird of Ages* shows, pointed at goodness itself. And we should hesitate before condemning as goody teaching that, to other and simpler minds, does lead to good.

Papers received from *Kirkee*, *Bird of Ages*, *Dame Mary*, *The Muffin Man*, *Dragon Fly* (very good and impartial), *Smut*, *Saxon*, *Nihil*, *Taffy*, *Fon* (very good), *Lesbia* (says goodness is incapacity to see a joke), *Aid*. Chelsea China has been obliged to select short papers expressing various views, as the Prize Lists usurp the space.

'Goodness' is, to my mind, another name for '*cant*.' Perhaps I might define it better as 'sham goodness.' A good person lives his life in the constant Presence of God, and so his light shines before men, being reflected from the Presence in which he walks. Goodness is a still, calm, pure brightness, which influences others—for the most part—silently, self not being so much kept in the background, as absorbed in God's Will.

'Goodness' is just the reverse. It flickers and sparkles, and is full of importance, and chatter about holy things (especially its own share in them); irreverent, because

‘Fools step in where angels fear to tread;’

shallow, because it only skims the surface of emotion, and never penetrates to the depths of love and truth. It can talk glibly enough of this and that sect, or school of thought, and why one is right and the other is wrong; and of its own feelings and convictions; but in any crisis where whole-hearted trust is required, it signally comes to grief: its foundation is SELF, and therefore unsound.

'Goodness' is undoubtedly a great foe to goodness. It is a Will-o'-the-wisp, deluding people into mistaking a sham for reality, and leading them woefully astray.

Then, when its victims wake up to their delusion, it is only to fall into another sort of blindness, which condemns all good people as 'goody' (or hypocritical), and they have often to go through hard experience and flounder about a long time in the mud before they can set their feet on firm ground; and then, looking up, see, with clearer vision, the pure, pale light of goodness, reflected from the holiest in the humble lives of earnest souls and true—the souls who are the salt of the earth, and do their white work in secret—unto God.

DAME MARY.

It may be thought an over-strong expression, but I am inclined briefly to define 'Goodness' as the most objectionable word in the English language, the use of which has been a greater hindrance to goodness, than many an expression more commonly regarded as bad. I speak of the word rather than the quality, because although it may occasionally be used as a term for Pharasaism, in which case its enmity to goodness is too apparent to be open to argument, it is more commonly used as a synonym for goodness, and therefore the quality being the same, it is the word which does untold mischief both to the speaker and the hearer. The speaker—careless and perhaps ashamed of the banner under which he is pledged to fight, would fain awaken the same shame in others, and how often does he succeed! The conscientiousness and attention to religious observances which he characterises as 'goodness,' may indeed appear to him to be hypocrisy, and thus he ignorantly—but can we say innocently?—stamps out germs of goodness, for many a 'weak brother' may be prevented from being good by the fear of having the epithet 'goody' applied to him. It seems to be a refined form of the sneers which hinder goodness in a lower stratum of society.

There is of course such a thing as over-scrupulousness in minor details at the expense of more important things, which perhaps some people may mean to express by 'goodness.' With regard to this, if the *motive* is right, it can never be a foe to goodness; and will assume its rightful position and due proportion in the character in the course of time. KIRKEE.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

Do not be angry with your friends, whether floral, feathered, or of any other tribe. We would all exert ourselves according to our respective natures, if we could, but atmospheric influences are against us. When spring and sunshine come there will doubtless be an outburst of ideas sufficient to gladden—or appal—the heart of an Editor. Meanwhile, as to the sober problem before us. Is not Goodness small-minded goodness, arising from a want of perception of the fitness and proportion of things? If this is so, it may be quite genuine, and is therefore not an enemy to goodness as regards its possessor, but it is a very great hindrance to others. It is only too easy to confound principles with the forms in which they are manifested, and a person uninfluenced as yet by religion would be repelled altogether if it was presented to him under the form of goodness. Perhaps others would have to confess that if it has ever been a help to them, it has been so from the quite unintentional demands it has made on their patience and charity.

DOUBLE DAISY.

The word 'Goodness' is primarily an invention of the enemy, such as there has been in every generation to enable the frivolous and impatient to cast a slur upon earnestness. It has, however, a legitimate, though always unkind, application, namely, to goodness without tact. A person is goody who never looks out of district or parish, and forces the gossip thereof on all hearers, obtruding her employments like Constance in the 'Lost Brooch,' or Lady Theodosia in 'Bertha's Earl.' A book is goody when the fiction is stifled by good advice, or the incidents forced for the sake of the lesson, as in the case of the girl who was struck by lightning for wearing feathers in her hat, and taking a walk on Sunday afternoon. In my youthful pertness, I called the giver of good counsel in a story '*the horrid old prosiness!*' The use and misuse of the word 'goody' should be a wholesome warning to the earnest to do their spiriting gently, and with due regard to time, place, and manner.

BIRD OF AGES.

Three Papers on Sir Walter Scott are deferred for want of space.

SUBJECT FOR MARCH.

Is all that is logical necessarily practical? Suggested by *The Muffin Man.*

SECOND SHELF.

VARIETY SPECIMENS.

THE SIX FAVOURITES.

Now that Chelsea China has received these very interesting lists, she has not the slightest idea what to do with them! She meant to assign the prize to the competitor who gave the best reasons for her choice. But, after all, it comes very much to giving the prize to the one who agrees most with what Chelsea China thinks it correct to think. However, she has done her best to avoid this, and the following remarks may be interesting.

The lists strike her as thoroughly genuine. Most of the preferences seem to be rather on moral and sentimental than on literary grounds. *John*

Inglesant occurs in eight lists of novels, and is the book oftenest mentioned. *Esmond* is the next in order. Of authors of whom different books are named, Charles Kingsley, Sir Walter Scott, Edna Lyall, Miss Yonge, and Miss Austen seem the favourites. George Eliot, Bulwer, Mrs. Ewing, Rudyard Kipling, and Victor Hugo come next. There are an immense variety of authors named once or twice, Tolstoi, C. R. Coleridge, Olive Schreiner, Zola (his one quite unexceptionable work), Elizabeth Wetherell, Whyte Melville, Fouqué, George Macdonald, Henry Kingsley, and a great number of others, some of whom are unknown to Chelsea China. Of single poems, *The Idylls of the King* is oftenest mentioned ; but Browning is incomparably the favourite poet, as a very great variety of his poems are named. Shelley and Coleridge come next. Walter Scott and Byron about equal. Dante, 'The Christian Year,' Miss Procter, the hymn 'Ninety and Nine,' Spenser, and 'Hamlet' command about an equal amount of admiration. Sir Edwin Arnold is also a favourite, and two papers name 'The Dream of Gerontius.'

Of pictures, there is such a variety that it is hardly possible to make any comment on them ; Watts' 'Love and Death' is the favourite ; after that some of the great well-known Madonnas. Very few landscapes are mentioned. In some cases the pictures are simply chosen for their subject-matter, not in the least for their artistic merit. Of artists, Raphael, Watts, Doré, are at the head ; Leighton, Burne-Jones, Millais, come next. Four Papers outshine the rest in the expression of reasons, *An Unpractised Writer*, *Mary Carmichael*, *B. M. C.*, and *A. C. Shipton*. Of these, Chelsea China thinks that the last shows the widest range of appreciation, and should therefore be selected. Personally she likes *B. M. C.*'s choice, best at the present moment, and congratulates *Mary Carmichael* on knowing the striking and beautiful 'Ramona.' Twenty-six papers have been sent in. They have all been done exactly as Chelsea China wished, and have interested her greatly. Some of them are of so varied a character that it seems as if only various 'layers of consciousness,' or different 'sub-personalities,' could harmonise them all together. She thinks her competitors understood the difference between the critical sense of what is best in itself, and the personal liking for what feeds our own need at a special stage of development. This is necessary if growing taste is to be at once genuine and intelligent.

THIRD COMPETITION.

Definitions.

Define happiness, idolatry, a holiday, love, tolerance, beauty. It is impossible to define anything, but we may as well try.

PRIZE COMPETITION, JANUARY, 1892.

I.

Six works of fiction I like best at the present time, with reasons.

(1.) *Middlemarch* (George Eliot). As containing some of George Eliot's finest descriptions, and subtlest character-drawing ; witness Dorothea and Lydgate, Bulstrode, and Rosamond.

(2.) *Westward Ho!* (Charles Kingsley). For its glorious healthiness and breath of the sea—mediæval chivalry combining with the life and 'go' of the 16th century.

(3.) *Robert Falconer* (George Macdonald). As the noblest work of one of the deepest and most spiritual thinkers of modern times.

(4.) *Ivanhoe* (Sir Walter Scott). The most fascinating romance of the greatest of romancers.

(5.) *Esmond* (W. M. Thackeray). As the most perfect picture we have of the life of the period, and of a very noble Christian gentleman.

(6.) *Pride and Prejudice* (Jane Austen). Bright and wholesome as any of Miss Austen's novels, this alone contains Mrs. Bennett and Mr. Collins!

POEMS.

(1.) *In Memoriam* (Tennyson). As the most eloquent expression of the modern spirit. Doubt and faith, love for the human, longing after the Divine.

(2.) *Rabbi Ben Ezra* (Robert Browning). For its grand optimism, and courage which faces life and death without flinching.

(3.) *Lycidas* (Milton). Partly early associations—partly, perhaps, because of the deeper *human* interest, here combined with the musical stateliness of Milton.

(4.) *The Forsaken Merman* (Matthew Arnold). For its touching pathos—for the pure classic simplicity in which Matthew Arnold has no rival.

(5.) *Ode to the Skylark* (Shelley). The most buoyant and loveliest of all lyrics, which soars and floats like the 'embodied joy' which is its theme.

(6.) *The Blessed Damosel* (Dante Rossetti). Difficult to find reasons; but somehow it strikes a deeper chord than the purely sensuous beauty of the following, which, having already named six, I must cross out.

PICTURES.

(1.) Raphael's (Dresden) *Madonna and Holy Family*. As the most perfect rendering of tender and high-souled womanhood.

(2.) Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* (Milan). For its noble grouping and the beauty of the Saviour's face, which fading and discolouring partly efface, but cannot hide.

(3.) G. F. Watts' *Hope*. As showing humanity listening for the eternal harmonies which Hope alone can distinguish amidst the discords of life.

(4.) Andrea del Sarto's *Virgin with St. John and St. Francis* (Uffizzi, Florence). For its marvellous richness and delicacy of colouring, the beauty of St. John's face, and the tenderness of the child-angels.

(5.) Millet's *Angelus*. Because it shows the beauty and dignity of labour and of peasant life—idealised without losing truth and fidelity to Nature.

(6.) Rossetti's *Annunciation* (National Gallery). For its originality of conception and exquisite delicacy of finish, and the wistful half-startled expression on the Virgin's face.

A. C. SHIPTON.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY QUESTIONS.

1. Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond was thrown off her pony in the Black Lane.

2. Knight Sintram, in riding through the terrible valley, at least so Fouqué explains the beast on the Knight's lance in Dürer's picture.

3. In the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' Emily thought she saw a mouldering corpse behind a curtain, and it was really a wax figure.

4. Wordsworth's Lucy—

‘Nature said,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.’

5. Donatello in Hawthorne's 'Transformation.'

6. Scheherazade, in the 'Arabian Nights.'

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Theodora, 24; *L. Halliday*, 30; *Helen*, 30; *A. C. Shipton*, 30; *Diana*, 18; 11, *Queensborough Terrace*, 30; *Starling*, 24; *K. Anstey*, 18; *Swansey China*, 18; *The Muffin Man*, 6; *Rule of Three*, 24; *Feu Follet*, 24; *C. A. B.*, 12; *The Cousins*, 12; *G. Festing*, 24; *Proud Maisie*, 18; *Sandford and Merton*, 24; *Wood Sorel*, 15; *Parlet*, 18; *Three Rock*, 24; *Only Herself*, 12; *Old Maid*, 30; *Jacopilus*, 18; *Two Corsicans*, 18; *Oliver*, 9; *Cedar*, 24; *Egidia*, 30; *Gareloch*, 24; *Mumps*, 24; *Hiley*, 12; *Lal*, 30; *Nemo*, 18.

Wood Sorel is allowed half marks for Siward in 'Hereward the Wake.' Midas' character rather than his nature was revealed by his ears. 'King John and the Abbot of Canterbury' allowed half marks for 6.

QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. Who rolled a cake down Arthur's seat?
2. Who looked forward to a married life of washing all day and riding out on the great dog at night?
3. To whom was Shock unkind?
4. What two great families were buried upright?
5. Whose life was made a burden to him with kittens?
6. Where were the passages that lead to nothing?

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Will some one kindly tell me who drew a map of England, writing on the border of the northern counties, 'Beyond are barbarians'? Where can I find the reference? Also has a novel been published of late years under the title of 'The Northern Barbarians'?—VECTIS.

G. A. T. N. will be much obliged if some one can tell her of a good Object Lesson Book for children.

Books asked for by *Rev. J. F. Smith* on the Study of French and German Literature.

Will the person interested in a Church on Anchor Island send her address to *Miss Tindall*, 17, Victoria Street, Cheltenham.

Miss Arthur, Hollybrook, Southport, asks for verses on St. Martin's Cloak, published in 'The Monthly Packet' between 1875 and 1880.

Will anyone kindly tell me where the following lines are to be found and the author; they have been constantly repeated by an old lady of ninety-six as the fourth verse of Ken's 'Evening Hymn,' but I can find them nowhere:—

'For death is life and labour rest,
If with Thy gracious presence blest,
Then welcome sleep or death to me,
I'm still secure for still with Thee.'

She realised this on Christmas morning.—E. S. B.

ANSWERS.

DEAR MADAM,—

In your last issue there was an inquiry made as to how small sums can be sent to the aid of the starving peasantry in Russia. Will you allow me to state that for the last two months I have been receiving for the 'English-women's Russian Famine Relief Fund' contributions ranging from one farthing to twenty pounds. We have already sent £400 to Russia, which have been distributed in the form of food, almost wholly by Englishmen

living and working in the famine districts. Our Treasurer is Robert Barclay, Esq. (Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, & Co.), Lombard Street, E.C., and contributions of the smaller sums can be sent to him, or to me at 93, Ladbrooke Road, W.

Faithfully yours,

HESBA STRETTON.

Contributions also received by E. Martineau, Esq., Ayton, Torquay.

Retzianke.—There was no space to insert the letter. China Cupboard contributions are never returned.

Mrs. Vaughton sends her extract (all she has ever seen) from the poem by Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, addressed to his dead wife, in answer to *Corisande's* request.

'Stay for me there ! I shall not fail
To meet you in that narrow vale ;
For hark ! my heart, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come.
And howe'er long my marches be,
I shall at last lie down by thee.'

The book *E. M. C.* asks for is Miss Bowman's, 'The Young Exiles' ; but it is the escape of a Russian exiled family across Siberia to America, and not across America to Siberia. Publisher, Messrs. Routledge.

Wood Sorel.—The Signs of the Zodiac.

A. M. B..—In 'The Butterfly's Ball.' There is a cheap reprint of this dear old child's book ; or *A. M. B.* can have a long extract by sending address.

Blackbird must apologise to *Marcia* for having so far taken no notice of her request. She will send her some pamphlets and papers, and explain the Individualist standpoint to the best of her powers shortly ; but has not had time hitherto.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

Your correspondent *Bog-Oak* is, as the American of fiction has it, 'cruel smart.' But even she can *trip* lightly as she goes ! Do you remember Tom Tulliver's triumph when he detected Maggie in a false quantity ? Even so I ventured to smile when the word 'rhinoceri' swam into my ken. 'Rhinoceroses' has an awkward sound, but it *is* English. And 'rhinoce-rotes' is Latin, or rather Latinised-Greek, but 'rhinoceri' ! But this is still a day of small things ; the time will come when Tom will make false quantities, and Maggie 'laugh derisively' when she detects them, and save

A MAN AND A BROTHER.

ERRATA IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

Page 235, Answer 1, for 'pennons' read 'pinions.'

Page 235, Question 3, for 'or' read 'on.'

Page 235, Question 5, for 'maiden's' read 'damsel's.'

Page 235, Question 6, for 'Cosmo' read 'Cosimo.'

Page 240, second paragraph, second line, for 'Guest' read 'Aunt.'

'The Prince's Whim' is by Mrs. Macquoid, not Miss Gaye.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

APRIL, 1892.

A HYMN OF CONFIDENCE.

O LORD, I have this certain trust
That, as the sunbeam cannot stray,
My life, for all the motes and dust,
Will hold one sure, unerring way.

Whate'er betide me, this I know,
That I have come, O Lord, from Thee ;
Thou goest with me as I go,
And in Thy steps Thou guidest me.

I fain would walk a little way,
For thus upon Thy wings I fly ;
I fain would live my little day,
For in Thy Life I cannot die.

Behold ! my soul is in Thy Hand,
I have no life apart from Thee ;
Make me, O Lord, to understand,
And be what Thou wouldest have me be.

From God we come, to God we go,
And though we may not see His Face,
By Faith, by Hope, by Love we know
That God fills all the interspace.

But if I *seem* to lose my way,
Give me more light that I may see
How oft the feet of them that stray
Are slowly turning back to Thee.

E. H. COLERIDGE.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

CHAPTER IX.

'YOUNG MAN, I THINK YOU'RE DYING.'

THE Coalham clergy having been unable to prevent the schools from falling under a Board, endeavoured to give definite Church teaching on the Saturdays, and Mr. David Merrifield had a double class gathered round him in his mission room, while a couple of hard-working ladies were engaged, each with a party of children at the other two corners. The sun, in spite of the grimy atmosphere, beat hotly on the iron structure, casting a sickly light on the crimson curtains that veiled the chancel portion, and making the children languid and inattentive.

Their Vicar was not sorry when the door opened and his Curate strode in to relieve him of at least half his scholars. He could not but look up inquiringly to the face that flushed under his eye, but not with the flush of happy exulting embarrassment, while the dark eyes fell beneath his.

He went on while the second class moved to its place; and looked again presently. Then he saw the cheeks that had been so red, white and almost sunken, swollen eyelids, great dark rings below them, and he detected a shiver; certainly the voice had a strange unnatural sound, as with vehemence and eloquence the Curate dilated on the insidious deterioration of nature produced by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

David felt uneasy. He had scarcely expected that great success would attend Harry, and he had a sharp sting of self-

reproach for the sense that he was not sorry ; but the broken, exhausted look startled him, and he went on mechanically with his own boys, trying to judge of the feverish energy of Harry's teaching.

At the break-up he was delayed, and did not reach home for a quarter of an hour. He had a small tenement, a remnant of Coalham's obscure days, solid and quaint, and the pink of tidiness, between himself, his Curate, and his housekeeper.

Before her kitchen fire, on that sultry July day, Harry was discovered endeavouring to warm himself, and refusing the perennial broth which she was heating for him.

'Yes, sir,' she began, as soon as her master had found his way to the scene of action, guided by her voice ; 'he did ought to go to his bed at once, and I'll turn it down in one minute. To think of what you young gentlemen will do, as is downright sinful. He owns to it, sir, he got himself wet to the skin in that there thunderstorm—asleep under a tree—and a mercy he ain't a corpse.'

David could not and would not ask any questions, and only stood over the poor youth while he swallowed his soup, and thereby seemed warmed into energy enough to walk upstairs ; though with the perversity of human nature, he would not hear of going to bed, but dozed in the wicker chair, while the sound of his breathing distracted David's study for his sermon. When at length he woke, the need of utterance was upon him. First there was a heavy choking sigh, and on a word from David, he said—'There ! you see it is all up.'

'I saw that plain enough,' said David, kindly. 'But what have you been doing to yourself ?'

'It is all over, the whole dream,' said Harry. 'Nothing is left but my calling. That shall engross my whole man, as it ought to have always done ; but oh ! she seemed—oh ! the pity of it, David.'

David made an inarticulate sound of inquiry.

'Bent upon it,' said Harry. 'Would not hear a single word of remonstrance ! Utterly changed,' and with responses of grunts from David, who was drawing pigs all the time, he related his unfortunate interviews with Miss Willingham and her brother, and how she would not listen, and Sir Lewis insulted him. 'A wretched family influence,' he said, 'destroying the sweetest, noblest of natures.'

'Don't be an ass,' said David, gruffly ; 'you need not talk as if

there were anything wicked in a girl simply doing what her brother tells her, and going about with him and his wife. If you took her in that way, no wonder she had nothing to say to you.'

' You don't approve, David ? '

' I—no ! but it is folly to exaggerate. There's no positive harm in the thing, guarded as she is, and you may depend on it she hates it all the time.'

' I thought so once,' said Harry disconsolately ; ' but there's no hope of that. She said she had been used to it all her life.'

' Then the less harm in it. Why, Hal, you go on just as if one of your sisters had run away with a circus. I see now. You think they insulted you. I have no doubt they think you insulted them.'

A groan was the only reply.

' Cheer up, old man. You have put your foot in it now, but if she is the real good girl I firmly believe she is, it won't hurt her, and things will come round ; see if they don't. Only what have you been doing to yourself in the meantime ? What's this about going to sleep in a thunderstorm ? '

' It wasn't a thunderstorm when I fell asleep.'

' How came you to be in it ? '

Harry explained briefly how, unable to face his friend, he had taken up his bag at the hotel, but found that an available train would not start for two hours, and had resolved to spend the time in the fields beyond the town, and tramped off on the green banks that sloped downwards to the river.

On he went, but it was a very heavy, sultry day ; he had slept little the last two nights, and agitation and rapid walking soon wore him out, and at a mile from the station, while crossing a pasture-field, the impulse of weariness was so strong that he threw himself down under a tree to think over the situation, and presently was sound asleep ; so soundly that he was only wakened at last by hail falling upon his neck, to hear thunder growling overhead, and feel rain pouring down on him, while his watch told him that he would scarcely be in time for the train at his utmost speed of walking ; and when he at last arrived, breathless, limp and dripping, it was to find that in a few minutes, a very stopping excursion train would start, and Harry launched himself into a crowded and stuffy carriage. The windows were closed against the rain, the crowded space reeked with the fumes of spirits, tobacco, wet clothes, and the monster described by the Board school boy as a Carbonicide. Thence he had emerged for a

miserable waiting at a London station in the chill of dawn, before he could make his way to Coalham.

David got him to bed as soon as possible, and in the morning drove him back thither, and brought in the Mother of the nursing sisterhood. She took the patient in hand, while his Vicar sent to Canon Wharton to borrow the Rev. Richard Burnet, the next youngest Curate, who was endowed with the finest voice, and most fluent and flowery tongue in Coalham, though it sometimes confused its metaphors. Out of Church he was most hard working and excellent, but very stiff, and indefinitely not quite a gentleman, as David felt when he was somewhat over inquisitive as to the cause of the expedition and the illness.

When David could pause in the midst of his hurried Sunday, he found that the Mother thought so seriously of his Curate as to advise calling in the doctor, and the upshot of their consultation was that pneumonia was setting in, and the real mother had better be sent for.

Thus, in due time, Lady Merrifield and the old family nurse, Mrs. Halfpenny, were at the bedside of the patient, who was just capable of feeling the comfort of their presence, though too ill for anything else.

It was not till the evening of the following day that David had any conversation with his aunt, a tall, graceful, sweet-faced woman, still more than handsome, though grey-haired and showing the effects of her day of travelling and night of anxious watching. She had left Harry to Mrs. Halfpenny, the authority of his nursery days, and was partaking of a meal between dinner, tea, and supper.

'Now, David, I want to know the meaning of all this.'

'Yes, Aunt Lily,' said the Vicar, diligently picking the bone of his cutlet.

'I am sure it is from no want of care on your part,' she said kindly; 'but I do want to understand where he was coming from that night.'

'From Ousehaven,' said David, as if he were in the witness-box.

'What—in Suffolk?'

'Yes.'

'What could he have been doing there? I can't understand him, dear boy, and I don't know how much is delirium. I don't like to excite him, and I really can't answer him without knowing more. He goes on muttering about Agnes, as if he were

pleading, and then he moans about "thrown away, and smirched." Has the dear boy been deceived in any one? The doctor said that this journey and wetting had evidently done so much harm in consequence of a great shock, and he looked as if he knew what it was.'

'Gossip!' groaned David. 'No, Aunt Lily, he has not been deceived; she is as good a girl as ever lived!'

'Is it the Miss Willingham he has mentioned as staying at Canon Wharton's? Is she not the daughter of Sir Lewis, a Colonel of Artillery, whom your uncle knew?'

'Exactly. He got into some banking business at Ousehaven, and on his death his affairs proved to be in great confusion. The brother has made them all take to acting, in a semi-amateur fashion. That is all!'

'All! It is not nice for the sisters!'

'No; but much depends on how people see things. His wife goes with him, and I believe the company is all made up of old friends.'

'That is better; but—'

'Of course, it is not desirable, and Harry naturally took it to heart, and thought that an engagement to him would serve her as a sufficient reason for giving up what she did not like. He found himself mistaken! That's all!'

David moved to ring the bell, as one relieved by an excuse for interruption. Lady Merrifield exclaimed—

'Dear boy! No wonder he feels it; but it is an escape!' she said, in a sort of resentment at what seemed want of sympathy. Then, 'And had this horrid girl played with him—given him reason to expect—'

'Don't ask me, Aunt Lily. I was a great deal too busy to be up at the Rectory. But I distinctly assure you that she is *not* a horrid girl! She is as nice and right-minded a girl as ever lived; and you may be quite sure that she has only gone into this because she could not resist family force, when there is no moral wrong.'

'I dare say she was very charming here,' said Lady Merrifield, amused at such defence from one of the Stokesley family, always more strait-laced than her own, and thinking this a proof of how the very steadiest and soberest head could be bewitched. So she went back to her watch, by no means disposed to dissent from Mrs. Halfpenny's conclusion that 'the puir laddie had been misgugglit by some silly tawpie; and, mind you, my

leddy, when they have it so sair in their health they get ower it brawly a' the suner !'

It was sair enough in health, certainly, though the danger was never so acute as to make it expedient to summon Sir Jasper. The inflammation subsided, and Harry's brain became clear and his tongue therewith reticent, though his eyes looked very sad, and his abortive sighs were not altogether due to physical oppression. It was gradually that the old habit of childhood, and the comfort of his mother's presence, with the craving for her sweet sympathy, brought out what lay so heavy on his heart.

'She was so good ; she had such noble aspirations. If I could only have dared to take her to myself and shield her before all this !'

'Ah ! but that might have been the worse for you.'

'Oh, no ! I am sure it was all true and genuine. You should have seen her countenance——'

'I have no doubt that she felt it all at the time, my dear ; but young girls are so dependent on their surroundings that it is very difficult to judge them.'

Poor Harry reiterated that she *was* what he had thought her, and began again on the pity of it that she should be led away into frivolity, to become the gazingstock of cads, the theme of penny-a-liners, and be utterly changed.

'It is a sad thing,' owned his mother ; but a sense of justice led her to add, 'Still you must remember that she must consider her family. She may be going quite against her own instincts and tastes to gratify her brother.'

'That most insolent fellow !' sighed Harry. 'I was sure of it till I saw her, mother ! I thought she would have caught at the loop-hole of escape from this compulsion ; but I saw in a moment how entirely her whole character had been changed, and she had been infected with the family scorn of the clergy, and eagerness for frivolity and flattery. She only tried to get away, and the brother insulted me.'

'It is a terrible shock, indeed !' said his mother, only able to soothe him at the moment, and perfectly convinced that at this grievous cost, he had had a great escape. By birth and marriage alike belonging to old county families who might be poor, but never speculative, she was inclined to take a disadvantageous view of failure in money matters, as evidence against the family, and though she could candidly grant that such acting as that of

Miss Willingham was not exactly like going on the stage, it was what she would have shuddered at for her own daughters, and would have found it difficult to condone in a future daughter-in-law ; and she could not fail to resent the acuteness of her son's smart, while he continued to pour out his grief into the ever-ready, sympathising motherly ear.

' Only, Harry,' she said, ' you could hardly expect her family to consent to an indefinite engagement, with no means worth speaking of.'

' I knew that. I told him I was all but sure of Beechcroft, only that my uncle would not tolerate her having been on the stage.'

' You did ? Surely, Harry, you are not reckoning on that ! Who told you so ? '

' I think it was Aunt Emily.'

' Did you not know that your uncle was very much impressed by David, and when old Mr. Osgood talked of resigning, four years ago, offered it to him ? Indeed, Mr. Osgood would resign to-morrow, if David would give up his work here and take it.'

' Old Davy ? Why, mother, I went and told him what I expected, and he never said a word to the contrary ; I see—I see, the good old fellow. He would have backed out of it and spoken for me. Oh, mother !'

' Well, it was an unlucky bit of gossip from your aunt, for your Uncle William talked it over with your father and me, and said he not only thought you too young, but he doubted about the expediency of the squire and clergyman being so nearly related as you would be to himself or Claude ; so you might have been in an awkward position.'

' If ever I will believe Aunt Emily again ! ' exclaimed Harry, with a fierceness which choked him.

And his mother, as soon as she was free to think of anything save his physical condition, perceived something of the renunciation that must have been her nephew's—for she had little doubt that David had been likewise smitten, and that when he saw Harry go off on what had proved a wildgoose chase he contemplated the sacrifice alike of the lady and of the preference that would have put her within his reach. She looked at David's imperturbable countenance with the greater honour and gratitude, though she durst not give a hint of her discovery, and thought the result a good thing for him as well as for Harry.

For Harry was rising out of his dejection with an increased

fervour for the work of his calling. The poem in the 'Christian Year' for the First Sunday after Easter was one of his chief solaces, and he was bent on devoting himself to the utmost, so that there were moments when he felt prone to take a vow of celibacy, and was chiefly withheld by the sense that David would say, 'Don't be an ass,' and his father be more displeased than he could reconcile with his regard to the Fifth Commandment.

But to his great mortification he was absolutely forbidden to resume his duties at Coalham for many weeks to come. He shrank from going home to be under the eyes of all his sisters ; and his mother, after some deliberation, carried him off to vegetate for the present at Brighton, with an aunt whom the family regarded as a sort of down pillow.

CHAPTER X.

PROFESSIONALS.

ON the Saturday afternoon on which all the purveyors of the dramatic entertainment were to arrive at Hildon Castle, Clarence Burnet sat in the train that was to take him there, reading a letter just received from Sir Lewis Willingham as to the proposed performance.

The successful and rising young actor knew that he had undertaken a tiresome and ungrateful task enough in drilling so mixed a company ; but he was under early obligations to Mrs. Kingsbridge, at whose request he had accepted the engagement, and, being a punctilious person, he chose to discharge them in this way. He liked too to gain experience of various parts, and the uncle who was his patron, and now his employer, liked it for him.

Mr. Belville, as this uncle called himself professionally, was an actor of long standing, who had had influence enough with his managers to obtain engagements from them for so promising a beginner as Clarence Burnet. Now that Mr. Belville had himself become lessee and manager of the Planet Theatre, at which he had so long acted, his nephew's position and prospects were greatly improved, and the superior and high-class melodrama, with which the theatre was to re-open in the late autumn, had been constructed on purpose to supply him with a part suited to the powers which the uncle had the wit to see were great. As, however, it was now closed for repairs and alterations

he had some weeks of freedom, and he might as well play Romeo and Jacques, and practise stage-management when he had a chance, and—see if that bright-faced girl who had asked him so many questions at Rowhurst Rectory, knew what acting meant. If so, she would be worth training.

With these thoughts a peculiar flashing smile passed over the young actor's marked powerful features—smooth-shaven after the manner of his profession—and lighted up his conspicuously black and deep-set eyes, even as he roused himself, with a shrug of his shoulders, and set himself steadily to the consideration of Sir Lewis Willingham's letter.

'H'm!—will play Mercutio with pleasure—thinks part will suit him. Many fellows do. Got an Irish piece of his own, as to which he'll be glad of hints for the staging and mounting. H'm! Has been rehearsing the forest scenes in 'As You Like It,' for out of doors. Miss Juliet Willingham the Rosalind—ambitious!—plays Touchstone himself; Mr. Pettifer for Orlando—want a Jacques. Could supplement the Irish piece with 'Sheep in Wolf's Clothing.' Do I think that this programme will be sufficient? Well, I should rather say it might be; but unless the Irish piece is very light comedy indeed, it strikes me as a trifle high pitched. However, as the old Sir Gorgias Midas says that he wishes to have Shakespeare, even if it comes more expensive, I suppose that is what is wanted.'

Here the train stopped at a junction, and Clarence caught sight on the platform of the party of whom he was thinking, and as he looked out of the window a clear voice exclaimed—

'Here's our train—that's Mr. Burnet!' and Juliet Willingham smiled radiantly up at him under her broad straw hat, with the frankest of greetings.

Clarence sprang out, bowed, and helped in the ladies and their belongings as Sir Lewis made hurried introduction of his party, while Lady Willingham cried out—

'Oh, the long box with the masks, and the dynamite, and the muskets! They'll be for leaving it behind; let me get out and see.'

'Be quiet, Selva, do; you'll be left behind yourself,' said Rupert, while Dolph rushed up—

'All right, my lady; the dynamite went in first and the nine other boxes on the top.'

Then, as an old lady near turned round with a face of horror, he grinned, touched his cap again, and said confidentially—

'Don't be alarmed, mum, it's only theaytrical,' as he jumped into the next carriage and the train went off.

'That's our odd boy and our brightest genius,' said Sir Lewis, as Clarence joined in the general laugh. 'I hoped we should meet, Mr. Burnet, and talk over matters a little. Let us count up our 'cast for 'Romeo and Juliet.' This is how I have arranged it with Mr. Pettifer, by letter. Yourself, Romeo ; Miss Pettifer, Juliet ; my aunt, the Nurse ; I, Mercutio ; young Pettifer, Tybalt ; my brother, Paris ; Mr. Buckley, Capulet. Then you were to provide the Friar.'

'Yes ; a man I know called Carter—a very fair actor,' said Clarence. 'He has been playing at the Ripley Theatre, and will join us at Hildon. Then, as I understand, a Mr. Lennox is their Benvolio ?'

'Yes, a nephew of Lord Lassington ; said to be a good man and experienced. My boy, Dolph, for the boy and Peter, and the smaller parts, these names here ; and some young lady, Lady Capulet. All next week for preparation ; dress rehearsal Monday, 18th, and three days' performance afterwards. All the scenery and properties, scene-shifters, etc., from the Ripley Theatre ; costumes and man to make up, from London.'

'And the other pieces ?'

'"As You Like It," out of doors as done by the Pastoral Players. My cousin has been studying Rosalind ; my sister, Celia, and Vincent Pettifer is to be Orlando. Lady Willingham plays Awdrey ; I, Touchstone ; the other parts seem to be cast appropriately. Here they are, on this paper. This is the cast of my piece. And in the "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," which is quite our own piece, my sister takes Anne Carew, and Mr. Armytage, Jasper ; and Colonel Kirke is a favourite part of Mr. Lennox's. I am Kester. We have never before played, except with our own company ; but we shall be very glad to profit by your longer experience.'

'Thank you, Sir Lewis,' said Clarence, politely.

As he glanced round the carriage full of performers Juliet looked at him with another frank, friendly smile.

'I did not think I should ever act with you, Mr. Burnet, when we met at Rowhurst,' she said. 'I am so glad, because I hope you will teach me.'

Clarence felt a little dazzled and confused, even while he noted the peculiarly clear note of her voice, audible through all the noise of the train, as he answered gravely—

'I have no experience of teaching, except what one gains by having been carefully taught; but—I think we shall all have to work very hard to carry out such a heavy programme.'

'Well, we have a whole week,' said Miss Dorset.

And Clarence hoped the 'Wills o' the Wisp' knew what getting up heavy parts meant.

In due course they arrived at their destination, a little way-side station, from which various vehicles conveyed them all to Hildon Castle, where they found the house-party drinking tea in a gay red-and-white tent on the lawn, in front of an old gray house—a really fine building, with a ruined tower at one side of it, and three vast cedars casting solemn shadows across the velvet turf and dazzling flower-beds.

'Well, so you're all assembled,' said the host, a stout, cheerful, elderly gentleman, as he looked round the new arrivals after the introductions had been exchanged and tea handed round. 'And remember that 'ere there's nothing grudged you. When my son and Miss Pettifer, my daughter, took up this fashionable craze of stage-playing I said, "Well, do it, my dears, but do it in the best way. If you get professionals, get good ones; I'll pay the piper, so order what you like and do as you please so long as you entertain my company. I'm very glad to see you.'

The faces of Ernley Armytage and Rupert Willingham, as they stood at the tent door during this speech, might have made their fortunes as comedy actors. Sir Lewis was struck dumb, but Selva, her Irish eyes twinkling, said meekly—

'We'll do our best, Mr. Pettifer.'

Here Lewis caught sight of Dolph in the entrance of the tent receiving a cup of tea from the grand footman, which, perhaps under the impression that he was being entertained as at a school-feast, he took with a polite 'Thank you, sir.'

'Oh,' said Lewis, 'perhaps your servants will be kind enough to take charge of my boy, and show him where to go until he is wanted for rehearsal.'

'Why,' exclaimed Mrs. Pettifer in a loud aside, 'I understood all the professionals were to be treated alike and have their meals with us!'

'Oh, hush, mother!' replied her daughter. 'You don't understand.'

Apparently the footman did, for Dolph vanished in his wake. Mr. Lennox, the experienced amateur, a youngish man with a florid complexion, laughed rather more visibly than was polite

either to the 'professionals' or their entertainers ; Mr. Carter, the other actor, who had arrived before them, bristled up, and Clarence Burnet stood looking at his teacup without betraying by one quiver of his black eyelashes how keenly he was observing the 'by play' of all concerned.

Miss Maud Pettifer, who was a pretty girl with languishing dark eyes and what she called 'an art-frock' in Liberty silk, cast many glances at him, and finally whispered to Juliet and Agnes, to whom she was by way of being very polite—

'That's my Romeo. He looks the part, doesn't he ? Oh, I'm so nervous ! I know I shall giggle when he begins to make love —wouldn't you ? But there, of course you're never nervous, being so used to it.'

'The best way to prevent being nervous is to throw one's self into one's part,' said Juliet, judiciously.

'Oh, yes ; I am always carried away. Oh, I want to be really professional if mother and dad will consent ; dad could pay anything, you know, to give me a chance. I want to come out at the Planet. I say, your brother's really a baronet, isn't he ?'

'Yes,' said Agnes, so blankly amazed that her voice conveyed no expression whatever.

'Because dad thought it was only put on the play bills, but I said it was a real title and that he was reduced to penury. So grand of him ! It's like a play. But what's money to art ? Acting is my vocation.'

Juliet endured that most aggravating of all spectacles—a caricature of her own enthusiasm, and would have liked to say that she hated acting ; but, perhaps fortunately, a move was now made, and the visitors were taken indoors and shewn up a grand staircase and along various corridors to their respective bedrooms. Agnes and Juliet were close together, and as soon as they were alone Juliet threw herself into a chair and indulged in an explosion of laughing.

'I never saw such odious people in my life,' said Agnes, tossing off her hat with more display of temper than she often allowed herself.

'Oh,' said Juliet, 'it's all in the day's work. But I never—never saw anything like Lewis's face. No, not even when the clergy-boy broke in upon the rehearsal and denounced the stage.'

'You need not refer to that, Jetty,' said Agnes.

Juliet faced round upon her and said seriously—

'Now look here, Agnes, if you're in love with that young man you had much better say so bravely to Lewis, and give all this up ; because, if you mean to marry him, you had better accommodate yourself to his prejudices first. In that case I'll stand by you ; but, otherwise, you ought to laugh him to scorn.'

'You don't seem to think that friendship can count for anything, Jetty.'

'Friendship ? For the clergy-boy ?'

'No—no : for Miss Merrifield, for all of them. And, indeed, Jetty, I am not setting myself up, but it does seem to me that we're sacrificing everything—to mere frivolity.'

'I never felt less frivolous in my life,' said Juliet ; 'it depends how you take it. But why don't you write to Miss Merrifield and tell her all about it ? If she's worth anything she'll understand. What else is a friend good for ?'

'I don't like to write about Lewis and all of you, even to her,' said Agnes. 'And besides——'

'That's a very beautiful sentiment,' said Juliet ; 'but, after all, it wouldn't hurt us, and I like to have things out. If I had a romantic friend, or a lover either, I'd never go in for a misunderstanding ; it's too silly.'

'But you see, Jetty, you haven't got a lover,' said Agnes, half-laughing.

'No, my lover is Romeo. Dear me, what a mercy Miss Pettifer didn't hear me say that ! She would think I meant Clarence Burnet. I'm sure, Agnes, you can't say he looks frivolous.'

'No ; but—— You see, Juliet, things do develop so. It was to be all among ourselves, and now here we are mixed up with strangers and professionals.'

'Yes,' said Juliet, gravely, 'things do develop ; I quite see it. But now, Nestie, my dear sweet Nestie, since we are here, and we have to do it, do make the most of yourself ; and when you're acting Anne Carew, in which you look perfectly lovely, do try and flirt a little more flirtily with the wicked Colonel ; and do remember that Jasper isn't a saucy clergy-boy, but your own dear husband, and do fling yourself right into his arms as if you meant it. Ernley Armytage won't think anything of it ; I'm sure he won't. He's just a dear old giant.'

Agnes had had more experience than Juliet. The instinct that told her that Ernley Armytage certainly would think

something of it was one of her chief difficulties. She discreetly answered, 'I'll do my best, Jetty,' unable to help owning that Juliet was certainly acquiring a sort of purpose that was not frivolous. The idea of a real confidence to so wise a person as Miss Merrifield attracted her ; but Harry stood like a lion in the path, to say nothing of Miss Wharton's letter, and the thought of the Vicar of St. Cuthbert's, which somehow pained her more than all.

(*To be continued.*)

R O S E.

A BUD peeped red from its nest of green,
 Newly born, a delicate thing,
Softly pushing the leaves between,
 Tasting its first of the air of Spring.

There lit an elf on a leaf hard by,
 Spied the fresh first flush of the flower,
Kissed it softly, caressingly,
 Loved it and tended it hour by hour.

And so there blossomed a perfect rose,
 Bright and gracious and sweet and strong ;
Fairer none in the garden grows,
 Dearer none to the fairy throng.

PETER PIPER.

ASTRONOMY WITHOUT A TELESCOPE.

BY J. E. GORE, F.R.A.S.

SOME years since Sir Edmund Beckett (now Baron Grimthorpe) published a book entitled 'Astronomy without Mathematics.' Many may think that these two sciences could not be separated ; but it is quite true that much may be learned about the heavenly bodies without any deep knowledge of mathematical science. Another work has recently been published by an American writer—Mr. Garrett P. Serviss—with the title 'Astronomy with an Opera-glass,' in which he shows how much may be seen with such modest 'means' as an opera-glass of little over one inch and a half in diameter. With such an instrument, or one slightly larger, really good work may be done in the observations of the brighter variable stars, and it may be even used for the discovery of new objects of this class, which are not much below the range of naked eye vision.

In the following pages I propose to go a step further than Mr. Serviss has done, and to point out the knowledge of astronomy which may be acquired without an instrument of *any* kind, the observer being aided only by the naked, or 'unarmed' eye, or, as one of my American correspondents phrases it, the 'undraped optic'! I hope to show that something, at least, may be learned in this way of what Mr. Serviss terms 'the celestial city, whose temples are suns, and whose streets are the pathways of light.'

It must be remembered that astronomy was studied ages before the invention of the telescope, and that the ancient astronomers gained, without any optical assistance, a considerable amount of knowledge respecting the heavenly bodies.

Let us first consider the stars visible to the naked eye. The number of these down to the sixth magnitude—about the faintest that average eyesight can see—is, for both hemispheres, about 4000. The number, therefore, visible at *one* time from any given

place is about 2000. Possibly double this number might be seen by those gifted with exceptionally keen eyesight ; but even this is a comparatively small number, scattered as it is over so large an area. Those who do not possess the power of effective enumeration estimate the number visible to the naked eye as considerably greater than is really the case. This is partly due to the irregular distribution of the lucid stars over the celestial vault, and partly to the effect which the aspect of the starry sky produces on the imagination ; the fact of the stars increasing in number as they diminish in brightness inducing us to suspect the presence of points of light which we do not actually see. An attempt to count those visible with *certainty* in any selected portion of the sky will, however, convince any intelligent person that the number, far from being large, is really very small, and that the idea, which some entertain, of a countless multitude, is merely an optical illusion, and a popular fallacy which has no foundation in fact. Of course the number visible in telescopes is very considerable. Perhaps with the largest telescopes one hundred millions could be seen ; but even this large number is very far from being 'countless.' The present population of the earth is about 1400 millions, or about fourteen times the number of the *visible* stars !

The first thing to be done in studying the heavens with the naked eye is to learn the positions and names of the brighter stars ; and from these the fainter ones may easily be identified by means of a star atlas. Those who study the stars in this way have probably a more intimate knowledge of the starry heavens than professional astronomers, who generally find the stars—at least the fainter ones—by referring to a catalogue of stars, and then setting their telescope to the place indicated by the figures given in the catalogue. Although the famous astronomer Sir William Herschel possessed several large telescopes, he also studied the stars with the naked eye, and it is related of this great observer that he could without hesitation identify any star he could see in this way, by its name, letter, or number ! Such an exhaustive knowledge of the heavens is of course very rare ; but an acquaintance with all the brighter stars can easily be acquired by any person of ordinary intelligence.

'The Plough,' or Great Bear, is familiar to most people. This remarkable group of seven stars will be found very useful in identifying some of the brighter stars. The two stars furthest from the 'tail' are called the 'pointers,' as they point nearly to

the Pole Star, or star to which the axis of the earth nearly points. I say 'nearly,' for the Pole Star is not *exactly* at the pole, but distant from it about three diameters of the moon. The northern of these stars is known to astronomers by the Greek letter Alpha, and the southern as Beta. The others, following the order of the figure, are known by the letters Gamma, Delta (the faintest of the seven), Epsilon, Zeta, and Eta. Now, if the curve formed by the three stars in the tail, Epsilon, Zeta, and Eta, is continued on, it will pass near a very bright star. This is Arcturus (Alpha of the constellation Boötes), one of the brightest stars visible in Europe. Again, if we draw an imaginary line from Gamma to Beta, and produce it, it will pass near another bright star. This is Capella (Alpha of Auriga, 'the Charioteer' referred to by Tennyson).

Again, if we draw a line from Delta to Beta, and produce it, it will pass near the tolerably bright stars, Castor and Pollux (Alpha and Beta of the constellation Gemini, or the Twins), the northern of the two being Castor. Another line from Delta to Gamma produced will pass near a bright star called Regulus (Alpha of Leo, the Lion). Another line from Beta to Eta will pass near a group called Corona Borealis, or the Northern Crown.

On the opposite side of the Pole Star from the Plough, a group of five conspicuous stars will be found, forming a figure shaped somewhat like a W. This is Cassiopeia's Chair. Commencing with the most westerly of the five, these stars are known as Beta, Alpha, Gamma, Delta, and Eta. Like the stars of the Plough, those of Cassiopeia's Chair may be used to find other stars. For instance, a line drawn from Beta to Alpha passes close to a star known as Gamma in Andromeda; and the same line produced in the opposite direction will pass a little north of the bright star Vega (Alpha Lyræ), one of the brightest stars in the northern heavens. A line from Gamma to Alpha produced will pass through the well-known 'Square of Pegasus.'

To the east of Vega lies Cygnus, or the Swan, a well-known northern constellation. It may be recognised by the long cross formed by its principal stars, Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, and Epsilon; Alpha, or Deneb, being the most northern and brightest, and Beta the most southern and faintest of the five.

To the south-east of Cassiopeia's Chair lies the constellation Perseus, distinguished by its well-known festoon or curve of stars. South of this lies the constellation Taurus, or the Bull,

which contains the well-known groups or clusters, the Pleiades and the Hyades. The Pleiades form perhaps the most remarkable group of stars in the heavens, and are easily found, when above the horizon, in the winter months in England. To ordinary eyesight the cluster consists of six stars. Some persons gifted with exceptionally keen eyesight have, however, seen eleven or twelve. A map of the Pleiades made in the 16th century shows eleven stars very correctly. This was drawn, of course, from observations made with a measuring instrument, but without the aid of a telescope. The observer (I think it was Möstlin, Kepler's tutor) must have possessed wonderfully sharp eyesight. The Hyades form a V-shaped figure and contain the bright reddish star Aldebaran.

South of Taurus and Gemini will be found the splendid constellation of Orion, perhaps the most brilliant group of stars visible in either hemisphere. A remarkable quadrilateral figure is formed by its four stars, Betelgeuse (Alpha) and Gamma on the north, and Rigel (Beta) and Kappa on the south. Of these Betelgeuse and Rigel are bright stars of the first magnitude. Betelgeuse is distinctly reddish, and also slightly variable in its light. Rigel is a beautiful white star. In the middle of the quadrilateral are three stars of the second magnitude, nearly in a straight line, known as Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta, Delta being the northern of the three. These form Orion's 'belt.' South of these are three fainter stars, also in a straight line, forming the 'sword' of Orion. Surrounding the central star of the 'sword,' is 'the great nebula in Orion,' one of the finest objects in the heavens. It is barely visible to the naked eye, but may be seen with a good opera-glass.

To the south-east of Orion will be found Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens. It is the chief star of the constellation Canis Major, or the Great Dog, and has been well termed 'the monarch of the skies,' from its great brilliancy.

The bright star Regulus, referred to above, is situated in a remarkable group of stars shaped like a sickle, and known as 'the Sickle in Leo.' Regulus lies at the extremity of the handle. Leo is well placed for observation in April and May.

With the help of the bright stars mentioned, and the aid of a star atlas, the other constellations may be easily identified.

The famous group called the Southern Cross is not visible in England, but forms a conspicuous object in the southern heavens. It has formed a subject of interest since the earliest ages of

antiquity. Its component stars are, however, not so brilliant as some suppose, the two brightest being between the first and second magnitude, the next of the second, and one between the third and fourth magnitudes. Near the Southern Cross are two bright stars known as Alpha and Beta of the Centaur.

Among the stars are many objects known as 'double stars.' These consist of two stars very close together, but which appear to the naked eye only as single stars. Some are triple, and even quadruple. Of these double stars there are now about 10,000 known to astronomers, but they are only visible with a telescope. Some, indeed, are so close that the highest powers of the very largest telescopes are necessary to see them as anything but single stars. Of the naked eye stars there are, however, some apparently so close that they present very much the appearance of real double stars as seen in a telescope. These, although not recognised by astronomers as double stars, have been termed 'naked eye doubles.' Houzeau found that the brighter the stars are, the easier it is to separate them; and that for small stars, about fifteen minutes of arc, or half the moon's apparent diameter, is about the limit below which the naked eye cannot see a faint star double.

Of the 'naked eye' doubles, perhaps the most remarkable is Mizar, the middle star in the 'tail' of the Great Bear. Close to it is a small star, sometimes called 'Jack on the Middle Horse.' It was known to the ancient astronomers as Alcor, or 'the test,' as it was *then* considered a test of excellent eyesight. Whether it has really brightened seems doubtful, but at present it is perhaps visible to *ordinary* eyesight. Some, however, fail to see it, while to others with keener vision, it seems as plain as the proverbial 'pike-staff.' The star Alpha Capricorni consists of two stars which, although closer than Mizar and Alcor, are more equal in brightness, and may be easily seen with the naked eye on a clear night. Nu Sagittarii may also be seen double in this way. Theta Tauri, in the Hyades, is another object which some eyes can see distinctly double; also Kappa Tauri, a little north of the Hyades; Omicron Cygni, a little to the west of Alpha Cygni (Deneb), is another example. On a very fine night two stars may be seen in Iota Orionis, the most southern star in the 'sword.' Near Gamma Leonis, one of the brightest stars in the 'sickle,' is a star of the sixth magnitude, which some can see without optical aid.

The most severe test in the Northern hemisphere is, however,

Epsilon Lyræ, the northern of two small stars which form a little triangle with the brilliant Vega. This, to some eyes, appears double. The famous German astronomer Bessel, is said to have so seen it at thirteen years of age. To most people, however, it will perhaps appear only elongated. This is a very remarkable star, as each of the components is seen to be a close double when examined with a good telescope, and between the pairs are several fainter stars.

Among those interesting objects, the variable stars, are several which may be well observed without optical assistance. Of these may be mentioned Algol, of which all the fluctuations of light may be easily observed with the naked eye; Mira Ceti, which may be well observed when at its brightest; Lambda Tauri, a variable star of the Algol type; Betelgeuse (Alpha Orionis), which is slightly variable; Zeta Geminorum, a fourth magnitude star, which varies about three-quarters of a magnitude in a period of about ten days; R. Hydræ, which is visible to the naked eye at maximum; Beta Lyræ, period about thirteen days; Eta Aquilæ, period about seven days; and Delta Cephei, which varies about one magnitude in a period of a little over five days. Of all these stars useful observations may be made without optical assistance of any sort.

Observations, and even discoveries, of new or 'temporary' stars may also be made with the naked eye. This occurred in the case of the 'temporary' stars of 1572, 1604, 1670, 1866 and 1876, but of course these were bright objects at the time of their discovery. Hind's 'new star' of 1848 in Ophiuchus was, however, only of the fifth magnitude when it appeared, and it might have escaped detection with the naked eye. A star of this magnitude might, however, be easily detected by an observer who is familiar with the principal stars of a constellation.*

The Milky Way may perhaps be better seen with the naked eye than with any instrument, although an opera glass brings out well, in some places, its more delicate details. A mere passing glance might lead a casual observer to suppose that the Galaxy stretched as a band of nearly uniform brightness across the heavens. But good eyesight, careful attention, and a clear sky will soon disclose numerous details previously unsuspected; streams and rays of different brightness, intersected by rifts of

* A new star was discovered near Chi Aurigæ in January of the present year. It may be seen with an opera glass.

darkness, and interspersed with spots and channels of comparatively starless spaces. An excellent drawing of the Milky Way—the result of five years' observations with the naked eye alone—has recently been completed by Dr. Otto Boeddicker, at Lord Rosse's observatory in Ireland. This beautiful picture is exquisitely drawn, and shows a wonderful amount of detail. A writer in the 'Saturday Review' of November 30, 1889, says, 'His maps are in many respects a completely new disclosure. Features barely suspected before, come out in them as evident and persistent; every previous representation appears by comparison, *structureless*.' This shows what can be done with the naked eye in the study of this wonderful zone.

Among the Nebulæ and clusters there are not many objects visible to the naked eye. A hazy appearance about the middle star in Orion's 'sword' indicates the presence of the 'great Nebula,' one of the finest objects in the heavens. The 'great Nebula in Andromeda,' aptly termed 'the Queen of the Nebulæ,' is distinctly visible to the naked eye on a very clear night. It lies near the four-and-a-half magnitude star, Nu Andromedæ (a few degrees north of Beta Andromedæ), and may be well seen in the early evening hours in the month of January, when it is high in the sky. It somewhat resembles a small comet. This Nebula was known long before the invention of the telescope, and it was described by one of the earlier astronomers as resembling 'a candle shining through horn,' a not inapt description.

Of star clusters visible without optical aid may be mentioned the double cluster Chi Persei, which appears to the eye as a luminous spot in the Milky Way; the cluster known as thirty-five Messeir, a little north of Eta Geminorum, just visible to the naked eye on a very clear night; and there are others in the Southern hemisphere, notably the globular cluster known as Omega in the Centaur, which shines as a hazy star of the fourth magnitude. Among the clusters may perhaps be included the Praesepe, or the 'Bee-hive,' in Cancer, which has a nebulous appearance to the naked eye.

Coming now to the Solar system, the sun and moon, of course, first attract attention. Cases of sun-spots visible to the naked eye are recorded, but of course spots of such enormous size are of rare occurrence.* Of lunar detail, but little can be

* A remarkable spot of this kind was visible in February of the present year.

seen without a telescope of some sort, but the larger markings are sufficiently distinct to good eyesight to convince the observer that they do not alter perceptibly, thus showing clearly that the moon always turns the same side to the earth.

Of the planets, nothing of their appearance in the telescope can, of course, be seen with the naked eye, but it is easy to identify the brighter planets. Mercury, owing to its proximity to the sun, is rarely visible in this country, but, when favourably situated, it may sometimes be detected near the sun shortly after sunset, or a little before sunrise. Notwithstanding the difficulty of seeing it, it was well known to the ancients, an observation of the planet dating back to 264 B.C. It is easier, however, to see in more Southern latitudes, and I have frequently observed it as bright as a star of the first magnitude in the clear air of the Punjab sky. I have also seen it on several occasions in Ireland, and the Rev. S. J. Johnson, F.R.A.S., tells me he has seen it with the naked eye no less than sixty-five times in the South of England. The brilliant planet Venus can hardly be mistaken when seen in the morning or evening sky. When at its brightest it considerably exceeds Jupiter and Mars, and far surpasses Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens. It is at present very bright in the evening sky.

If a very bright planet is seen rising at sunset, it cannot be Venus, which is never seen beyond a limited distance from the sun. The observer may, therefore, conclude with certainty that the planet is either Jupiter or Mars. The latter, which occasionally rivals Jupiter in brilliancy, may be easily distinguished from the 'giant planet' by its distinctly reddish colour.* Saturn shines with a yellowish light, and is never so bright as Mars or Jupiter when at their brightest. The planet Uranus is just visible to the naked eye, and may be found without optical assistance, when its position is accurately known. At present it lies a few degrees to the east of the bright star Spica (Alpha of Virgo).

Some observers think that they can see the crescent of Venus with the naked eye when the planet is in that phase, but this seems very doubtful. Cases have been recorded of one or two of the satellites of Jupiter having been seen with the unaided eyesight, but few are gifted with such keen vision.

Occultations of bright stars may be well seen with the naked eye, especially when they pass behind the moon's *dark limb*,

* Mars will be very bright during the autumn of 1892.

and as the disappearance of a star is practically instantaneous, really valuable observations may be made without a telescope, by merely noting the exact time at which the star vanishes.

Most of the comets discovered by astronomers are small and faint, and only visible in good telescopes. At intervals, however, a brilliant visitor appears on the scene, and its path among the stars may be watched from night to night with the naked eye. Before the invention of the telescope, bright comets were watched in this way, and their course recorded so carefully, that it has been found possible to calculate their orbits with some approach to accuracy. In these days of large telescopes and instruments of almost mathematical precision, such a method of observation is, of course, superseded ; but we may still watch the movements of a bright comet with interest, and note its apparent path across the sky with pleasure and profit.

Shooting-stars and fireballs may be best observed with the naked eye, and the excellent work done in this way by Mr. W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S., should encourage others to take up this interesting branch of astronomy.

Another object which may be well seen with the naked eye—indeed it may be best observed in this way—is the Zodiacal Light. This is a lenticular or cone-shaped beam of light, which makes its appearance at certain times of the year, above the Eastern horizon before the dawn, and above the Western horizon after sunset, when the sky is clear and the noon absent. In the tropics it is much more easily seen, the twilight being shorter, and I have often observed it in India shining with great brilliancy. But even in this country useful observations may be made of its position among the stars, its brilliancy relative to the Milky Way, and other details. I have often observed it in the West of Ireland, and have sometimes seen it exceeding in brightness the Galaxy between Cygnus and Cassiopeia.

From the above sketch my readers will see how much may be learned of astronomy without optical assistance of any kind, and I hope that those who do not possess a telescope will use their eyes instead, and thus gain some knowledge of the wonders and beauties of the starry heavens. The knowledge thus acquired will stimulate their curiosity, and will give them a keener interest in reading books which describe the still greater wonders revealed by the telescope.

MRS. TOM TIT'S 'AT HOME.'

SHE was Mrs. *Tom* Tit. She took care to tell everybody that, lest they might mistake her for her mother-in-law, which she wouldn't have liked at all. And so all her friends called her Mrs. Tom Tit, and, when they were particularly good-tempered and friendly, Mrs. Tom.

Well, Mrs. Tom Tit was going to give an 'At Home,' and she invited all the brownies to it. She sent out her invitations on a bay-leaf, for it was Christmas time, and she put—

MRS. TOM TIT,

'AT HOME.'

on them, and 'R. S. V. P.' in one corner and 'Private Theatricals' in the other; for she had heard that private theatricals were the fashion nowadays.

She gave a three weeks' invitation, partly because that, too, was the fashion, and partly to give her daughters and herself time to rehearse, for they were determined to have a very grand and very beautiful play indeed.

For a long time they couldn't think what sort of a play to act. You see, they didn't know anything about theatricals, except when they had peeped in at the nursery windows and seen the little mortal children acting charades. Miss Tit thought that if they all stood up and said whatever came first into their heads it would be an excellent plan. And Master Tit didn't care about anything, so long as he might wear a cocked hat. He had seen a little boy once in a cocked hat, and had wanted to wear one ever since. He said he would be Julius Cæsar, or King Alfred, or the Prince in the story of Cinderella; he didn't mind what he was, so long as he might wear a cocked hat.

Well, Mrs. Tom was obliged to call in the brownies, after a day or two; for she and her family wrangled and jangled and quarrelled and argued to such an extent that she began to think

they would have no play ready at all. And the brownies made peace, as they always did, and promised to be stage-managers, and to find a nice little play that should just be suitable for the Masters and the Misses Tit.

So, that evening, the brownies crept into the library of the big house close at hand, and, with great difficulty, for it was a very very large book, dragged away the old Shakespeare from the shelves. They didn't know of any plays except Shakespeare's, you see ; but they remembered *him* quite well, for he had known and loved them during his pilgrimage on earth, three hundred years ago. And they thought that his plays were the most beautiful books in the world.

Well, they brought the book to Mrs. Tom Tit, and began reading some of it to her. But what do you think? Mrs. Tom didn't admire it at all ! She said that the words were too long, and the poetry was too difficult, and, for her part, she preferred Dr. Watts ! *He* didn't make such senseless remarks as 'That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' but wrote common-sense, and with real poetry in it, too. And there was nothing half so fine in the old brown book as the verses her mother taught her when she was a child, beginning, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite !' And *her* children should never act such absurd plays, and if the brownies couldn't write them a drama as Dr. Watts would have written it, she wouldn't give an 'At Home' at all. And then she ruffled up her feathers until she looked like a bundle of thistle-down, and turned her back on the brownies, and sulked.

Well, the elves were such dear, good-tempered little fellows that they didn't lose patience. They were a little distressed and puzzled at the idea of re-writing Shakespeare's plays on the model of Dr. Watts ; but they determined not to be down-hearted. And so, after some consideration, they fixed upon *Romeo and Juliet*, and set to work to revise it in a fashion that should be suitable for the little ones and agreeable to the feelings of Mrs. Tom.

But, somehow, they couldn't get on with it at all. To begin with, they all cried so hard over the sad, tender story that not one of them could compose a line. And when one at last dried his eyes and began, he found his task very difficult indeed.

He was so conscientious, you see, so very anxious to please Mrs. Tom Tit. And he racked his brains to think what Dr. Watts would have made Romeo say when he saw sweet Juliet

sitting at her window in the moonlight. He rather thought, did this perplexed little brownie, that Dr. Watts wouldn't have approved of such a proceeding at all. And he ended by making Romeo say some moral little speech, in this strain—

'What? At this hour up and drest!

 Juliet, it were hardly wise.

Early bed-time were the best;

 Early then can you arise.

Lead the goat-herds out to browse,

Feed the pigs and milk the cows!

'See, the moon is shining bright,

 You'll be moonstruck by his rays.

'Tis the middle of the night.

 Nights are nights, and days are days.

Juliet, hear my wise refrain,

 Hie you off to bed again!'

While the brownie was quite sure that Juliet would have replied something in this fashion—

'Romeo! in the garden there?

 What, my love, are you about?

Surely, in the midnight air,

 It were foolish to be out!

Nothing, too, upon your head.

Pray go home and go to bed!

'And, in case you've caught a chill—

 I'm not certain you have not—

Try a powder or a pill,

 With a glass of something hot.

Also—for precaution's best—

Put some mustard on your chest!'

Well, the little brownie got so far, and then stuck fast in a Watts-cum-Shakespeare bog. If Romeo and Juliet did nothing but make wise little proverbs into wise little rhymes, they would never arrive at a proper understanding. And it was quite necessary that they *should* arrive at a proper understanding, or there would be no play of Romeo and Juliet at all. And when the little brownie had got so far in his reasoning, he came to the wise conclusion that it was quite impossible to re-write Shakespeare on the model of Dr. Watts, and that, whether Mrs. Tom were displeased or not, he would waste no more of his valuable fairy time.

Well, he said all this to the other little brownies, and they

quite agreed with him. And they went in a body to Mrs. Tom, and stated the case as gently and reasonably as they could.

Mrs. Tom was a little better-tempered that day. She had just engaged a very good cook, and had also found her great-great-grandmother's recipe-book, which contained excellent instructions for the making of snail-omelette and holly-berry jam. And she was so pleased about this that she listened quite graciously to the brownie's explanations, and even consented to alter her arrangements slightly, and to give a miscellaneous entertainment of music and recitations. And as the little brownies assured her that drawing-room recitations were the very height of the fashion, and promised to drill the performers and to superintend the glees, she beamed benevolently upon them, and appeared to be quite content.

Everybody was very busy all the next week, and the brownies were busiest of all. They smiled all day at the thought of Mrs. Tom's grand and wonderful entertainment. And when the eventful evening arrived there was quite a flutter of excitement through the length and breadth of Fairyland.

The party was to be given in a very old and very hollow tree. There was a little hole in the trunk, that did duty for a door, and when the brownies arrived, by twos and threes, they found a young thrush, in a new suit of speckled livery, waiting to show them in. And the inside of the tree-trunk was, oh, so beautifully decorated. There were glow-worms for fairy-lamps, and strings of ashberries, and bunches of dried thyme. And refreshments were laid out on a table at one end of the room ; mistletoe jellies and rhododendron creams, beetles in aspic, and galantine of slugs, and a great many other rich and delicious dishes.

The brownies liked the fruit best ; the apples stolen from the store-room, and the nuts that had been stored from last October. But the blackbirds, and the robins, and the bullfinches, and the wrens enjoyed the savouries. In fact, they were all so busy eating that they were quite sorry when there was a request for attention and silence, and the real business of the evening began.

The proceedings opened with a glee. Several of the young tits stood up, and, blushing nervously, made their best bows. Then they all began to sing. The words of the song were,

‘ Bitter blows the northern breeze,
Falls the last leaf, brown and sere,
Weep the birds upon the trees,
Round a frozen robin’s bier.’

And all the tenors sang, 'Bitter, bitter, bitter, bitter,' in quavers, while the basses chanted 'Bier, bier, bier, bier,' in crotchets, until one teetotal lady in the audience actually got up and walked out!

Then they began again with the second verse—

‘Black and gloomy lie the clouds,
And the wind their stillness wafts
Into floating, wreathing shrouds,
Tossed and broken by the draughts.’

And the trebles took up the refrain of ‘Black, black, black, black,’ while the altos warbled ‘Draughts, draughts, draughts, draughts,’ until the family doctor was quite touched, and wiped his eyes with emotion; and at last went up to the singers, and insisted on shaking hands all round before he would allow them to go on.

Well, with a few interruptions they got through the glee, Mrs. Tom beating time all the while and looking very much pleased with herself. And then the young tits sat down, flushed and delighted at the applause; and the guests refreshed themselves with hip-negus and caterpillar ice.

The next item on the programme was,

‘Recitation By Miss Wren.’

And, with a great deal of chirping and fluttering, and arranging of feathers, Miss Wren hopped upon the twig that did duty for a stage and began—

‘LOSING-HER-ANCHOR; OR THE COWARDLY WREN.’

‘The wren stood on a little bough,
A-learning how to fly,
A frown was on her feathered brow,
A tear-drop dimmed her eye.
And in a fearsome plight she stood,
While her unspoken thought
Was, “Ah! it isn’t any good,
My wings are much too short.”

““Father, could you your offspring see,
You would not treat her so.”
Her father answered not, for he
Was eating worms below.
“Oh, mother, listen to my cry,
You would not be unkind!”
Her mother gave her, for reply,
A gentle push behind.

' There came a sudden chirp of fright.
 The wren ! O, where was she ?
 She'd taken an unwilling flight
 From that old apple-tree.
 And sitting, gasping, on the ground,
 Her breath entirely spent,
 Confessed, with pride, that she had found
 A new accomplishment.'

Well, they clapped Miss Wren vigorously, and she hopped down, so much overcome by her reception that Mrs. Tit had to doctor her with negus behind the door ; and, by the time she was quite recovered, Master Thrush was in the middle of a solo, accompanied by Miss Blackbird upon the banjo and Mr. Yellow Hammer upon the violin.

It was a very beautiful solo indeed. And Master Thrush sang it in a most affecting fashion, with one claw upon his heart, and glancing sideways at Miss Speckles all the time. And he sang—

' Lonely was a linnet sitting
 On a budding hawthorn-tree.
 Other birds about him flitting
 Sang a chorus full of glee ;
 Joined he ne'er a warble in it,
 Swelled it not by e'en a note.
 That poor melancholy linnet
 Only gurgled in his throat.

" " Weddings," sighed he, " are the fashion,
 Spring has brought them by the score.
 I've an unrequited passion,
 I'll be single evermore.
 Words of love that I have spoken,
 Are the subject for a jest,
 And a little heart that's broken
 Palpitates within my breast.

" " Fair of feather was the maiden,
 Bright of eye, and sweet of note.
 Love, with which my heart was laden,
 Throbbed all warmly through my throat.
 Scarce we'd sworn we'd ne'er be parted,
 Came a rival, fair to see,
 And that maiden, fickle-hearted,
 Married him, and jilted me.

" " Hips and haws have lost their flavour,
 Caterpillars crawl in vain,
 Daddy-longlegs have no savour,
 Worms I'll never taste again ;

Grubs henceforth I'll freely pardon,
Leave the green-flies on the trees,
And within the kitchen-garden
Nevermore dig up the peas.

“ Scarecrows can no more offend me,
For my earthly course is run,
And to-morrow will I wend me
Close to Farmer Jones's gun.
Farewell, living ! Welcome, dying !
Glad, its breath my body yields,
Soon a corpse, shall I be lying
On the ploughed-up turnip-fields ! ”

Half of the audience was in tears before Master Thrush had finished, and the other half was quite lost to view among the pocket-handkerchiefs. Mr. Tit blew his nose vigorously, and Mrs. Tit sobbed, ‘I never treated you so, Tom, did I ?’ While Miss Speckles had to be carried out in hysterics. As for Master Thrush, he bowed right and left, and cleared his throat, and bowed again, and smiled, well pleased at the congratulations that were poured upon him.

However, it was now time for supper, and the birds and the brownies all went down two by two. Such a magnificent supper it was, and occupied fully an hour out of the evening. And when it was over and they returned to the concert-room, they found that the entertainment was to conclude with a grand series of ‘tableaux vivants.’

Of course the brownies managed all these, and copied them from the mortal children’s last Christmas party. First of all, they gave the story of the ‘Sleeping Beauty.’ Tableau No. 1 was the christening party. Mrs. Tit, dressed up in a bonnet and shawl, held Miss Wren, with great difficulty, in her claws. Miss Wren wore a long white robe and a crown ; while twelve fly-catchers, in short white muslin skirts, and carrying gold wands, represented the twelve fairy godmothers ; and a large black crow, with a wicked eye, was the cruel fairy who had not been invited to the feast.

This tableau was a great success, and if Miss Wren’s crown had not fallen off just at the end it would have been better still. But Mrs. Tit was very much pleased with it, and called everybody’s attention to the way in which she had dandled Miss Wren, seeming to consider that quite the best part of the whole performance.

‘ Having brought up five of my own every year, you know, my dears,’ she said, over and over again, to her intimate friends ; and they all nodded their heads wisely, and congratulated her again on her admirable acting.

Tableau No. 2 was the spinning scene. Mrs. Speckles, in a frilled cap and spectacles, sat beside a wheel made of twigs and holly-leaves, and Miss Wren, in a wonderful spangled garment, leant over her shoulder, with one claw grasping a very large prickle. This tableau, too, was somewhat marred at the close, for, unfortunately, Miss Wren lost her balance and fell head-over-heels into the very middle of the wheel, breaking it into bits, and startling poor Mrs. Speckles so very much that she jumped up with a loud scream.

Miss Wren was soothed and comforted by the gentlemen, but the ladies began to be a little vexed and jealous of her, and to say that she had spoilt two tableaux already, and that each of them could have done much better; and Miss Wren, in an injured voice, offered to give up her part in the last tableau, and said she knew she 'couldn't act, but Mr. Fly-Catcher had been so very pressing.' And then Mr. Fly-Catcher, who was to be the Prince, said that if Miss Wren didn't act he wouldn't; and I am afraid there would have been a sad quarrel if the brownies had not stepped in at this point and made peace.

So Miss Wren took her part in the last tableau, and everybody agreed that she did it excellently. She lay quite flat and rigid upon her back, with her two little legs sticking right up into the air. And Mr. Fly-catcher stooped over her so naturally and easily, that everybody declared they were not a bit surprised to see him really kiss her at the finish, he threw himself so thoroughly into his part. While Mr. Thrush, quite inspired by such an example, actually proposed to Miss Speckles behind the door, and was accepted immediately.

They had a few more tableaux. 'Beauty and the Beast'—they had to call in a field-mouse to be the beast—and 'Cinderella trying on the Glass Slipper'; also 'Red Riding Hood' and 'Little Miss Muffet.' But the long, delightful evening came to an end at last, and everybody was obliged to go home, thanking Mrs. Tit heartily for her hospitality, and declaring that they had 'never enjoyed an evening so much in their lives—so novel, so instructive, so artistic,' while the brownies tidied up the inside of the old tree, and carried the glow-worms home to their wives and families. For the reason that the world is always so tidy in its own beautiful, wonderful fashion, is because the brownies believe the proverb—

'A place for everything, and everything in its place.'

BLANCHE ORAM.

REFLECTED LIGHTS

II.—VULGARITY.

AMONG the many anomalies which perplex the student of that mass of inconsistencies called the English language, few, I should think, would puzzle a beginner more than our use of the word ‘vulgar.’ The visitor to our island hears a woman who dresses tastelessly, and drops her h’s, called ‘vulgar;’ he opens an arithmetic book and finds the same epithet applied to fractions. (How many of us, by the way, would be glad if fractions would shew their vulgarity more racily than they generally do! As it is, there is a propriety, not to say stiffness, about them, which, though exemplary, is hardly enlivening.)

He asks what is vulgar, and is told it is vulgar to talk slang. He then goes to a christening and hears the godparents exhorted to teach the ten commandments in the vulgar tongue ; he opens a botany book and finds some of the prettiest flowers called ‘vulgaris’ ; he goes to a music-hall and hears some of the songs or recitations stigmatized as ‘vulgar’ by his more refined friends.

Now it is quite possible to explain to an enquirer that the word vulgar means much the same as ‘common’ or popular—it is perhaps connected etymologically with the German ‘volk’ and our ‘folk,’—and to show him how the idea of commonness in the sense of what is familiar to us, was gradually lost in that of commonness in the sense of what is of little worth. But it will be by no means so easy to explain to our foreign visitor what makes things and people vulgar in the modern sense of the word. As a matter of fact, the commonest things in the world are the least vulgar. Take births, deaths, and marriages. I do not say that we may not contrive to introduce an element of vulgarity into all three ; but it is indisputable that, when vulgarity has done its worst, there remains a reality that cannot be vulgarized. Dress a baby in the poorest and least becoming clothes, there is

a poetry about the mere fact of infancy that appeals to every honest and simple nature. The whole force, again, of such pictures as Hogarth's *Mariage à la Mode* lies in the painter's deep sense of the true sanctity and nobility of marriage, and in his indignation, thinly veiled by humour, at its desecration by the tuft-hunting merchant and the fortune-hunting peer. So, too, with regard to death. A funeral is the grim playground of vulgarity ; the bad taste displayed on such occasions is proverbial ; and yet true sorrow is never ludicrous, however grotesque may be the fashions of widows' caps. We may go through the tombs in Westminster Abbey and smile at the marble clouds, the full-bottomed wigs, the plump cherubs with impossible wings, and all the other absurdities of our ancestors ; but Death is strong enough to overmaster them all. There is nothing vulgar about dying, though it is the one event which is 'common' to all who breathe. These great realities can take care of themselves.

It will not do, then, to describe vulgarity as commonness. The Prayer-book is 'common,' but no power on earth could ever make it vulgar. The finest passages in Shakspere are common, but—

'Ah, yes,' someone will reply ; 'but that is just a case in point. Shakspere is vulgarized.'

And we think of some occasion on which we have heard, in a kind of waking nightmare, 'To be or not to be,' or 'The quality of mercy,' ranted out at a penny reading, or at a drawing-room recitation, or on the 'Speech-day' at a school (not Harrow, of course). Would it not be more accurate to say that the person who recites or acts is vulgar, not that he makes Shakspere so ? It is the incongruity between the utterances of a great poet and the self-conceit and incapacity of the reciter that renders the exhibition so distressing. There is a clever sketch of Du Maurier's, of the German professor and the amateur who has just performed Beethoven's 'Adelaide.' Many of us will remember the burly Teuton, sitting astride on a chair, with his cigar between his fingers, as he says to the too self-satisfied performer, who is in the act of rolling up the song—

'Ach, vat a peaudiful zong zat is ! I haf herrt it zung py Cartoni ; I haf herrt it zung py Zims Reefs. Zey zung it ferry vell ; put I haf neffer kvite known how peaudivul it vas till I haf herrt it zung py you. Vy, my young vrent, even *you* gannot make it riticulous !'

But if vulgarity be not commonness, what is it? How can we define it? It is particularly difficult to do so, because few people have exactly the same standard of vulgarity or non-vulgarity. Some people think it vulgar to eat cheese, herrings, onions, and the like, but do not see that there is any vulgarity in talking of their wealth or personal advantages before others who do not possess them; while some think it vulgar to wear staring patterns and loud colours, but do not see any vulgarity in sitting through a questionable French play, discussing the details of a scandalous story, or even remaining in a court of justice when ladies have been requested to retire.

What is it, again, that makes a tune vulgar or a picture vulgar? Here there often does not seem any moral standard to fall back upon. If our friends dislike the smell of herrings or onions, then it may be part of our duty to our neighbour not to indulge in them. Similarly the wearing of staring clothes may be attributed to an unjustifiable desire to attract notice, and thus be considered a form of self-assertion. But why should one tune be vulgar and another not? No doubt, in some cases, we think a tune vulgar because of its association with what (for argument's sake) we will agree to call vulgar words. But surely there are some combinations of melody which need no words to make us think them vulgar. The vulgarity cannot lie in their simplicity.

Some of Handel's grandest music is excessively simple, and the same theme is frequently recapitulated. A tune, therefore, is not vulgar merely because it is a reiteration of tolerably simple intervals, or because it has a marked or lively melody. No doubt one characteristic of vulgarity in music, as in poetry, is commonness, the utilizing well-worn ideas and phrases without the creative power which makes them as good as new. A vulgar composer is generally one with little originality. He strings musical phrases together, but he has not the unifying power in his own mind which makes them into a consistent whole. Similarly, a painter of vulgar pictures is not necessarily a man who chooses low, coarse, or disagreeable subjects (often as he does this), but one who brings a low, coarse mind to his subject, or one who is a mechanical copyist of Nature. Few things are more distressingly vulgar than some modern Scripture prints. Yet their vulgarity cannot be due to the subject, nor can it be explained by saying the English type of face is unsuited to sacred subjects.

Tinworth's terra-cotta figures, though done by a Londoner of

Londoners, are not vulgar. Rembrandt's type, again, is as far removed from the Italian as our own. His faces are often ugly, but vulgar they are not. In fact, the longer I live, the more I am disposed to think it is Raffaelle, not Rembrandt, who is the vulgar man. The great, unmeaning, foreground figures in the 'Transfiguration' which, if not his, must have been inspired by him, show what he was coming to, even at the early age of thirty-seven ; and this is the saddest of all forms of vulgarity, because its author was made for better things.

What, then, are the qualities which all vulgar work lacks, and which all work to be placed in the opposite category possesses ? Earnestness, Reality, Sincerity, Elevation, Proportion, and, we may add, Love.

Let us take these qualities in detail. It is unreality, and insincerity, and lack of earnestness that generates a great deal of what we call vulgarity. Look, for instance, at that crowning instance of vulgarity, a fashion-plate. It is vulgar because it is unreal. Happily no young woman now living could have a waist, and neck, and feet, and hands like those the *modiste* chooses to represent.

Then, again, pretension is vulgar ; there is no earnestness or sincerity about it. The Litany is right in putting 'pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy' very close together. Pretension, too, almost invariably leads to exaggeration. For instance, an over-fed ox is vulgar, so is (dare I say it ?) an over-cultivated rose, with a floppy, top-heavy head. What a contrast to the grace of a wild briar, so light on its stem ! So a dinner of too many courses is vulgar ; and, indeed, any kind of superfluity which aims at display rather than obtaining the proper result. I think I may add to the list those extravagantly long white satin trains which are affected by modern brides, and which, so far from lending height to a figure, really take away from it. No artist who knew his business would paint such.

Showy rhetoric, too, is vulgar. While the Philippics of Demosthenes are models of speaking to the point, some of the later Greek writers are full of floridity, flattery, and false ornament. How vulgar is the speech of Tertullus, the paid orator, when compared with the simple address of St. Paul to Felix !

Vulgarity is often displayed, in the form of exaggeration, by those who are conscious of not really caring for what they pretend to care for. There is a touch of vulgarity about Goneril and Regan, and we see how it disgusts Cordelia, in King Lear.

Persons like these are often caught in their own trap. It was, I think, the late Bishop of London who used to tell the story of a man who addressed him on some public occasion with—

‘I am so sorry, my Lord, I have not heard a word of your deeply interesting speech !’

Shakspere had his eye on this kind of vulgarity when he drew Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in Hamlet.

We have seen the vulgarity which consists in pretending to admire things which you do not really admire, amusingly illustrated by the ‘high-art’ craze of the last fifteen years. How few people of one’s acquaintance have had the moral courage, when sage-green was the fashion, to say they preferred pink or blue, or to have things they really liked about them instead of what the upholsterer told them to like ! Perfect good taste cannot produce its results wholesale, but consistency is the next best thing to it ; and that we can all have.

It would have been *à priori* almost inconceivable that people with eyes in their heads should go on working those libels on poor ‘Kate Greenaway,’ which consist in children with heads as big as oranges and feet as small as almonds, running on legs that could not carry them and driving hoops which will never go to any particular destination. But this kind of vulgarity, like so many others, comes—only it seems absurd to invoke so great a name for so small an occasion—from that disinclination to go back to first principles which is at the bottom of all bad taste.

But is it possible to be quite sincere and yet vulgar ? I am afraid it is. Affectation is vulgar ; but we may be quite unaffected, and yet very far from refined. There is no affectation in a ploughboy chewing a raw turnip, or in an alderman gobbling down a huge dinner, or in many other vulgar things which will suggest themselves only too easily.

Not to be vulgar, we want elevation as well as truthfulness. And here we come to a real difficulty. Many of us feel we can be quite sincere, quite unaffected, but we don’t know how to ‘raise the tone’ of the little world in which we live ; and if our spiritual adviser says, ‘Begin by raising your own, and the rest will follow,’ we still want to know how we are to do it. Frankly, we hate poetry ; we like music pretty well out of doors when combined with an ice or a cup of coffee ; we like a good, bright, cheerful ‘chromo’ much better than one of those dismal, dull ‘Old Masters’ ; we don’t like to be bothered out walking with ecstasies over the scenery, and we don’t feel tears spring unbidden

to our eyes when we hear of noble or heroic actions. Far from it ; we are, on the whole, rather thankful that we were not there, as we feel pretty sure we should not have been equal to the occasion.

Sometimes, perhaps, we feel a secret self-dissatisfaction. Now and then we get a glimpse of higher things ; we go to church, and hear a beautiful sermon ; we stay in a house where people seem —like Lazarus in the Epistle of Karshish—to have a different standard from the rest of the world. Perhaps we may give a sigh when we get home, and put the thought away from us with our church service or best gloves ; perhaps, however, we cannot rest contented to be just as we were. But everything about us is so commonplace ! People would laugh at us, if we said or did anything eccentric, or made any difference in our habits. It is easy enough to smother feelings of this kind ; the whole world seems to delight in dragging us down to its prosaic work-a-day level.

Honestly, I do not think that there is, for the great majority of men and women, any way to attain true elevation of spirit but by religion. There may be geniuses and gifted persons here and there who seem as if they could be independent of it, though there is with these too often a taint of self-conceit, or coarseness, or affectation, or some strange moral weakness which tends to neutralize their higher gifts ; but for most of us, living the lives we do, I am sure it is true that in reading the Bible, and dwelling on its teaching, and—may I say in a paper of this kind ? —the *habit of prayer*, that most difficult yet indispensable spiritual effort, will do more to ennable even a matter-of-fact character than all the poetry in the world. Such persons may not be poets, but their lives will be the themes that poets love to dwell on.

One or two examples will illustrate this. A common form of vulgarity is that insular spirit which makes a man or woman who is prosperous and successful in his or her little sphere give themselves airs of importance which are ludicrous and offensive in the eyes of the rest of the world. (The type has been well hit off by Shakspere in Justice Shallow.) Now, we can easily see how a religious training would counteract all this. Nothing is more wonderful in Christianity than the way in which it opens our eyes (or should do so) to the Catholicity of the Church in time and space. A true Christian looks over the edge of his own family pew, and beyond the chancel window where his ancestral coat-of-arms is displayed. He thinks of the Church

historically ; he thinks of the Church geographically. He must be very dull indeed if Robert Shallow, Esq., does not appear a somewhat small speck in the universe when he takes his next glimpse of that respectable gentleman. He must be very inconsistent, if the consciousness of his own comparative significance does not produce in time an improvement in his manners. How much better it is to gain humility in this way than by being snubbed or laughed at, which is the world's way of doing it !

Again, how wonderfully religion trains us all in a sense of beauty, which is the very antipodes of vulgarity ! We are appealed to by the very finest poetry in the world ; we have noble and pure and lofty thoughts and examples constantly put before us ; we are perpetually reminded that those who did these great deeds are not dead but alive, that they and we are part of the same Life, that we must try to realise in ourselves the very faith and doctrine which they made their own. We are taken, as it were, out of Little Paddington, out of Brompton, or Camden Town, and we are made to feel not that we *may* indulge in unreal visions, but that we are imperatively called on to dwell on the true beauty, whose laws are eternal, which is and ever was and ever will be alive, and which will quicken us if we will yield to its power, and respond to its appeal.

It would take too long to dwell on all the other ways in which religion can cure vulgarity by elevating those who embrace it ; but I should like to say one word about the way in which Love and Humility conquer Vulgarity. Vulgarity is in reality self-love. It is vulgar to stick out your elbows. Why ? Because, in so doing, you generally stick them *into* somebody else. It is vulgar to be awkward and ungraceful. Why ? Because you owe it to your neighbour to make yourself as agreeable an object externally as you can. It is vulgar to talk much about oneself. Why ? That question hardly seems to require an answer.

I often think servants are really some of the least vulgar people in the world, if self-effacement be the height of good breeding, and if caring for others be the main object of one's life. The recognition of our calling as 'not to be ministered unto but to minister,' the absolute self-control, the minute attention to the wants of others, the almost inexhaustible forbearance which a good servant is taught, the neatness, the punctuality, the thoroughness which is expected of them, are

surely no bad training either for this world or the next. It is true that there may be servants who are only superficial in the exercise of these virtues, and who 'take it out' by being rude and selfish with their fellow-servants ; but have we not known many who really *were* as good as they appeared, and have we not felt something very like a flush of shame steal over us as we thought not only that they were really better bred than some of their masters and mistresses, but that we should be happy indeed if we had responded to our own spiritual training as they have to theirs, and if we could do from high motives what perhaps some of them do from lower ones—just as Hamlet said of himself and the player ?

Love is, in fact, the only true teacher of good manners. Doing as you would be done by cuts the knot of a good many complex questions of etiquette. But unless we cultivate the *habit* of consideration for others, we are sometimes taken by surprise and find ourselves in very awkward positions. If, for instance, we *think* ourselves better than our neighbours, we shall be sure to let it out some time or other when we are off our guard ; if we want to be *thought* ladies or gentlemen instead of being truly so, we shall be so full of our own dignity that we shall put others to inconvenience where the really high-bred man or woman would only think of saving them trouble. Supposing you have two eggs on a plate—a big and a little one—and some body is breakfasting with you ; if you are vulgar, you hand the plate with a deferential air to your neighbour, who is morally obliged to take the smaller of the two eggs. This is sham politeness on your part ; the real good manners would have been to have handed the big one only to your guest. This is a very crude instance of a kind of civil selfishness (really vulgarity) of which the world is full. But it is hardly less vulgar or ill-bred to go on obstinately standing when someone at a crowded gathering gets up from his or her chair to let you sit down, unless the person who does so is much weaker and more delicate than yourself. It requires an unselfish perception of what our neighbour *really* likes and wishes to make anyone judge and act rightly in these matters, and rules of etiquette are of very little use.

Most of us have felt the charm of the song—

‘O wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt
I’d shelter thee !’.

How much of that charm is left us, when Edwin has his fur-lined coat and Angelina her sealskin, and they go off first-class with a foot-warmer apiece? Luxuries are, after all, rather vulgar things. They destroy much of the poetry of life ; and if it were not for Lent, and the self-denial it inculcates, and the truths it teaches, it is to be feared that a fat, prosaic self-satisfaction would take entire possession of many of us, and that we should not even have enough of the diviner particle left in us to know how much we were missing of all that gives true loveliness and loftiness to life.

ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

BY SIDNEY CAXTON.

‘La caridad es tambien ingeniosa para hacer el bien, sin dar la cara, y à seces pasa por encima de su amiga la verdad, souriendole, y poniendo el dedo sobre sus labios.’—FERNAN CARBALLERO.

FULL in the middle of Life's varied way,
White robed, majestic, stands great Truth severe.
Travellers must either meet her eyes' clear ray,
Or pass behind the virtue gods revere.
Truth knows the nature of all those who pass,
Deep through the seeming looks into the heart,
Sees hidden things as we see in a glass—
Sometimes sees Love, who, slipping by apart,
Smiles to her friend, showing her Love intent
(One rosy finger on her lips), and bold,
Passes behind strict Truth ; a glow is lent
To that fine face, which now looks not so cold ;
The hands meet slyly—oh, Love errs not much,
While she and mighty Truth are still in touch.

FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT TO THE NEW.

BY THE REV. PETER LILLY.

I.

IN attempting to trace the history of Jewish religious thought during the 'Four Centuries of Silence,' it is well to begin with the period represented by the name of Ezra. The introduction of the complete Levitical legislation was a most important turning-point in the history. It transformed the nation into a Church, and gave a new colouring to the whole national life ; or, to state the fact in more general terms, it was the beginning of what may be called the second great period of Judaism—the Israelitish life as it appears in the New Testament.

The results attained, under the influence of divine guidance, up to Ezra's time, may be summed up in a few particulars, which appear with sufficient distinctness in the literature. First, the nation had reached the point of practical monotheism, the conviction that the affairs not only of Israel, but of the whole world, were ruled by the God of Israel. This belief appears in the prophetic writings from Amos, the earliest of them, down to the last. The prophets, as the great religious thinkers of the period, with a special commission from the Most High, are the expounders of this belief. With them it takes the most distinct shape, and receives the best expression. The approach to monotheism had been a gradual one. Idolatry was rife among the people down to and during the Babylonian exile. The Captivity sifted the mass of the people. Those who held firmly and loyally to the belief in the one true God were drawn closer to each other, and they went back to the Holy Land purified by the trial.

In the next place, the nation had worked out a reasonably sound and satisfactory system of practical morality. The moral principles which we find in the prophets and in the law-books

are of a very high order, culminating in the precept, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' Only it has to be observed that the 'neighbour' here is one's fellow-countryman ; it was not supposed that the obligation of love extended beyond the bounds of Israel ; international morality was no more recognised by the Jews than by any other people of that day.

The organisation of public worship in the restored temple was completed by the end of the fifth century ; some modifications were afterwards introduced, but the priestly system of the New Testament is substantially the same as that of the time of Ezra. It was a rigid system, intended to isolate the people from their unbelieving neighbours, and also to confirm and develop the legal conception of life, the idea that every act is prescribed or regulated by special divine command. The law had been gathering force for centuries, and, when it was embodied in a complete code, it entered into the national life as one of its main factors.

The Messianic hope is another most important element of the Jewish religious life. This hope is one which had been growing in definiteness, though we find it expressed in many various ways. Sometimes it is but a vague and general belief in the Divine interposition for the deliverance of Israel from outward enemies, and unconnected with the thought of a personal Messiah. Sometimes, the leading idea is that of restoration to Canaan, and the vision of the triumph of Israel's worship over all the nations. The prophets of the return, Haggai and Zechariah, seem to sink down from the earlier pictures of glory to the hard realities of the present, and confine themselves more to the task that lay before them of rebuilding the temple, and securing a feeble foothold in the promised land.

After the exile, prophecy was no longer what it had been before. In its former great period it had successfully carried through the first great movement of the Israelite faith ; it had crushed idolatry, and established monotheism ; and this foundation being laid, the national thought turned to other things. The great legal movement, the ritual organisation of the people, had superseded the old spontaneous utterance of prophetic men. Religion was becoming more a matter of rule and reasoning ; the Divine word, instead of issuing in burning words from the souls of seers, was fixed in a code. This was not necessarily a religious retrogression ; it was rather a natural and necessary progress in reflection ; but it gave a new turn to the literature.

There still came occasionally the breath of the prophetic impulse, but in comparatively feeble form. It is an interesting point in the short prophecy of Malachi that he records the existence of practical religious scepticism, and, on the other hand, the beginning of closer social religious life (iii. 14-16). Two prophetic writings that are, in all probability, later than Malachi, bear clear marks of the legal period. These are a portion of the book of Zechariah (ix.-xiv.), believed to be by a different writer from the Zechariah of chapters i.-viii.; and the book of Joel, which is now regarded by some leading authorities as the latest prophecy of the Old Testament.

During the Persian period there was a general tendency towards externalism and formality, in literature, in worship, and in the manner of regarding life. Among other indications of this is the growing fondness for the introduction of artificial names into poetry, such as Ithiel and Ucal and Lemuel (Prov. xxx. 1; xxxi. 1); then 'Koheleth' (the Preacher), intended to designate Solomon as the author of the book; and later still, 'Tobit' and 'Judith.'

The Book of Koheleth, or Ecclesiastes, gives clear tokens of the growth of a sceptical spirit, which was no doubt fostered by the narrow policy of the religious teachers of this period. The priests and scribes of the time succeeding Ezra did good service in jealously preserving the law and in protecting whatever of a sacred character came into their hands; but they were as a whole incapable of apprehending its spirit. Their tendency was to petrify, rather than to interpret and adapt to the pressing needs of the age, that which was committed to their charge. Hence the growth of weak faith and groundless doubts, the inevitable result of such a policy of repression, as the similar policy of the Papal rule of our day is ever teaching us afresh, too often followed, alas, by some in our own more enlightened communion.

Dean Stanley has told us in the third volume of his 'History of the Jewish Church' of the deplorable worship of the letter which became more and more prevalent in the last centuries before our era. To 'make a hedge about the law' was the supreme object of the religious teachers. Rabbinism, which then took its rise, though more largely developed afterwards, was a usurpation of the learned class, seeking by means of a false authority to obtain power over the mass of the nation. The old hierarchy had perished, and the true power of the pontificate had

passed away. Rabbinism sought to succeed to that power. The Rabbis had no intelligent system of theology ; only what ideas, conjectures, or fancies the Haggada yielded concerning God, angels, demons, man, his future destiny and present position—a terrible mass of conflicting statements and debasing superstitions, legendary colouring of the Bible narratives and scenes, representing the Almighty Himself as taking part in the conversations of Rabbis and the discussions of the schools—nay, as forming a kind of heavenly Sanhedrim which occasionally requires the aid of an earthly Rabbi ! *

Such was the veneration due to Rabbis that R. Joshua used to kiss the stone on which R. Eliezer sat and lectured, saying—‘This stone is like Mount Sinai, and he who sat on it like the ark.’

The worship of the Law, simply as Law, necessarily produced an excessively legal spirit in the mind of the people. Idolatry of the letter was destructive of the very reverence in which it had originated. ‘The words of the scribes were as wine’—so it was taught—‘while the precepts of the Law were as water.’

Another indication of the same retrograde spirit is the superstitious regard paid to the sacred name of God. The essential weakness and perversity of the teaching of the period is singularly illustrated here. Desirous to maintain the infinite sanctity of the venerable name Jehovah, and fearful of destroying it, they ordained that it should never be pronounced at all, and so allowed the glorious ancient name to lie in absolute obscurity, behind a perpetual veil. Wherever the word occurred in the reading of the Scriptures, the word Adonai (Lord) was substituted for it, as in later days men came to prefer saying ‘Heaven’ or ‘Providence’ instead of God, even in religious teaching. The Samaritans alone never gave in to this practice.

In the same way the true name of the Chinese Emperor is guarded in mysterious silence during his reign, and it is only allowed to his subjects to speak of him by some other designation.

This practice of avoiding the highest name of their religion gradually fostered the most artificial ways of thinking and speaking of God, and it produced also many kinds of superstition, especially the prevalent belief that it was possible to work miracles by the utterance of the mysterious heavenly name.

* Edersheim, ‘Life of Jesus, the Messiah.’

Another custom of a more harmless kind was that known as the device of the Atbash, a sort of cryptogram for the avoidance of danger in communicating religious truths to those surrounded by enemies. This first appears towards the end of the Babylonian exile, and originally in a very simple form, easily justified by the oppressive circumstances of the time; but in later days, when really no longer needed, it led, together with some similar arts, to a great want of simplicity and straightforwardness in literary work. The Atbash consisted in disguising certain names of persons or places which it was dangerous to express clearly, by substituting other letters of the Hebrew alphabet so as to form the word, the last letter of the alphabet in place of the first, the last but one in place of the second, and so on. Of this we have an example in Jer. xxv. 26, due, perhaps, to the later collector and editor of the prophecies of Jeremiah, where the word 'Sheshach' is substituted for 'Babel' (i.e. Babylon).

Akin to this, and of similar origin, was the practice of Gematria, or of concealing names thought perilous of mention, by means of numbers. Each letter of the Hebrew alphabet has a numerical value attached to it; and thus by adding together the values of the letters of which any word consists, a number is formed representing enigmatically that particular word, but which of course might be fitted on erroneously to many other words. The best-known example of this is the number 666 in the Revelation of St. John (xiii. 18), of which there have been the strangest and most opposite interpretations given by rival branches of the Christian Church. There can scarcely be a doubt that by this number is signified the words 'Nero Cæsar,' expressed in Hebrew characters.

The literature of the Persian and succeeding periods, of which a large part has undoubtedly perished, must have been very extensive. Of those Apocryphal books which are sometimes bound up with our Bibles, belonging chiefly to the period under consideration, the limits of this paper will not admit of more than the briefest mention. A good general account of them will be found in Dean Stanley's 'History of the Jewish Church.' They are of very varied character—some trustworthy history, as the First Book of Maccabees; others, as the Books of Tobit and Judith, of the nature of romance, in fact among the earliest examples of the now familiar religious novel. The Book of Tobit gives an interesting picture of Jewish domestic life in the far East.

Others, again, of these books are philosophical or ethical in character. The two writings which tower above all the rest, are the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach and the Wisdom of Solomon. Ecclesiasticus was to the Jews first, and then for a long time to the Christians 'the Church Book,' the favourite book of ecclesiastical edification, 'the Whole Duty of Man,' the summary of all virtues, as it was called in its original title. 'The Wisdom of Solomon,' of far higher value than the last, and by some even ascribed to the Christian authorship of Apollos, was probably written at Alexandria about 100 B.C. Its theological teaching offers, in many respects, the nearest approach to the language and doctrines of Greek philosophy which is found in any Jewish writing up to the time of Philo. Immortality and resurrection are very clearly taught, though not, as in the Gospel of Christ, based upon facts. 'God created man to be immortal, and made him an image of His own eternity.' 'To know God is perfect righteousness, to know His power is the root of immortality' (ii. 23; xv. 3). The beautiful passage, so full of holy comfort, chosen as the first lesson for the morning of All Saints' Day, is too well known to need citation.

In the middle of the second century B.C., we come to a group of works comparatively very little known, which go on for about two hundred years or more, and which embody a striking phase of Jewish national feeling ; these are the apocalyptic or pseudepigraphic books, the last term being given to them, as will be seen, on account of the peculiarity of their assumed authorship. They are a natural product of the times of Greek and Roman oppression, and of heroic Maccabean struggle, a new and singular expression of the old prophetic hope, interpreted by the hard realities of the present.

The prophets had seemed to predict the glorious establishment of Israel in its own land, under its own rules, and the universal triumph of the religion of Jehovah. But now the mournful complaint of the devout Israelite was 'there is no more any prophet' (Psa. lxxiv. 8) ; the prophetic spirit had died out, the old prophetic liberty of thought had vanished ; its inward and outward conditions no longer existed, and yet the popular imagination necessarily turned to the future ; the promised deliverance must surely and speedily come. Hence this new species of literature, more eagerly welcomed and influential than any other during this period, namely, the pseudepigraphic prophecies.

The old prophets, in their teachings and exhortations

addressed themselves directly to the people, and that first and foremost through their oral utterances, and only afterwards by means of written discourse, as subordinate to the spoken address.

But now, when men felt impelled at any time by their religious enthusiasm to attempt to influence their fellow-countrymen, instead of directly addressing them in person like the prophets of old, they did so by means of a writing professing to be the work of some or other of the great names of the past, in the hope that by this means the effect would be all the surer and the more powerful.

In adopting this course, the authors of the various books are not justly open to any charge of wilful deceit, even though an uncritical age was sometimes misled by their productions. If in the present day any one with a political purpose were to write a book entitled the 'Visions of William the Conqueror,' in which the fortunes of the English people were symbolically described, it would be unjust to brand him as an impostor. It is true that our modern taste does not at all welcome this kind of literary inventiveness, and our modern strictness may regard it as not altogether permissible ; but the feeling of that age was quite different in this respect, and there is no reason why it may not have been practised by high-minded and honourable men.

But though there may have been no conscious intention to deceive, we may regard this kind of action as evidence of the more degenerate character of the age.

It shows that there were men of a deeply religious spirit, who, nevertheless, had not the courage to meet their fellow-countrymen with the claim to have their words listened to on their own merits, speaking in the name of the God of Israel, but who seemed to think it necessary to conceal themselves under the guise of some one or other of the well-known authorities of old time. And so, for this reason, all the writings of a prophetic character that make their appearance are pseudepigraphic. They are given to the world bearing the names of an Enoch, Moses, Baruch, Ezra, or of the twelve patriarchs, but we do not know who the real author of any one of them is.

They are, of course, written as if from the point of view of the assumed author, and as if intended for his contemporaries ; but what is written is of such a nature that it concerns far more the contemporaries of the real author.

The form in which these communications are clothed, is that

of apocalypse. There is a marked distinction between apocalypse and prophecy. The peculiarity of this new mode of speech is that, unlike the older genuine prophecy, it imparts its supposed revelations not in clear and plain language, but in a mysterious enigmatical form. The thing intended to be communicated is veiled under parables and symbols, the meaning of which can only be guessed at. The extent to which this veiling is carried is not always the same. At one time it only goes the length of abstaining from the mention of names of persons, that are otherwise plainly enough indicated ; while at another time the whole thing is symbolical from beginning to end. Persons are represented under the symbolism of animals ; events in the history of the human race under the symbolism of the operations of nature. And if, as sometimes happens, the interpretation is added, this is only a less obscure form of the enigma, and not a solution of it.

Most of these writings were occasioned, as already said, by times of trouble and distress, or by the depressed circumstances of the people generally. The object was to awaken and quicken a firm trust in God's promises in spite of all present appearances. And the actual effect of the enthusiastic predictions appears to have been both powerful and lasting. They played a most important part in developing the political sentiments of the people. If we find that from the date of the tax imposed by Quirinius, whereby Judæa was placed directly under Roman administration, revolutionary tendencies among the people grew stronger year by year, till they led at last to the great uprising of the year 66 A.D., there cannot be a doubt that the process was essentially promoted, if not chiefly caused, by the apocalyptic literature.

These books take a very wide and extended view of the world's history, the reason of which probably is, that with the Babylonian captivity Israel was brought into contact with the world, in a geographical sense, much more than ever before. This very extension of the view of the world in space enlarged their idea of the time involved in the divine plans. Just as when in later ages, by astronomy and the use of the telescope, the universe was seen to be much more vast than had before been dreamed, men began to feel that centuries, and even millennia were really but short spaces of time ; so from Babylon, the centre of an empire that on one side looked out on Cyprus with its Greek culture, and on the other, perhaps, came in contact with

India, the world was bigger and the destinies involved more important than all that could be seen from the mountain fortress of Jerusalem. Still more was this the case when the Babylonian gave place to the yet more extended empires of Media and Persia. The empire of Cyrus stretched from the Ægean to the east of Persia, north to the Oxus, and south to the Persian Gulf. The empire of Darius Hystaspis contained over and above this, Egypt, India to the Punjaub and Thrace in Europe.

In other and entirely new ways, the conquests of Alexander opened the world to the Jews, as was seen in a last year's paper on this subject.* And when afterwards, by the defeats inflicted on Antiochus the Great and on Epiphanes, Rome became the dominant power in the East, a still wider sweep was given to apocalyptic vision. The other empires had merely abutted on the Great Sea, as the Mediterranean was called ; this alone surrounded it and made it a Roman lake. The dominion of Rome stretched from the pillars of Hercules on the west to beyond the river Euphrates on the east, including the western Tarshish of Scripture and the eastern Havilah. Indirectly, this broadened geographical horizon tended to give broader views of another kind. Although in some important respects the Jews became more exclusive when Ezra returned from the Captivity, yet in thought they developed largely. The religion of Persia had many points in common with Judaism. It served to strengthen the Jews in their monotheism ; and it did much to break down the intellectual barriers that separated them from their neighbours.

It has been imagined in modern days that Cyrus was, after all, an idolater, and not a follower of the pure worship of Zoroaster ; but this is a hasty inference drawn from the proclamation issued after his conquest to the Babylonians. Just as Napoleon assumed the tone of a Mahomedan when he took possession of Egypt ; and just as Sennacherib claimed that it was in obedience to the command of Jehovah that he came against Jerusalem, so Cyrus found it politic to appear as the worshipper of the national gods of Babylon, and all the more so because he seems to have gained possession of that great city by a conspiracy of priests and nobles.

In a work very lately issued, containing one of the best accounts yet given to the world of the various uncanonical

* 'Greek Forerunners of Christ,' No. 2, 'Monthly Packet' (New Series), vol. I. (1891), p. 360.

apocalypses (though its title may be open to objection) * the author has brought forward some forcible arguments to show that these books originated, to a large extent, among the Essenes, that remarkable monastic order of the Jews, whose head-quarters were in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea. And whether this view of the matter be accepted or not, it will not be without interest to give here some account of this singular body of men, so little known in comparison with the two other principal sects of the Jews, the Pharisees and Sadducees.

'There are few more desolate places in the world,' says the author of the work above referred to, 'than the immediate shore of the Dead Sea. Save at special spots, the whole shore is lifeless, with huge blocks of salt standing up square and pitiless from the sand. The heat around the lake is oppressive, as we might well expect, for it is the deepest depression on the earth's surface.' Those who have seen Holman Hunt's picture of the "Scapegoat," painted on the spot, will have some idea of the character of the scene.

'But not far from this desolation, on the slopes of the mountains near, wherever torrents rush down there is fertility and beauty. Tropical plants flourish in luxuriance, and in these streams the element of mystery which pervades the whole neighbourhood is not wanting; for they almost all spring from fountains of warm water. This warmth tells of central fires that may now be beneficial, but which may at any time be kindled into the fierceness of destructive heat. These fountains had healing virtues ascribed to them. One of them, "En-gedi, the fountain of the kid," must in old days have been much more beautiful than now, though it is still beautiful, with its fertile strip of ground about a mile and a half in length. It is formed by the confluence of two streams, with the ravines cut by them, high up on the hill-side. The fountain of the kid, so called perhaps from the playful, gambolling manner in which its waters gush out and leap down to the sea, is a perennial stream, a line of white foam that sparkles in the sunlight. Like most of the fountains of the same district it is a warm spring, though not hot, and so promotes the tropical luxuriance around.' Only a few wandering Arabs are to be seen there now, but there are traces of an abundant former population; remains of terraces on which vines were trained; palm trees once in large numbers, not one remaining; numerous cisterns all over

* 'Books which influenced our Lord and His Apostles,' by Rev. John E. H. Thomson (T. & T. Clark).

the face of the slope for watering the gardens that bloomed there in old days.* The distant scenery is striking. The mountains of Moab seen across the sea ; the gorge of the Jordan beyond the plain of Siddim ; Mount Pisgah, from which Moses had his first and only gaze at the Promised Land. There were memories of David also, and of Elijah connected with the spot, so awe-inspiring in its character. The masses of black basalt that break in upon the orange-coloured limestone seem the very embodiment of the mystery that hangs around these mountains.

Close to En-gedi, 'the fountain of the kid,' there dwelt for many generations the singular Jewish monastic order of the Essenes, in a region so suited to them, and so much adapted to call forth their special characteristics. 'Their history,' it has been said, 'forms the most enigmatical problem of later Judaism.' The meaning of the name is quite uncertain, numerous as have been the attempts to trace its etymology. Bishop Lightfoot derives it from a Hebrew word meaning 'to be silent' ; others explain the name as 'outsiders.' Mr. Thomson prefers the derivation which makes it signify 'healers' ; the Essenes being known to pay great attention to the healing qualities of herbs and minerals.

Whilst their head-quarters were as already stated, they had correspondents and houses of call in all the principal towns of Palestine, so that any of their body, while travelling, could be sure of hospitable entertainment. One of the gates in Jerusalem was called, according to Josephus, 'the gate of the Essenes,' and a later tradition mentions the existence of a congregation there which devoted 'one third of the day to study, one third to prayer, and one third to labour.'

A further account of these solitaries, and of the apocalyptic writings with whose production it is thought they may have had much to do, will form the subject of another paper.

* The original name of En-gedi was Hazazon-Tamar, 'the pruning of the palm,' on account of the palm-groves surrounding it.

JEANIE: A 'FRIENDLY' GIRL.

BY CATHERINE PONTON GRANT.

CHAPTER I.

"What virtues do you wish more of?" asks Mr. L.
 I answer : "Silence, Perseverance, Self-Denial."
 "What vices less of?"
 "Vanity, Pride, *Love of cats.*"—*Diary of L. M. Alcott.*

MISS MARGRET MELVILLE had lived in Rose Cottage, in one of the suburbs of Edinburgh, for the last twenty-five years of her life. Ever since her elder, and only, sister had gone with an English husband to an English home, and her parents had trodden almost hand in hand the 'pleasant paths' of death, in summer and winter, year in and year out, Rose Cottage had been the scene of Miss Melville's peaceful career. Only once had she been induced to leave it for any length of time, and that was on the occasion of the baptism of her nephew and god-son, Miles Melville Barrington. But Miles, now a stalwart youth of nineteen, was settled in Edinburgh by this time for the purpose of studying medicine, so that there was no longer any need to take a journey to see him ; he lodged not half-a-mile off, and dined at Rose Cottage every Sunday.

Time was when Miss Melville used to go to Portobello for change of air every summer ; and she still valiantly declared that it was not the *distance* that kept her back now (Portobello was four miles off) ; but there were other reasons. One was the immense fatigue of packing, and no one who had seen Miss Melville engaged in preparing for a journey, however short, could have wondered that she shrunk from the undertaking. First there was the difficulty of deciding what to take and what to leave behind, and when that had been got over, and Miss Melville's whole wardrobe had been squeezed into her boxes (for she said it was best to be prepared for *all kinds* of weather), still that was far from being the end of the matter. There remained

many miscellaneous articles without which Miss Melville would not stir, and which had to be disposed of somehow, such as a folding-chair, an eider-down quilt, and a very sturdy hot-water bottle. And besides the hot-water bottle, there were numerous other little bottles, and each of these required to have a little flannel tied over its head for fear of spilling—an operation which demanded both time and skill. There was the pomade which was necessary for the well-being of Miss Melville's soft white hair, which she wore in 'quaint, straight curls, like horns'; and the lime-water to be ready in case of indigestion; and the chalk-mixture with which to circumvent the cholera; and a good-sized bottle of castor-oil for the cats. Ah, yes, the cats! The cats were at the bottom of a good deal of their mistress's unwillingness to leave Rose Cottage, for there were always at least three or four of them, and they made themselves peculiarly disagreeable when any change was proposed. They wandered about the house on the day of departure in a way that made everything seem doubly desolate and uncomfortable; they retired to the most remote corners of the garden when the cab was at the door, and Miss Melville and her maid were searching for them under the beds in the darkened house; they howled on the journey in an indescribable manner, and for days after their arrival in their new abode expressed their disapproval of it in no measured terms. Moreover they were always on the look-out to make their escape from it, and the bondage of having to watch both doors and cats became at times almost insupportable, and had a most unhappy effect upon the temper of mistress and maid. And that brings me to the one great trial of Miss Melville's life—the crook in her lot as it were—namely, *general servants*.

It was five years since Nannie Bell, who had served the Melville family for nearly fifty years, and was Miss Marget's oldest and dearest friend, had died in Rose Cottage, and been laid to rest beside the master and mistress she loved. Since then I am afraid to say how many 'generals' had engaged in the service of Miss Melville. They came and went every six months at least. They had but one reason for coming; 'One Lady' was the charm which brought them—there was an air of genteel leisure about it—but their reasons for going away were many and various. Most of them were afflicted with a vague desire to 'make a change,' and a conviction that any situation would be better than the one in which they found

themselves. Several sank beneath the burden of having to feed the hens, and felt their lives embittered by the early habits of the cock. One was dissatisfied with the small wages, and after staying about six weeks demanded a rise of a pound more in the year. ‘And what more do you intend to do for it?’ asked Miss Melville, with a presence of mind which surprised herself, and the applicant, not being prepared with an answer, gave warning on the spot. One left because the visitors at the house were all old maids, and another on account of a difference with Tim, the big grey cat.

‘Me and the mistress had words; *she* was high, and *I* was high, and I’m leaving this day month.’

Such was the account which the present servant at Rose Cottage gave of the ‘rippat,’ as she called it, which was the cause of her impending departure. But, fortunately, Miss Melville was quite sure that the new servant, who was engaged to come at the term, would be perfection. It is true that she had been equally certain many times before, and had been woefully disappointed; but she was of a sanguine disposition, had full faith in ‘characters,’ whether written or verbal, and believed that the genus to which Nannie Bell had belonged was not yet quite extinct.

‘I have engaged a “Friendly Girl,” Miles, and she is coming on the 15th, so I shall be comfortably settled with my new servant by the time you come back.’

Miss Melville spoke with an air of great triumph, and her nephew, who had come to say good-bye before going home for a few weeks, looked up with some surprise.

‘A friendly girl! Well, there’s nothing very uncommon in that, is there? I am sure the girl who wore your best bonnet and sat in the drawing-room on Sundays was disposed to be friendly enough.’

‘Oh, my dear! You do not understand. I mean a “*Friendly Girl*”—one who belongs to the Scotch Girls’ “*Friendly Society*.”’

‘And what is the good of that?’ asked Miles.

‘The *greatest* good,’ replied his aunt, with severity. ‘Did you never hear of the Society before?’ (She quite forgot that she had only heard of it herself a week ago.) ‘All the girls who belong to it are of good character, and they each have an associate to look after them; and the associate looks after the

mistress too—at least, I think that must be it, for the one who called here asked a great many questions about what the girl would have to do, and told me that I must see that she went to Church every Sunday, and read her Bible, and said her prayers every day.'

'What a beastly bore!' cried Miles, opening his lazy grey eyes with undisguised horror, and he would hardly listen patiently while his aunt descended on the Friendly Girl's virtues, and explained how that she was the youngest of a large family, all of whom were out in the world and doing for themselves.

'And this girl is going to be a servant too, that she may help her father to pay his rent and keep his little farm together; but I'll read you the letter from the Minister's wife about her,' concluded Miss Melville cheerfully, and she bustled away to find her spectacles.

Miles groaned inwardly; if there was anything he hated, it was hearing letters read aloud; but if there was anything his Aunt Marget loved, it was reading letters aloud, and she always succeeded in doing it in spite of all opposition, so he resigned himself to his fate, and waited patiently during the long interval which ensued before the spectacles were found. At last Miss Melville returned, spectacles on nose, and although a little breathless from her hurried search, began at once—

‘ Bowrie Manse, Midlothian.

“MADAM,—

“In reply to your inquiries with regard to Jeanie Scott” (that's the girl's name), “I am happy to tell you that I have always found her honest and truthful, obedient and civil!”

Here Miss Melville paused with at least six notes of admiration in her voice, and refused to proceed until Miles had vouchsafed her a sleepy—

‘All right; go on.’

“She has been in my Bible class for the last three years, and I trust that the systematic instruction she has received has not been without its fruits.”

Another pause, and then a feeble—‘I trust not,’ from the unwilling listener.

“She has had the advantage of a Christian home, and has been in the habit of attending two diets of worship every Sabbath.”

'Can she cook?' asked Miles, suddenly waking up at the sound of 'diets.'

'Oh, of course!' cried Miss Melville, somewhat taken aback, 'I did not ask that,' and she read on hastily—“Mr. Scott, the father, is a most respectable man, although at present in some difficulty on account of the long succession of bad seasons. Hoping that you will find in Jeanie a willing and faithful servant,
‘I remain, etc., etc.’”

Miss Melville folded the letter with a satisfied air, and Miles said thoughtfully—

'I hope she won't wear a piece of red flannel round her neck, and have constant toothache; the pious ones almost always do.'

(N. B.—Miles had had large experience of general servants in his lodgings, and rather prided himself on his knowledge of the race.)

Miss Melville did not deign to take any notice of this suggestion, and her nephew went on meditatively:—

'Should you suppose from that letter that Jeanie Scott would be likely to wait the table and open the door nicely?'

'Certainly; it says—let me see—“*honest and truthful, obedient and—*”' but Miles, afraid that the whole letter was about to be re-read, sprang to his feet, exclaiming—

'Well, I hope she'll be a success; and—'

“And *civil*,” concluded Miss Melville, with extreme distinctness. 'Of course that shows that she will open the door nicely; I do like a girl with a good manner.'

'You didn't think of asking whether she was fond of cats?'

Miles gazed with tender solicitude at the black cat who sat blinking and smiling on the hearth, and poked her gently with his foot, whereupon she burst into a loud rattling purr, and smiled more blandly than ever.

'Well, no; I did not,' and Miss Melville looked so regretful and uneasy that her teasing nephew was conscience-stricken, and devoted the rest of his visit to reassuring his aunt on the point of her new servant's treatment of her old favourites.

But Miss Melville could not feel quite comfortable. Long after Miles had gone she sat pondering deeply and wondering what could be done to atone for her neglect. Suddenly she rose, and, going to the bookcase, selected a small brown volume from among its rather ancient looking contents: it was 'Cruden's Concordance,' and Miss Melville opened it at 'C.' An idea had

struck her ; she would put up a text in the Friendly Girl's bedroom enjoining kindness to animals—to cats, by name, if possible. ‘“Caterpillar ; cattle,”’ she read, running down the list of ‘C’s,’ but there was no ‘Cats.’

‘I am afraid there is nothing about you in the Bible, Judy,’ she said, addressing the occupant of the hearth-rug ; ‘and no wonder,’ she added severely, ‘so long as you go after the dear little birds as I saw you doing this morning.’

Judy gazed straight into the fire with a preoccupied air, and her mistress returned to the Concordance.

‘“Suffereth not their cattle to decrease,”’ she read. ‘Well, they certainly do not decrease ; the number of kittens which Judy has is, I am sure, quite remarkable ; but I scarcely think they could be called ‘cattle’—something *between* “caterpillars” and “cattle” is what I want,’ and again Miss Melville searched diligently.

But no ; there was nothing between caterpillars and cattle to be found there, and she determined to go to the Religious Tract Society, and see what they had to offer her. The result of her visit was the arrival at Rose Cottage of a large parcel. It contained a text, brilliantly printed in red and gold, and handsomely framed and glazed, and the words were :—

‘Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God.’

Miss Melville looked at it with much satisfaction, which was just a trifle dashed by the remembrance of certain small birds which had fallen a prey to Judy’s fathomless greed, and an uneasy consciousness that she had not bought quite what she had intended, and that Miles would laugh at her in consequence. She had gone out with the full purpose of buying a text bearing, more or less directly, on cats, and had come back the possessor of a comforting truth concerning sparrows ! But she comforted herself by arguing that if the Lord cared for sparrows, then certainly for cats also ; that the Friendly Girl would doubtless read the text in this light, and that, after all, there was no need for Miles to know anything about the matter.

On the Term Day, the 15th of May, Miss Melville’s house was in a state of preternatural cleanliness. After a week of incessant scrubbing, dusting, and polishing, it had attained to a lustre such as it had not known since the last Term Day six months ago, when, for a brief season, it had shone as brightly as now.

A strong smell of soap-suds and furniture-polish pervaded the air, and stillness reigned in the painfully tidy rooms, for the retiring 'general' had taken her departure, and Miss Melville was quietly awaiting the arrival of her successor.

It was a lovely afternoon ; the beech-hedge which separated the garden of Rose Cottage from the high road (which at that point was called Prior Row) shewed patches of brilliant green among the russet, and the lime-trees at the gate were in their daintiest beauty ; a flock of glossy starlings were pecking about on the newly-mown lawn (for the garden had been tidied up as well as the rest of the premises), the cock was sauntering thoughtfully over the flower-beds, and a hedge-sparrow was singing and singing for very joyfulness. But Miss Melville, although she looked out of the window several times, noticed none of these things. She was much more interested in the cabs, with servants inside, and great 'kists' on the top, which passed the house from time to time. None of them stopped at the gate however, and she was beginning to feel a little uneasy, when she heard a knock at the back-door which led into the kitchen. She opened it with some difficulty, for, expecting to see the milk-girl, she had provided herself with a jug in one hand, and a bowl in the other. But to her surprise, instead of the milk-girl, there stood the Friendly Girl, a large bundle under her arm, and a blue band-box at her feet.

Miss Melville stood aghast : she had never anticipated that Jeanie Scott would *walk* all the way from Bowrie (a distance of twelve miles, at least), and she contemplated her in silent amazement for a full minute and a half.

It was a very pleasant picture which she saw framed in the glistening ivy that covered Rose Cottage, and clung closely round every door and window. A tall young girl, erect as a poplar-tree, and full of health and vigour ; curly red hair, touched into gold by the sinking sun ; bright brown eyes, and now, as the eyes met Miss Melville's, the friendliest of friendly smiles.

'Are you the wumman o' the hoose?' asked a soft voice, in the strong Midlothian accent.

This was a little startling. 'The wumman o' the hoose' was not exactly what Miss Melville expected to be called by her servants, especially by one who had been recommended as 'civil' ; but she was too much taken aback to do more than acknowledge that she was that person, whereupon Jeanie Scott proceeded to carry her belongings into the kitchen, volunteering at the same

time the information that her box was to come the next day by the carrier's cart.

'Follow me, and I shall take you to your bedroom,' said Miss Melville, suddenly recovering herself, after a few minutes of painful indecision as to what to do next.

Upstairs they went in solemn procession, Jeanie exclaiming, as they passed through the little hall and the full grandeur of Rose Cottage burst upon her, 'My! Sic a grand twa-ended hoose!'

Miss Melville took no notice; she was pondering how to introduce the subject of the text and the cats, who had as yet kept discreetly out of the way. 'This is your room, Jeanie,' she said, leading the way into a bright little attic, with sloping roof and casement window, 'and this is the nice text I've bought for you, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings—"' Miss Melville quoted the opening words in a hurried nervous manner.

'It's awfu' cheap,' said Jeanie cautiously, staring hard at the gold and scarlet lettering, which, in its excess of ornamentation, was Greek to her.

Again Miss Melville was horror-struck. This from a girl who had 'attended two diets of worship every Sabbath'!

She retreated downstairs in a perturbed state of mind, and only remembered when supper-time drew near, that she had said nothing about the cats.

She was just considering what steps it would be best to take in the matter, when Jeanie appeared at the parlour door.

'Please, mum, there's a cat wantin' in at the kitchen window.'

'A cat? Well, I'll come and see whether it is Judy.'

It was Judy; her black face and keen yellow eyes were unmistakable, and her mouth was opening and shutting at regular intervals in the voiceless mews which were her special characteristic.

'Yes, it is Judy; come away, poor pussy!'

Judy leapt into the kitchen and then rushed off to the parlour, whither her mistress followed.

A quarter of an hour had passed peacefully away when suddenly a loud 'Shoo, shoo!' was heard, accompanied by a scurrying of feet and distant sounds of combat.

Miss Melville's heart sank; the door burst open, and Jeanie announced with indignation—

'There's a great muckle cat comded into the kitchen, and it's drinkin' oor cat's milk.'

Convinced as Miss Melville felt that the 'great muckle cat' was none other than Tim, she could not do less than hurry to the kitchen to quell the disturbance. There, as she expected, she found Tim firmly planted in front of the saucer of milk, his ears laid back, his tail erect and quivering at the tip, and his whole figure expressive of a strong determination to let nothing interfere with the duty in hand.

'Oh, it's only Tim—poor old Tim!' said Miss Melville, and then, as Jeanie made no response, she went on pathetically, 'A poor stray cat, Jeanie, that was nearly starved of cold and hunger.'

'He disna' look starved now.'

It was quite true; Tim was the sort of cat one involuntarily connects with a grocer's shop—big, broad-nosed, sleek, and eminently comfortable—starvation was the last thing to be thought of in connection with him. Thankful that he was so peaceably engaged, Miss Melville once more retired to the parlour. But her mind was not at ease. Daisy, the little white cat, whom she knew to be quietly reposing on her own bed, lay heavily on her conscience. Indeed, she began to feel that the words she had used when advertising for a servant—'The family consists of One Lady'—fell short of the truth; she ought to have added 'and three grown-up cats.' But it was too late now, and she awaited the discovery of the last of the three with outward calm.

She had not long to wait. Jeanie, as instructed, went upstairs with her mistress's hot-water bottle precisely at ten o'clock, and was kindly received by Daisy, who welcomed the hot bottle with ecstatic purring, and rubbed her pink nose gratefully against Jeanie's hand. A minute later Jeanie appeared before Miss Melville, and asked in an awe-struck whisper, while she pointed mysteriously over her shoulder—

'Please, mum, d'ye ken that there's anither o' them up the stair?'

'Well, yes; I daresay there may be. I'll just go and see,' and Miss Melville gladly escaped to her own room; but, before she closed the door, she heard the Friendly Girl saying to herself in a tone of wonderment—

'My, sic a heap o' cats!'

CHAPTER II.

'She being as shy and modest as she was bonny, with her clean dimity short gown, and snow-white morning mutch, to say nothing of her cheery mouth, and her glancing eyes.'—*Mansie Wauch.*'

A SUBLIME depth of ignorance, united with a gracious willingness to learn, are, apparently, the most common characteristics of general servants now-a-days.

Jeanie Scott possessed both these qualifications in a superlative degree. She was not burdened with preconceived notions on any subject whatsoever, and was perfectly willing to do all that was asked of her, and to do it with all her might. She was cook, house-maid, table-maid, and laundress by turns; and not satisfied with that, on one occasion when Miss Melville dined at the minister's house next door, she acted lady's maid as well, and helped to array her mistress in her black silk gown, lace collar, enormous pebble brooch, and the dainty cap which Miles had brought from London.

'Ye're fair elegant!' she cried, when her task was ended, her brown eyes sparkling with honest admiration and her speech impeded by pins. 'Wi' your gown trailin' on the ground, and your grand brooch, for a' the world like a bit o' potted heid! Eh, I would like fine if my mither could see ye.'

'Take those pins out of your mouth, Jeanie, and do not talk nonsense,' said Miss Melville, severely; but she left Rose Cottage with less reluctance than usual, and all the evening she was conscious of a warm little glow about her heart, and a vague, but very comfortable, feeling of self-satisfaction.

After dinner she talked a good deal about her Friendly Girl, in spite of an overwhelming desire to close her eyes and yield to the sleepiness induced by an excellent meal, and she drew so bright a picture of Jeanie's virtues that two or three of the ladies present announced their intention of securing Friendly Girls for themselves on the first opportunity.

'You could not do better, I assure you,' said Miss Melville. 'Her friendliness can scarcely be exaggerated; why, she almost sat up for Judy the other night! She would have insisted on doing it, if Judy had not come in at about half-past ten o'clock; and she is so kind to the little boy who sells baskets, and, indeed, to all kinds of beggars. I am very much pleased with her.'

This was all very true, and yet there were times when even Miss Melville admitted that Jeanie carried her friendliness to the verge of excess. She never could be got to distinguish between a 'wumman' and a lady ; the hazy, shifting line of demarcation, so strong and clear in some people's eyes, was invisible from her simple point of view, and to each and all she gave a hearty welcome, and always showed women selling lace and other mysterious personages into the drawing-room. As for the many distinguished-looking gentlemen with mellifluous voices and 'high English' accent who came to the front door, Jeanie never failed to receive them with the deepest respect, and nothing could exceed her surprise when, after a long preamble, they almost invariably produced a selection of hair-combs, which an extraordinary combination of circumstances had induced them to try to sell. These gentlemen came so often and proved so puzzling to Jeanie, that Miss Melville at last made a rule that no person who could not produce a calling-card was to be allowed to proceed further than the hall, after which her male visitors considerably decreased.

One busy morning only a few weeks after Jeanie's arrival at Rose Cottage, she and her mistress were thrown into a state of excitement by the unexpected appearance before the gate of a carriage and pair. Miss Melville, peeping out from behind the parlour-curtains, recognised the yellow chariot and fat grey horses of her friends, the three Miss Murrays, who always came in a band and stayed for at least half-an-hour, and she hastened to the drawing-room to be ready to receive them. Jeanie, who was at the washing-tub, took so long to dry the soap-suds from her shining arms, that the bell had rung twice, and the old ladies had collected in a little crowd on the steps, before she opened the door.

'Yes, mum, she's in ; come away,' was her answer to Miss Murray's inquiry whether Miss Melville was at home, and she preceded the visitors upstairs with great alacrity.

They had nearly reached the drawing-room door, when Jeanie, remembering the strict orders she had received about asking callers for their cards, suddenly faced about, crying—

'Mercy on us ! Hae ye no' gotten a caird ?'

The first Miss Murray passed on in uncomprehending silence, the second fumbled in her pocket, and the third in her bag, while Jeanie looked anxiously on.

'Are you alone, Miss Murray ?' said Miss Melville, when they

had shaken hands, looking expectantly towards the still open door.

'There's twa mair,' cried Jeanie, joyfully thrusting her beaming face through the opening, 'and they've gotten cairds, an' a'!'

As soon as the four ladies were seated, they began upon the subject of the weather, and did not leave it until they had thoroughly sifted the whole matter. They decided that, although cold for June, still it was often cold in June, and, in fact, June was a very cold month. Miss Murray distinctly remembered snow in the June of '43; Miss Melville tried to remember it, and failed. Miss Murray *insisted* on Miss Melville's remembering it; *she* could remember it, although, she said, she must have been a mere child at the time. Miss Melville began to think that now that Miss Murray reminded her of the long cloaks that were worn that year, she *did* remember about snow in the June of '43, was *sure* that she remembered it, was almost ready to *swear* that she did, then suddenly became aware that she was telling a 'regular terrible story,' and changed the subject to servants.

Then it transpired that Miss Alison Murray, the youngest of the three sisters, was the Associate of the Scotch Girls' Friendly Society upon whom devolved the care of Jeanie Scott, and that a desire to fulfil the duties of her office had prompted her call that morning.

'You see, Jeanie Scott has been transferred,' she explained. 'The lady who called upon you was her Associate while she was at Bowrie, but now the girl has been transferred to me.'

It was some time before Miss Melville could be got to understand the nature of this transaction, but when she did, she asked Miss Alison whether she would like to see her charge.

'Jeanie is rather busy,' she said, mentally calling up a picture of her servant and her washing-house as she had last seen them, 'but she could easily come and speak to you.'

Accordingly the bell was rung; but Miss Melville seemed to have over-estimated the ease of procuring an interview with her maid, for although the bell was rung three times, with long intervals between, and each time with increasing vigour, it met with no response from Jeanie.

'Dear me; how very strange!' said Miss Murray, and Miss Alison murmured something which sounded very like 'wretched management,' but Miss Melville was quite unperturbed; the

same thing happened every washing-day, and she was used to it.

But here the middle Miss Murray interferred. She was getting impatient of all this fuss about a Friendly Girl, and had no mind to wait any longer.

'Dear me, Alison,' she burst out, 'the girl's salvation doesn't depend on her seeing you, does it? Surely Miss Melville is quite able to look after her own servant?'

'Certainly,' said Miss Alison, with a doubtful air, 'I merely wished to find out whether Jeanie Scott is paying her subscription regularly, and whether she dresses plainly and economically, as befits her station, and to remind her of the rule which forbids evil-speaking, and I should like to be sure that she says her prayers and reads her Bible every day, and that she goes to church on Sunday; but of course you see to all that?' turning to her hostess.

Miss Melville made no answer, she was half way down-stairs, on her way to the door with her visitors, and did not seem to have heard Miss Alison's question. The truth was that she felt uneasy as to the result of an investigation into the way in which she performed the duties of a mistress, and she did not breathe freely until the three old ladies, the fat grey horses, and the yellow chariot, had disappeared round the corner. Then she sat down comfortably in an easy-chair, and pondered over her deficiencies, until Jeanie, followed by a long line of cats, came to set the table for dinner, and roused her from her meditations.

The subject of them immediately became apparent.

'Jeanie,' she said, with unusual energy, 'I think I should like you to be an Episcopalian—the same as I am; you know what an Episcopalian is?'

'Yes, mum; it's just an auld maid, like.'

'No, no, Jeanie; not at all! Episcopilians are not old maids—at least, not *all*—they are people who—who—who belong to the Episcopal Church, you know; but I'll take you with me to St. Luke's some Sunday, and you will see for yourself what they are.'

'My nephew, Mr. Barrington, sometimes plays the organ,' continued Miss Melville; but she was not prepared for the effect which this information had upon Jeanie.

'Plays the organ!' she cried in a tone of mingled sorrow and dismay. 'Eh, my, that's a fearfu' downcome! But he'll hae a puggy, nae doot?'

This was more than Miss Melville could stand. The idea that any one should think it possible that *her* nephew—her handsome, gentlemanly Miles—should follow the profession of an organ-grinder, even with the additional attraction of a monkey, was too disgusting! She was, for once, quite ruffled, and did not recover her usual urbanity until she had reflected that Jeanie had never been in a town in her life, had never seen, or even heard of, an organ in a church, and, above all, had never seen Miles. So she carefully explained to the wondering maiden that Mr. Barrington did not even play for money, but out of the pure love of music, and from a desire to help his friend, the over-worked organist, who was very glad of an occasional rest. ‘You will hear Mr. Barrington play when you go with me to St. Luke’s,’ and Miss Melville felt hopeful that when Jeanie had seen Miles in the grave garb of an organist, she would dismiss all idea of the barrel-organ and the puggy from her mind.

(*To be continued.*)

AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

APRIL.

IN spite of its showery reputation, April is often quite as beset by Eurus as is March, and shares therewith not merely the greyness of 'black east wind,' called by the mysterious name of 'blight,' but also those enamelled days of intense brightness, when every laurel and ivy leaf absolutely glitters in the sunshine, and the small celandines open their many-petaled crowns so as to be almost too resplendent for the eye.

The cold winter has painted the ivy leaves in a curious manner. Every variety of red and purple is to be found on (oh, forgive me ! it has no more reasonable name) the parenchyma of the leaves, while the veins remain green so that there is a beautiful regular pattern. These are the old leaves, ready to drop off in a quiet way when the new tender ones are ready to take up their work ; but there is no leaf so cheerful in old age as the ivy. An eccentric creature it is, with that endless variety of palmate, pointed leaves while it is climbing, and the entire ones after it has reached the summit and become an 'ivy bush,' bearing in autumn its round heads of pale green blossoms, to be succeeded by the black fruit to become in spring the birds' staple fare, just when other berries are exhausted. The little claws on the stem by which it mounts have no familiar likenesses except in the Virginian creepers. There is the satisfaction in gathering wreaths of ivy, that it is a benefit to the tree to disembarrass it of its clothing.

I have just been to pay my annual respects to the Green Hellebore, *Helleborus viridis*, which is one of the semi varieties of which we are proud. It grows in wide-spreading patches from its creeping roots in a hazel copse, putting up its green drooping bells—little green Christmas roses—in fact, before its very

handsome crop of root-leaves. The so-called flower is really the Calyx ; the corolla is only some tiny scales around the cluster of many stamens, which by their growth on the receptacle stamp it as of the poisonous race—a witch plant indeed, though not so much marked as its brother *Helleborus fœtidus*, which has purple spots and is more rare.

This green Hellebore grows in a close hedge-row containing a path up which the Danes are said to have marched,—if so they must have gone in single file. It turns out of another historical lane, which is said to have been the route of the cart of the charcoal burner Purkiss when carrying the corpse of the Red King to Winchester.

So averred, on the authority of his grandmother, an old farmer in the days when farmers wore long drab coats and leather gaiters. Not only he, but his house and farmyard are gone now, though the meadow still remains, the only one where grows the Greater bistort—*Polygonum bistorta*.

The hedgerow lane is a wonderful place for flowers ; not merely the primrose and anemone, but the extraordinary varieties of violets. The dog violet and the sweet one have perhaps crossed, for here is an intensely blue one, not the regular purple colour, but with more of blue ; here another rather large and of most delicate texture, with more of pink ; here a small grey one, *V. calcarea* ; none of them with the little white fringes that mark the true *Viola canina*. Six sorts are actually found in this one walk.*

Pant, pant ! Cough, cough ! That noise tells of ploughing. There is an engine at each end of the adjoining field, and a little plough travelling up and down between them in the furrow, apparently of its own accord. Happily there are some farms still left which afford the pleasant sight of the sleek horses plodding before their ploughs, all the better if there be a dappled grey to show out on the rich brown earth of a sloping field.

But the measured thump, thump of the flail on the barn floor, which warmed the labourer on winter days, and kept up his pay—that is a sound which the younger generation have never heard ; nor have they seen the curious winnowing-machine, with its four fans of canvas which used to revolve in the barns.

The threshing machine, with its engine and lengthy apparatus, makes its rounds among the farms, and its whirr is the familiar

* *V. odorata* (the sweet), *V. hirta* (the hairy), *V. calcarea* (the chalky), *V. canina* (the dog), *V. Riviniana* (the snake), *V. Reichenbachiana*.

sound. The hostility to it as the enemy of the poor man's labour, which greeted it sixty years since, is an absolute matter of history. The machine-breaking did not affect these parts to any great extent, as well as I remember, but the Reform Bill riots made themselves felt. We were from home at the time, and only heard of bands of men being stirred up to go from house to house demanding food and arms, though they did not here do any actual mischief. It was said that here only two men avoided joining them, and of these one went about his work as usual, the other hid himself in a wood. There was, however, much rick-burning in the northern division of the county, and, in the general alarm, the nurse of one family used to keep a quantity of pepper by her bed-side, wherewith to blind any assailant !

There was an assize afterwards, where there were many condemnations. Years after, the brother of one of the victims spoke with remarkable acquiescence in his fate : ' Never could be quiet, sir. Best thing to do with such chaps as that to string 'em up.'

But it all was brought home to us, for our nurse was sister to two of the condemned. They were respectable men of some education, and their sentence was commuted to transportation for life—real transportation to Botany Bay, whence they used to write at intervals letters in wonderfully minute penmanship, all across the single quarto sheet, each word so small that they could scarcely be read without a magnifier, and the lines so close together that a black ruled paper had to be kept under the one in course of being read. Sometimes anecdotes were imparted to us, of which I only remember a story of a little kangaroo which jumped into a hunter's open shirt, taking it for the maternal pouch. Convicts like these two brothers were sure to thrive. One married, and probably his descendants are by this time among the aristocracy of Sydney.

Machines have destroyed much of the picturesqueness of farming, but in many respects they have improved the condition of the labourer, and especially of his wife. Yet perhaps the intelligence—not in books, but in common things—of the villager has not advanced as much as might have been expected.

Every one used to stay and do home work. Now the enterprising ones go away, leaving their less adventurous brother to follow the plough, so that the shrewd and thoughtful men who were devoted to the home agriculture,—their master's right hand and full of racy sayings, have become few and far between.

Still, there is more cultivation, and it is to be hoped therewith more observation. The old-fashioned country lad was the most unknowing creature in the world as to the things around him. In the early days of trying to open peasant children's minds, I have heard of a blank book placed at a school, where the children were to record any observation of natural objects. One adventurous scholar set down—

'Saw the sun drawing water,' John Smith.

Then followed—

'Saw the sun drawing water,' Mary Jones; and so on, to the bottom of the page, without a single deviation in these experiences.

'Have you heard the nightingale yet?' asked the clergyman of a boy here some forty years ago.

'Please, sir, I don't know how he hollers,' was the answer.

I have also heard that 'they birds hollered so that one could not sleep.'

They—the nightingales—are just come, the cocks singing to pass the time till the ladies arrive. Slender creatures they are, with whitish breasts, and ruddy backs as they open their wings. One year we had a nest close to the house, and the nightingale sang incessantly, from nine in the morning till about eight at night, and again from ten at night till eight in the morning. Then he used to come out on the lawn for his breakfast, and a John Bull of a robin as regularly, used to charge the poor foreign minstrel, and, though smaller, drive him to a bush where he sang a few notes, then tried again to get his worms. Some nightingales have much better notes than others. Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, a great bird-lover, used to interpret their song into 'My heart is broke, broke, broke! I'm awfully jolly! I'm awfully jolly, jolly—' but this hardly accounts for the curious gurgling sound.

The cuckoo's curious mechanical-sounding note has likewise begun, and that of the Wry-neck, or cuckoo's mate, so very hard to see, as it always keeps on the side of the tree opposite to the spectator, or rather non-spectator.

And there is a delicate green veil over the woods, towards the end of the month—such a veil of tender greenery as April alone can show; every bush putting forth tiny, dainty leaves. The Larch trees show an ineffably lovely colour, and bear their future cones, in tiny crimson, among those pointed needles, which seem to make them like the Yew, a link with the great pine tribe. The

Larch (*Larix Europaea*) is not an English native, but was brought from the Alps in 1629. The Horse-chesnuts have cast off the gummy cases of their buds, and have pushed out their spikes and the pendant leaves, which have been so carefully cottoned up all the winter.

The pink Almond, the white Apricot, the rosy Nectarine, and blushing peach all unfold their blossoms, happy if the frost does not nip them, though probably the fruit is all the better flavoured for an occasional interval in bearing.

In the hedges the Sloe, or black-thorn, *Prunus spinosa*, emulates hoar-frost, and relieves our minds as to the black-thorn winter having done its worst. Its thorns are held to be peculiarly venomous, and to make wounds difficult to heal.

The small Celandine (*Ficaria verna*) is twinkling in the hedges in starry constellations. The numerous petals have a most brilliant polish, but they close too rapidly out of the sun to be available for gathering.

And in the woods there are sheets of bright green Dog's mercury (*Mercurialis perennis*), golden rivers of King-cups (*Caltha palustris*) in every boggy place or ditch, and on the mossy banks, that exquisite thing the Wood-sorrel—*Oxalis*—red-stemmed, trefoil-leaved, white-flowered, with dainty purple veins—a perfect creature. And there is the first butterfly, all sulphur. Here, too, in the roads and around manure-heaps begin to appear creatures unwelcome to most—namely, snakes. They change their skins about this time. One may find the disused garment wound in and out amid the rough bents of grass by means of which the creatures have pulled themselves out, though no one has yet seen the operation. The old skin is perfectly transparent, with a network forming the pattern, and even a skin which has covered the eyes.

The poor Slow-worm, or blind-worm, so often killed as a snake, ought to be cherished, for its food is slugs. It is really no snake at all, but a skink, and perfectly harmless. It may be known by having a less developed head and neck, and, when young, a V upon its head.

The V is often supposed to mark the viper, but this is a mistake. The viper's mark is a chain of dark diamonds down the back. We call it in the country an adder—an odd corruption, or rather confusion, of the 'n' with the article; just as we have made an apron out of a napron, from nap (cloth), so from the universal word natron or nadre for a serpent, we have

developed an adder. It is not often that the viper does much harm, though I have known a pony die from being bitten in the mouth, and suffocated by the swelling ; and our poor old dog was for some days in a state of much suffering from a bite near the ear, but he recovered, though I suspect the injury was the foundation of his final illness.

Persons bitten have a good deal to go through. They should be kept awake, and ammonia and sweet oil applied as soon as possible, and no harm finally ensues.

As to the common snake, it too often suffers for the venom of the viper, as well as from the natural unreasoning loathing that fulfils literally the prediction, ‘ I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed,’—the outward shrinking from the animal marking what should be the inward shrinking from the evil spirit.

But those who have patience to watch may sometimes see curious sights. I have seen a snake swim across a small pond, with its head just above the water ; I have also seen one climb the trunk of a young oak tree—not twisting round, but zig-zagging its body, as it were.

Once, too, as a snake was crossing the lawn, it was pursued and driven, whereupon, in order to be free to move, it opened its jaws and emitted a frog, then wriggled away rapidly. The frog lay pulled out at full length, a ghastly spectacle, and we were just about to have it removed when—behold, it drew in first one leg, then the other, contracted itself into a respectable frog, and hopped off as if nothing had been amiss !

When I first remember, there was an old man who professed to eat adders. He used to send in a message that he had a nice one, and might he have a bit of bacon to boil with it ? We suspected the bacon was the chief part of the viper broth. He lived in what was then the workhouse, a large, untidy, brick house, which gratuitously lodged the aged and infirm, and indeed, whole feckless families, without the slightest supervision, and the parish likewise paid them enough for their maintenance. Those were the days of the old Poor Law. The hero of the viper broth was dead, luckily for him, before the days of Unions and discipline. The feckless family had departed to Manchester, which was then crying out for ‘ hands,’ and thence they wrote letters, where the first person plural was spelt ‘ whee.’ I should think a half-witted man born there, still an inmate of the Union, was the sole survivor.

The water-wagtail, here called dish-washer, comes tapping

upon the windows in search of the insects within, called out by the sunshine, a performance very distressing to superstitious folk, who think the tap-tap is a call. The same tapping is sometimes made by the little bird on the Church windows outside, or in. Has any one observed the different manners of birds captive in Church? Robins will take up their abode there, no doubt finding plenty of food, and behave with great propriety, and their song fits in, as St. Francis would have liked to hear his 'little sisters.' Old Starlings sometimes learn the way in and out by the roof, come in and go out again composedly; but when their young ones are hatched in the ivy outside, every arrival of the parents with food creates a wonderful chattering, hissing and commotion. When they fly, and first blunder into the Church, they dart about in terror, and hammer at every space of clear glass, but as they are clever birds they will find their way out, if doors and windows are left open. Blackbirds and swallows get hopelessly confused, but happily their visits are rare.

Starlings are some of our most beautiful birds when seen close, with their purple necks and green wings bedropped with gold, but, like true English folk, they do not show their splendours at a distance, and their form is less elegant than the blackbird's, from whom they may be easily distinguished, as besides that we know 'the mavis cock so black of hue, with orange, tawny bill,' he hops while the starling runs when both are equally busy seeking worms on the shaven lawn. Stares, to use their old name, have an infinite variety of conversational notes, and must greatly enjoy society, as they flock together in the winter, often in the train of rooks, and at roosting time sit twittering and chatting in the trees as if talking over the day's adventures. In the spring they pair off for family cares, in holes or under roofs, but apparently all join again in autumn.

There is an old French fairy-tale which, I believe, is one of those illustrated by the curious sheets of coloured 'cuts' sold at fairs from time immemorial, where Berniquet the wicked boy is doomed, for acts of cruelty, to be devoured by a starling. At every stage of his history all the birds cry out 'Berniquet for the starling!' But he takes no warning, and is finally eaten up by an enormous starling—a startling catastrophe!

There was another young gentleman called Brimborion, no higher than a boot, who was of a lovely complexion whenever he did a good action, and orange-coloured whenever he was wicked. Most of the stories were tragic, except one of a dear little Henry,

who scaled a dreadful mountain to obtain healing herbs for his sick mother.

Does not every one cherish the memory of a few precious books of their youth, or even of some not valued then? I should like to see once more the square, green spelling-book, which began with columns of 'B-a-t—Bat,' and ended with a useful poem on English history beginning—

‘ William the First, for his valour well known,
By the battle of Hastings ascended the throne ;
His Acts were all made in the Norman tongue,
And at eight every evening the curfew was rung,
At which every subject, by royal desire,
Extinguished his candle and put out his fire.’

Messrs. Griffith and Farren have reproduced some of these old friends, especially Marmaduke Multiply, with pictures appropriate to the rhymes that clenched the memory of the multiplication table.

‘ Five times six are thirty,
She’s tall as any fir-tree.’

Tall and stately she walks along, in a light-green gown, and coal-scuttle, yellow bonnet.

‘ Ten times ten a hundred,
How he got there they wondered ;’

the antecedents being left to the pictures. ‘ He,’ in this case, is a donkey looking out of a sash window; ‘ they’ are two children laughing at him.

But children are supposed to learn multiplication rationally by proof on the abacus frame, or by the ‘ gifts’ of the Kindergarten, and mere memory and jingle are despicable. There is to be no more of the strain of attention over what one of Miss Edgeworth’s beloved children calls ‘ a long ladder of figures’ in long division. We are to work by reason instead of by memory. There is much good sense in this. Only how is the important lesson of application for duty’s sake to what is distasteful to be learnt?

The first school I remember was taught by the regular old dame of Shenstone’s verse, in a high-crowned black bonnet, worn permanently; a buff, spotted handkerchief over her shoulders, tucked into a checked apron. She presided over about a dozen children in her own cottage, as picturesque as herself, sitting in the chimney-corner with her rod. But the teaching was of the very smallest description.

Then came an attempt at another school of a superior description, in a house built for the purpose of mud, rough-cast and brick floored. Reading was taught and needlework for a penny a week, after six years old, but writing and arithmetic were extras, not encouraged, for there was a rooted belief that if maids could write they would write love-letters. So, no doubt, they do, but they write a good deal besides which keeps up the bonds of family affection. This very March, on one of the first relenting days, I came upon an aunt sending a bunch of violets to her niece in a London service to be worn on her confirmation day. Who would have dreamt of such an attention when that girl's grandmother was one of the penny scholars ?

The boys went out to work so young that the wonder is that they learnt anything at all, and the eldest girl was always kept at home as nurse, growing tall, uncouth, and dense.

We have gone through the permission to learn the three R's up to their becoming a necessity, and that greatest R of all, Religion, for the sake of which alone we taught in old times, has a hard matter to hold its own.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXCV.

1738-1741.

WHAT CAME OF JENKYNS' EARS—(*continued*).

THERE were no 'ifs' in the enterprise that was twin with Vernon's. Commodore George Anson was a grave, silent man, without special interest at court; and he could not sail till eight months later than had been intended, for no one would attend to preparing his eight ships or getting his stores together. He had been promised 500 soldiers, but the Ministers changed their mind, and would only send with him as many old Chelsea pensioners, worn-out old men, quite unfit to endure such changes of climate as the voyage would involve. After all, only 259 actually sailed, and these the weakest, for all who had strength to leave Portsmouth deserted, and those who were left looked utterly wretched at their prospect.

There were seven ships, the *Centurion*, the *Glocester*, the *Severn*, the *Pearl*, the *Wager*, the *Trial*, and the *Anna Pink*, the last two very small. They set sail on the 18th of September, 1740, having been delayed so as to have the most stormy season for the dangerous passage round Cape Horn.

The ships halted at Madeira, where the Portuguese Governor, though his country was in alliance with England, was very uncivil, and was suspected of sending intelligence to the Spanish treasure fleet to enable it to elude Anson.

At St. Catherine's, in Brazil, there was better treatment, but so many of the poor old pensioners were sick, that out of the *Centurion* alone eighty had to be sent ashore to the hospital, while the *Trial* was found to need repairs, which occupied nearly a month, and no less than twenty-eight of the *Centurion*'s crew died during this time, and ninety-six, still sick, were taken on board when she set sail on the 18th of January.

Anson appointed several places for meeting in case his little fleet was separated, and then crept cautiously along the wild coast of Patagonia to the terrible Strait of Le Maire, between Tierra del Fuego and Staten Island. There were snowy heights on one side, fearful rocks on the other, but they came through safely, and hoped their worst troubles were over.

It was no such thing. A fearful storm came upon them, with severe cold, freezing the cordage, and so tossing the ships that several men were killed by falls ; the water, too, so beating in, that not a bed was dry. Besides, the currents were so strong that they found that they had been carried back seven hundred miles to the eastward.

Moreover, all the ships were dispersed, and lost sight of one another as well as sound of the guns that had been fired from time to time. The *Centurion* struggled on alone, with fearful difficulties, even when she had reached the Pacific Ocean, and turned northwards in better weather, for the scurvy was on board, and the men were dying five or six a day, till there were not above six able-seamen capable of duty.

At last, on the 10th of June, they reached the Island of Juan Fernandez, the uninhabited spot where had once been cast Alexander Selkirk, the original, it is said, of Robinson Crusoe.

Here were the only cures for scurvy, good water, fresh green herbs, and fruits, and plenty of goats. They encamped there in great rest and joy, and in time three more ships appeared ; but the two smallest had gone back to Brazil, and the *Wager* had been wrecked on the coast of Chiloe.

The *Glocester*, *Severn*, *Trial*, and *Anna Pink* survived, but every one of the pensioners on board the *Glocester* was dead, and only four on the *Centurion* were left, nor were more than 335 men altogether living.

However, the patient and resolute Commodore set to work to mend and refit his remnant of a squadron with a brave heart, though he knew that a Spanish fleet had been sent out in search of him.

Just as the refitting of the *Centurion* was completed, a sail was seen in the offing, and the captain immediately gave chase. He lost this, but soon saw another, which he pursued and took without resistance.

It was a well-laden merchantman, and from the crew, Anson learnt that the same storm which had driven the squadron about off Cape Horn, had forced the Spaniards, who were in search of

them, back into the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, and that it was fully believed that the English squadron had perished.

Immediately after, the brave little *Trial*, which the Spaniards could hardly believe to have been able to pass Cape Horn, took a very large merchant ship, which had sometimes been used as a man-of-war ; but it was her last exploit. She was so worn and shattered that it was judged wise to remove her crew to the prize and scuttle her.

More prizes were gained, and in one of them was a ragged Englishman, just out of prison at the little town of Paita, on the coast of Chili, just opposite. He declared that the Spaniards thought there was a large English squadron at hand, and that no merchant ships would put out, and that the Governor of Paita was removing the rich treasures farther inland for safety.

Upon this, Anson resolved on a bold stroke, and at ten o'clock at night sent off fifty-three picked men in boats, under Lieutenant Brett, to surprise the town. They were landing when they heard a cry, '*Perros Ingleses*' (the English dogs), and saw lights flashing, but though a few shots were fired, the Spaniards fled in confusion.

For two whole days the English kept possession of the town, the sailors making a wild frolic, and dancing about in the fine garments they found, but hurting no one. Full £80,000 worth was captured and carried away, and the town, cleared of inhabitants, was set on fire.

The Commodore, before sailing, put ashore all his prisoners from the prizes, including several Spanish ladies and gentlemen of high rank, whom he had treated with a consideration and kindness such as was long remembered.

The *Glocester* also had taken her prizes. In one, the crew and passengers had pretended to be very poor, and to have nothing on board but cotton. However, they were found to be eating pigeon-pie out of silver dishes, and on a search, it was found that the cotton was so arranged as to hide £12,000 in silver coin.

Anson's plan had been to go to Panama, and communicate across the isthmus with Admiral Vernon ; but he learnt from his prisoners that Vernon, after taking Portobello, had been unable to seize Cartagena, and had been obliged to give up the undertaking and return to Jamaica.

He therefore resolved to make one last grand endeavour in America, namely, to try to capture the great Manilla galleon. This sailed from the Philippine Isles with goods from Spain for

America, 50,000 pairs of silk stockings, and other European articles in proportion to the value of 3,000,000 dollars.

He found, however, that it had not been allowed to sail, so after going as far north as Chequetan in Mexico, he made up his mind to cross the Pacific to India ; but he had so few men left, that he was obliged to destroy all the ships that he had taken, and draft off the men into the *Centurion* and *Glocester*.

Then he set sail, as Drake had done, across the great Pacific, but as soon as he was out of reach of fresh provisions, his old enemy, the scurvy, broke out afresh ; and then came a terrible tempest, which so ruined the poor worn-out *Glocester*, that she could hardly keep afloat, and nothing could be done but to take her men, stores, and prize money on board the *Centurion*, and then set fire to her for fear the Spaniards should take her.

On then she went, men dying every day of scurvy, till at last they reached Tinian, one of the Ladrone group.

It was a delightful place, full of wild cattle, though uninhabited, with plenty of fresh water, and delicious fruit, especially the bread-tree. Health was at once restored, and the crews set to work to make a thorough repair of their ship, which was leaking at every seam.

A greater misfortune than ever befel them, for one stormy night, when hardly any hands were on board, the *Centurion* broke from her moorings, and drifted out to sea.

They never expected to see her again, and they were thus left with only a very small Spanish prize not able to hold them, and only one charge of powder for each firelock ; besides that, all their treasure was gone !

However, Anson kept up their hearts, and set them to work to lengthen the little vessel ; but, before this was done, there was a joyful cry, ‘ The ship, the ship ! ’ The few sailors on board had actually been able to bring the good *Centurion* back again !

In glad spirits, they reached Macao, where there was a Portuguese settlement, and though the Governor of this made difficulties, Anson made the Chinese consent to his purchasing all he wanted, and completely refitting his ship.

Actually, this gallant man then steered out towards the Philippines, and after a sharp fight, captured the huge galleon of which he had before been disappointed, with a million and a half of dollars in her, and 550 men, more than doubling the English.

He sold this ship at Macao, and brought his good old *Centurion* home from her noble career in June, 1744.

The crew of the *Wager*, too—so called after Sir Charles Wager—had a story of their own, which we know from the narratives of a young midshipman of seventeen, John Byron, and of the gunner, John Bulkeley.

The Captain died on the way out, so that the first lieutenant, whose name was Cheap, was in command during the terrible passage through the Straits; but in the ensuing tempest the *Wager* was terribly shattered, and was found to be drifting on a lee shore. The acting Captain was an obstinate man and would not alter her course, and by-and-by she struck, was lifted again by a tremendous wave, and dashed on a rock higher up. Nothing but breakers could be seen around, and many of the poor creatures, who were sick already, became some wild, some stupefied with terror, so that there were few left capable of doing good service. Cheap was in bed from the effects of an accident, but as soon as the dawn showed land at no great distance, he gave orders for the boats to be lowered, declaring, however, that he would be the last to leave the ship. The sailors, however, were staving in the casks of liquor, and getting into a riotous state, refusing to leave the ship while any rum was left. On this, finding himself incapable of restraining them, he allowed himself to be carried to a boat and landed. The place is called still Wager Island, $46^{\circ} 42''$ south latitude, near enough to the continent for the ridge of the Andes to be visible. It was desolate, wet, cold, and dreary, but there were some trees, and an empty native hut. About 140 men were landed, and an officer visited the wreck the next day, and found the rest in a state of disorder. Indeed, when a storm arose in the night, they were so angry that no one came to take them off, that they fired one of the guns at the hut. When they did come, they were full of riot, and dressed in the laced coats of the officers. Cheap was so indignant that he knocked the boatswain down with his cane, telling him he deserved to be shot, which was true enough, only it was not a good time for so speaking; but Cheap, though a brave officer and good seaman, was not fit for this extraordinary situation, and though at last there was a store-tent set up and provisions served out from those in the ship, this was not till there had been much suffering and some deaths from hunger. Young Byron kept apart in a hut, living on limpets, with an Indian dog which grew very fond of him, but some of the hungry mutinous

sailors took the poor creature away by force, killed, and ate it. And three weeks later Byron was actually so hungry as to devour the paws and skin.

Ten of the mutineers tried to blow up the hovel where the Captain slept, but one repented and disclosed the plot. Afterwards they took two boats and sailed away. Cheap seems to have lived in a state of suspicion, and hearing a disturbance going on, he rushed out, and shot a midshipman named Couzens in the head. The poor lad survived for several days, but the Captain would not allow him to be moved into his messmate's tent, and he died, lying on the ground, only sheltered by a sail, hung over some bushes.

Eighty-one of the shipwrecked crew decided on endeavouring to make their way to some settlement, instead of senselessly starving on the island, and they went off in the long boat, cutter, and barge. Byron started with them, but when he found that Captain Cheap had been left behind, he thought it his duty to remain with his superior officer, and he and some others went back in the barge.

Bulkeley, who was among the others, says that at the parting this young gentleman was unselfishly refusing a hat which one of the seamen wished to force on him. 'I can bear hardships as well as you,' he said, and went bareheaded.

After much difficulty and dissension, the boats got through the Straits of Magellan, and met with some Patagonians on the shore, with whom they traded for food. They coasted along, often suffering dreadfully from hunger; but things mended as they went farther north, and fell in with seals, also parrots and armadillos, and saw many wild horses and dogs. One horse which was shot for food, was branded A R, the first token of civilisation. Soon after they fell in with some Brazilian Portuguese, and Bulkeley knew enough of the language to make himself understood. When they entered the Rio Grande, they were kindly treated by the Portuguese, who were in alliance with England, and after four months' detention at Bahia were sent to Lisbon, and thence home, where they arrived on the 21st of January, 1742.

When Byron returned to Wager Island, he found Cheap and twenty men there, and now, after seven months time wasted there, the plan was to use the long December days of the Antarctic summer in trying to reach the island of Chiloe, seize a Spanish vessel, and follow Anson; but this did not succeed, and after

losing four men, they returned to Wager Island, and were nearly starved. However, some Indians visited them, now that they were free of the mutineers, and an Indian chief, a Christian apparently, undertook to guide them to a settlement. They were nearly starved on the way, and Cheap was as selfish as ever, actually letting a poor man die at his feet begging for a morsel of the seal's flesh that he was devouring. At last they reached Chiloe, where they had no lack of food, but were prisoners of Spain, and were sent to Santiago. By this time only the four survived, Captain Cheap, Lieutenant Hamilton, Midshipman Byron, and one seaman. A Scottish doctor, who had long been in practice there, took Byron into his house, and procured that they should be sent to Brest in a French ship. Thence, after some delay, they were allowed to return to England. Sharing their small amount of money, Byron had just enough to take him to London, without food or paying turnpikes, through which he galloped headlong.

His family, who had given him up for dead, were not in town, but he found out from a linen-draper that his sister, Lady Carlisle, was in London. Her porter would hardly listen to the wild ragged-looking young sailor, but at last he was admitted, and his troubles were over. He became an Admiral and a Peer, and was the grandfather of the poet.

One benefit from these disasters was that an order was issued subjecting shipwrecked sailors on land to the same discipline as in their ship, and making disobedience mutiny.

MR. FRANCIS.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER.

'Sweet are the uses of Adversity.'

P A R T I V.

BUT even Francis, with all his understanding of the lad's nature, and all his tolerance for the restless fits, was surprised and hurt, when in a day or two Sylvan confessed to a bad attack of the 'wandering fever,' and said that he must go.

'What! Sylvan—will you leave me now?'

Sylvan kept his face turned away, and answered as if he had learned the words by rote.

'I must go, but it shall not be for long.'

'What must be, must!' said Francis, rather shortly. He made no further remonstrance, but Mrs. Campbell did—giving Sylvan a vigorous lecture. The boy listened patiently, but still said that he must go. In spite of her words, and his master's silence (which, in truth, he found harder to bear), he put some linen into his knapsack, and departed.

Walter Bernard, coming to the Haven as usual, found Mrs. Campbell waiting for him at the door. 'Oh, sir!' she cried, 'I am so glad you have come. Master Frank is weary wishing for you. His room gets so hot at this time of the day, and I was afraid to move him without help. And you'll hardly believe it, sir, but Sylvan's off on one of his trips. I do think Mr. Frank ought to have refused to let him go, or have told him he might stay away. But no—that would not be Mr. Francis! Anyone he loved might always treat him anyhow, and he'd forgive and forget.'

'Is that you, Walter?' came the clear, weak voice from the camp-bed. 'You're hearing of poor Sylvan's iniquities! Poor boy! he'll be very sorry when he has walked himself sane.'

'I must confess that I cannot excuse him,' said Walter.

'Sir, your mother wasn't a gipsy. Poor fellow ! I wish I left him one friend who could understand.'

'Frank, do you want me to believe that you are not hurt ?'

'I don't care what you believe,' said Francis, shortly. 'I beg your pardon, Walter. Yes, I am hurt ; but not nearly so much as he will be if he does not find me here when he returns. And you'll be kind to him then—for my sake ?'

And he watched for the boy's step, thinking that surely he would change his mind, and come home. But Sylvan was far away. He had gone first in search of his uncle, Kit Stanley, and having found him, they went together to Derby, and there took train to London. And on the evening of the second day, Sylvan Kirke was standing in the body—where poor Francis frequently stood in his dreams—on a broad gravelled walk which formed one of the many approaches to High Cliff House ; on one side the Ilex wood, where Frank and little Araby had played at being lost ; on the other a sheer cliff ; and below, the sea. It was a beautiful spot, but very lonely—and perhaps the loneliness made half the charm.

The air was full of sweet scents and soft sounds—the ceaseless lap of the small waves, the sleepy twitterings of many birds ; but Sylvan never noticed these—his eyes were fixed on the last bit of the broad walk that he could see, and he stood, erect and quiet, waiting.

Presently a step was heard, and then a man passed out of the shadow of the Ilex wood and came towards Sylvan, whose graceful figure seemed to stiffen into a statue as he glared at the new comer.

'Are you Captain Vivian Dale ?'

'That is my name ; but I have left the army.'

'I am waiting for you.'

'Was it from you that this note came, asking me to meet someone on important business ? There is some mistake—I do not know you at all.'

'But I know you !'

'And who are you, may I ask ?'

'My name is Sylvan Kirke, and I am going, for the sake of one whom I love, and whom you have murdered, to give you a warning, and time to escape. I live with Captain Francis Percy Warrington. Yes, you may well shrink. It is but a few days since I heard his story and yours. He would not have exposed

you, and he made him to whom he told the story promise to be silent. I overheard the whole, unknown to him. I took your confession out of his box while he slept. He is dying, and I mean to bring him the one thing he longs for—his mother. Go! I give you time to escape—for the present.'

Vivian Dale recovered from the first surprise, drew himself up to his magnificent height, and said—

' You insolent cub ! I don't know what you are talking about.' But his face was deadly pale.

' Don't waste time,' Sylvan answered quickly. ' I'll give you until ten o'clock to disappear. You know best whether you wish to face Mr. Rupert Warrington when he knows the truth. I don't want you to risk it, because I don't see how he could help killing you, and I don't want him to do it. I will wait no longer, because I want to see his mother to-night, that she may set off early to-morrow. Oh, you wretch !' the boy cried, suddenly losing all the rigid calm with which he had hitherto spoken ; ' have you, no feeling, no shame ? There you stand before me, knowing that I know what you are, and what you have done ; and if you had a spark of good in you, you would die of shame. And I tell you, that the man who loved you as a brother, and shared all he had with you, is dying, alone, broken-hearted, and disgraced, to save you ; and yet you are thinking of nothing on earth but yourself, and what chance there is of silencing me ! Well, there is no chance. No ; you need not glance at the cliff. I don't know whether you could fling me over or not, but I'm not such a fool as to give you a chance. My uncle is within call.'

Dale glanced uneasily round, but could see no one. Then he looked again at the slight form of his accuser ; but if any desperate thought were in his mind, nothing came of it. He said presently—

' You must explain. What do you mean ? You say you have a paper purporting to be a confession. Let me see it ?'

' No ; you know what I mean right well.'

' If Frank Warrington is still alive, let me see him. You are meddling with what you do not understand. He will not thank you.'

' I understand very well. You shall not see him ; you have done him harm enough. Hullo ! none of that ! Uncle Kit !'

For Dale, who had imperceptibly diminished the distance between them, now sprang forward and seized the lad by the collar ; but in a moment Kit Stanley's powerful arm was round

his neck, and strangling him so completely that he could not have uttered a cry for help to save his life.

'Let him go, Kit ; he won't try that again. Now, you scoundrel, will you make off while you can ?'

'Give me time—to think ? Give me till to-morrow ?' Dale said at last.

'I'll give you five minutes—and no more,' Sylvan answered, taking out his watch. 'Time is up. Have you made up your mind ? Don't you see that you have no choice ? I give you this chance of escape only to please my master. Don't fancy that you'll escape altogether ! When he is no longer here to be sorry for it, you'll see me again. You can go where you like till then—you won't baffle me. This very hand shall revenge my master ! Now, will you go or not ? If you won't, you shall come with me to the house yonder, and hear it all.'

There was a long silence. Kit Stanley, looking at the sky, said—

'It gets late. Maybe the best way would be to drop him over the cliff there ?'

'No, no ; he will go—ay, I thought so. Now, uncle, you have your part to do. This man must disappear. I don't know whether he'll be searched for or not ; but I'm very sure he won't be found if you help him. Get him to some seaport town, and—'

'I can manage for myself,' said Dale, angrily.

'I won't trust you. Here, Uncle Kit, here is money for your journey. I'll see you at the old place, as we settled. Away with you ! We shall meet again, Vivian Dale, hand to hand, foot to foot, when there is no generous heart to grieve for the one that falls. At ten I go to the house, so make the best of your time.'

As the great stable clock struck ten, Sylvan rang the bell in the porch of the grand old house. The door was opened by a footman.

'Will you tell Mrs. Warrington that one who lately saw her old servant, Mrs. Campbell, is here, and would speak to her.'

The man made some demur, but finally went off, returning hurriedly to say, 'This way, sir ; Mrs. Warrington will see you.' And Sylvan found himself in a beautiful room, all soft colour and pleasant scent—flowers everywhere, clear lamps giving a subdued light. Was this the kind of room his master was used

to? And a vision rose before him of the small, square, white-painted rooms and the low camp-bed. A lady rose from a couch near the window, and said—

‘Shut the door, Simon. I will ring when I want you.’

The voice, clear and sweet, was familiar to Sylvan; the lady was still beautiful, though not young, and was dressed in deep mourning.

‘Did Mrs. Campbell send you to me?’ she said.

‘No, madam; I came of my own accord. But I saw her—yesterday morning.’

‘Where? Oh, was she—alone?’

‘Not yet, madam. She will be—soon.’

‘Speak plainly,’ the lady said. ‘You come from him—from my unhappy boy.’

‘No, madam; he did not send me. But I have lived long with him. I love him better than my own soul. I came to—’

Here the door opened, and in came a tall, stern-looking man—Rupert Warrington.

‘Mother, they tell me there is a messenger here from Campbell. You ought not to expose yourself to this. Let me—’

‘No,’ said Sylvan; ‘my business is with this lady, not with you. It is for her that his heart longs as he lies there dying—slowly dying—every day a step nearer the grave; suffering terribly, yet so brave, so patient. Madam, do you know this writing? Read—and then I have more to tell you.’

He offered a folded paper to Mrs. Warrington, who took it; but her hands trembled and her eyes were dim—she could not read it. Her son took it from her, saying—

‘I will read it to you, mother.’

‘Ay,’ said Sylvan in his ear, ‘read, and break your heart, if you have one!’

Rupert Warrington glared at the audacious youth, and then read the whole document in a steady, formal tone. It began: ‘I, Vivian Dale, late of the Fifth Dragoon Guards,’ and went on to state in plain terms that he had bribed Captain Chetwynd’s groom to drug the horse, and that Francis Warrington had known nothing about it, although both the grooms employed believed him to be the instigator of the deed. There was a good deal more; but Mrs. Warrington stopped him here with a bitter cry.

‘Oh, Frank, my darling, my bright, saucy, handsome darling! Oh, why did I not believe my own heart and not you, Rupert!’

'Mother—a moment's patience! I cannot believe that this is true.'

'You don't wish to believe it because you don't love my master!' said Sylvan boldly.

'It *is* true—I know it is! I never trusted Vivian Dale! Oh, we have been cruel—cruel!' and with a cry of misery she sank down on the couch and hid her face.

Rupert bent over her.

'Mother, this is too much for you.'

'Don't think of me! Oh, my poor boy!—where is he?'

'Where is Vivian Dale?' said Rupert. 'It is but fair to let him see this paper. He may deny that it is his writing.' He was about to ring, but Sylvan stopped him.

'You will not find him; you will never see him again, Mr. Warrington. He could not deny that he wrote this, and he is gone away rather than face you. He thought, and so did I, that you would take your own brother's part more warmly than you do. I let him go for my master's sake, for he would grieve for him. But his time will come. What I want to know now is—will you, lady, come to your son?'

'Oh, indeed I will! Where is he?'

'Near Buxton. He is very ill, madam, and his one earthly wish is to see you. I heard him say to his friend, Mr. Walter, "If I could only see my mother's face, and hear her voice again, and feel her hand on my forehead!"'

'Take me to him,' she answered, placing her hand in his.

'Mother, not to-night. You must rest. To-morrow everything shall be ready—leave it all to me.'

'You will be there just as soon, madam, as if you started now. The trains would not match. I made enquiries. Lady, will you take me with you? You owe me nothing. I did it for his sake alone, for I love him better than my own soul. But my money is all spent, and if I go back on foot I shall not see his joy—I may never see him, nor be able to ask him to forgive me.'

'Surely you shall come,' she said gently. 'Tell me your name.'

'Sylvan Kirke.'

She put her white hand on his head, and said—

'God bless you, Sylvan Kirke!'

'And now,' said the boy, 'my master will know how his poor boy loves him.'

It was evening. The day had been very sultry, and Francis

had suffered terribly, both from the breathless heat and from an unusual restlessness. Generally his resolute patience was wonderful ; but he was very weak now. As the shades of evening crept over the little valley, the air grew cooler. Francis lay more quietly, but sighed deeply from time to time.

' Walter, I've been a great bother to-day. Dear boy, I could not help it. Even the power to keep still is going from me. Walter, I must see your father to-morrow. You will be here, and Cammie. I did want to wait for Sylvan. Poor, poor Sylvan ! Be good to him, Walter. Listen ! I hear wheels. But it can't be Sylvan—he would be on foot.'

' It must be Dr. Pearson.'

' Ay. I need not see him, need I ? I'm tired, and perhaps I may fall asleep. It has been a long day—but it is over.'

' Let me raise your pillow—there. I won't let him come in, but I shall come back, so don't mind if you hear me.'

Opening the door, Walter found himself face to face with Sylvan. He passed out, and softly shut the door, saying ' He is drowsy—don't disturb him. It has been a bad day.'

' Come out here. Where is Mrs. Campbell. His mother is at the gate. I made her wait until I knew how he is.'

' His mother !' What brings her here ? And I see a man too, don't I ?'

' Yes ; his brother. They know the truth now. How can we tell him, so as not to harm him ?'

' Sylvan ; it may kill him, and yet it would be such happiness. Here is Mrs. Campbell—take her down to the gate. Now, Mrs. Campbell, for pity's sake let there be no noise. He has just fallen asleep.'

Cammie cast a withering look upon Sylvan, and marched out into the garden. One look was enough to send her hurrying down to the gate, followed by Walter and Sylvan.

' Ah, my good faithful Campbell ! Oh, Cammie ! that I had been in your place all these years.'

' Oh, dear lady ! but I'm thankful you are come. To know that you forgive him will—— And here's Mr. Warrington too. I've often longed to write and tell you how it was, but remembering what you said, sir, I never dared.'

' I dared, because I love him better than my own soul,' said Sylvan. ' Mrs. Campbell, he is innocent of all that was laid to his charge, and I wonder you could watch him all this time and not know that.'

'There is no time to explain now,' said Walter Bernard. 'I think he is asleep; but he may wake at any moment, and a start now would be fatal. I must go back to him, and when he wakes I will try, if it is possible, to tell him that you are here, madam. Sylvan, come with me; but we must be very careful. He is weaker than even when you went.'

'But you see now why I went?'

'I do; and you have brought him all that his heart craves for. But we must be very careful now.'

'You shall tell him,' Sylvan said. 'It will be enough for me to watch him bearing it.'

'But—listen for one moment,' said Mrs. Warrington, following them. 'Let me steal into the room with you. I will keep out of sight, but do let me be there. You don't know how I long to hear his voice.'

'Could we do it, Sylvan?'

'If he is asleep—for once in the room, she could get behind the screen,' answered Sylvan.

'We can easily see if he is asleep,' Walter said; then pausing, he added, 'You go to the window—he'd hear me; but even if he is awake he will not hear you.'

Sylvan crimsoned, and looked defiant. Walter, not knowing in the least why he should colour at the idea of being unheard, stared. But he understood when the boy said, 'I would do more—and worse—for Mr. Frank.'

He went to the window, and came back noiselessly.

'He is asleep. Come, madam.'

Walter went on first. He opened the door and looked in, then signed to the others. Sylvan placed a chair behind the screen for Mrs. Warrington; but she stood gazing at her son. Many a woman can guess what she felt, but no one can describe it.

Frank moved slightly, and she hurried behind the screen.

'Walter, did I hear Sylvan's voice? Ah! here he is—my dear boy! I am glad you are come, Sylvan—very glad.'

'Sylvan did not go for his own pleasure, Frank. He thought that he could make you happier.'

'Happier! Ah, well, I shall soon be happy. I'm glad to have you back, boy. What wild goose chase were you on?'

'Not a wild goose chase at all. You will forgive me, Mr. Frank; but even if you don't—'

'Sylvan, take care,' whispered Walter.

'I see how to do it now. Mr. Frank, you told your story to

Mr. Walter ; but I heard it too. I was on the roof of the bay window.'

'Listening, Sylvan ?' said Francis, and his white cheek flushed as if he had been the culprit.

'Yes. Always I have thought that if I knew the truth I could serve you. And even if you cannot forgive me, I shall never be sorry, though it would break my heart. Still, I *have* served you, and I risked even your anger to do it.'

But Walter was very much startled to see that Francis was only half attending. His eyes wandered round the room. At last he said—

'What is it ? Walter, don't you perceive it ? That scent—she always used it. I never noticed it before unless she were near."

'Unless who was near, Frank ?'

'My mother ; she always used that scent.'

'You were thinking of her, maybe ?'

'I was thinking of Sylvan—and I smell it still.'

'Look at this paper,' said Sylvan. Francis took it, but did not look at it. He was still wondering at the faint sweet smell that had once been so familiar.

'Look at it, Mr. Frank ; please do.'

'What—the paper ? Yes, I will if I can. The light—why, what is this ? "I, Vivian Dale—" Who has taken this out of my leather box ?'

'I did, Mr. Frank. And I went to High Cliff, and made them read it.'

Francis lay very still. They hardly dared to speak again, but Sylvan crept near and whispered—

'Say you forgive me !'

'Oh, my dear, half-tamed lad ! I see now—I understand. Has she gone away ? She was surely here ?'

'She was,' said Walter ; 'she longed to see you. She came in while you were asleep.'

'When will she come again ?'

'Whenever you are strong enough to see her.'

'My mother. Sylvan, I can't say what I ought now, I can think only of her—my mother. Tell her to come—it will not hurt me—I am past that. Don't delay—I have not much time, you know.'

Mrs. Warrington had come to the foot of the sofa. Francis looked, and looked ; a beautiful radiance of joy dawned on his worn face.

'Mother, you know the truth—but there were plenty of faults—sins. Say that you forgive me ?'

'Oh, Francis, can you forgive ?'

'Hush ! it was not your doing. Stoop and kiss me. Is Sylvan there ? Sylvan, I'm so happy.'

On which Sylvan broke down altogether, and burst into such a passion of tears that Walter led him from the room. He took him to poor Cammie, who was crying too, and thirsting for explanations. Leaving them together, Walter went down to the gate, where poor Rupert, forgotten by everyone, was walking up and down in the twilight.

'You will be glad to hear, Mr. Warrington, that your mother's arrival has been made known to Francis without injuring him.'

'Is he really so ill ? I hoped that the boy exaggerated.'

'He could hardly do that. Frank is dying. He has been dying all these years, though his cheerful, unfailing courage deceived me.'

'You are the clergyman of this parish ?'

'My father's curate.'

'You can tell me—is Francis—in what state of mind is he ?'

'He only told me his real name and his sad history a few days ago ; and in telling it he blamed himself severely, and said not one uncharitable word of any one else. And he deliberately chose to lie under these grave charges even when his sister was dead, to spare his mother the grief of knowing that he had been misjudged, and the agony of seeing him die. He even has a kind thought for the wretch who wrought all this misery. Having told you this, need I say more as to his state of mind ?'

'You are a very young man. Let me point out to you that this merely human generosity——'

'Oh, hush ! When you gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles, then may you also find this Divine forgiveness, this deep heart-charity, this forgetfulness of self, in a Godless, Christless heart. In the eyes of Him with whom we have to do, one spark of love and humility outweighs whole years of unloving service.'

'You are a very young man,' Mr. Warrington said again.

'Will you come up to the house with me, Mr. Warrington ? I must see how things are, and then I hope you will go with me to the Rectory. This is such a tiny place, you see.'

'A mere cottage. Francis was always peculiar.'

Walter left him in the porch, and knocked at the door of the sitting-room.

'Come in, Walter! You've hardly seen Walter yet, mother.'

'Yet he is no stranger, Frank. Mr. Bernard, who can thank you? You have been a true friend.'

'I have *had*, and shall have for ever, a true friend,' Walter answered. 'It is late, Frank.'

'Mother, Campbell can make you tolerably comfortable. You will not leave me any more, mother?'

'I will stay; love, till we can take you home.'

'Till I go home—yes. Call Sylvan, Walter, and you and he can carry off your victim. But then you'll come to me for a moment, mother?'

'I will stay with you all night, dear?'

'Oh, no!' he said hastily. 'No, dear mother. Sylvan sleeps in my room, and he's used to me. You must rest.'

'I was forgetting,' cried Walter. 'Mr. Warrington wants to know if you will see him, but I think that had better be tomorrow.'

'Right reverend, do you mean Rupert?'

'Yes, your brother.'

'Why, where is he?'

'Sitting in the porch. He must sleep at the Rectory. He walked up and down the lane for some time.'

Frank suddenly turned away his face; Walter was half frightened, not understanding the movement. But after a short struggle, a boyish irrepressible laugh rang out, and Frank looked at his mother with a faint colour on his cheek and his eyes brilliant with fun.

'Do forgive me, mother, but the notion of the Don stalking up and down the lane in the mud, and then cooling himself in the porch—I really could not help it.'

'Frank, Frank! you know—'

'Don't be frightened—I'll be good. But I had better not see him now. Send him to the Rectory, Walter—he cannot miss the way.'

So Mr. Warrington went off to the Rectory, where he overwhelmed Mrs. Bernard by his stately politeness; and after a while Sylvan came to tell Mrs. Warrington that his master was in bed.

'Mother,' he said, 'do you remember when Araby and I had the measles, when we were small creatures? There's a song

you used to sing to put us to sleep—I hear it in my dreams, but never quite right. If you could sing it for me I think I could sleep. Something about blankets and sheets.'

'Cushions and sheets? Oh, Frank, you cannot remember it; you were but four years old.'

'But you were with us so much then. Rupert was away. Sing it, mother.'

She had been a splendid singer in her day, and her voice was still sweet and true, as she sang the quaint old Scotch cradle song.

'O, can ye sew cushions? an' can ye sew sheets?
An' can ye sing Balow-loo when the bairn greets?
An' hee an' baw, birdie, an' hee and baw, lamb,
An' hee an' baw, birdie, my bonny wee man.
Hee-o-wee! what will I do wi' ye?
Black's the life I lead wi' you.
Mony o' ye, an' little for to gie to ye,
Hee-o-wee! what will I do?'

'Go on, mother! I feel the swing of the cot;' and as she was singing the second verse he said, 'Araby's asleep.'

Mrs. Warrington put up both hands, as if asking for pity, but went on softer and slower, as in those bygone days.

'Come away, madam; he has not slept like that these many nights. Mrs. Campbell has some tea ready for you—you must need it much.'

When they reached the sitting-room, she sank down on the sofa on which her son had been lying, and looked up at Walter.

'I have been a weak woman and a bad mother. And I am punished.'

'No bad mother's son ever loved her as Frank loves you, Mrs. Warrington.'

Frank slept all night soundly and quietly, and next day looked so like himself that his mother took heart, and began to hope.

'Don't argue with her, Cammie,' Francis said; 'she will see the truth in good time.'

When he was established on the couch in the sitting-room, he desired Sylvan to place a chair close to him.

'Now, mother, if you will sit there, I can look at you; you here, Walter, and Sylvan on the end of the couch. I want to hear Sylvan's whole story. I don't understand things yet.'

'Tell me first, Mr. Francis—are you sorry I did it? You refused, you know, to let it be done.'

'Well—oh, mother, I cannot be sorry, can I? It was not my doing, and I suppose it was right that it should be done. But I cannot be glad, Sylvan, that you——' and he glanced at the window. Sylvan looked at him with his eyes full of tears.

'No, you could not be. Yet I am not sorry I did it. I never shall be sorry.'

'This is a particularly hopeful frame of mind,' said Francis. 'We'll say no more about it, then. Come, now—tell me all the rest. Attention! it tires me pumping it out of you by questions.'

Thus adjured, Sylvan began. He had not the least intention, in telling his story, to betray his wild designs for the future punishment of Vivian Dale; but to the keen ears of the man who knew him so well he did betray it. Getting excited, he so alarmed Mrs. Warrington by his gleaming eyes, and wild, graceful gestures, that she kept edging her chair away, and was in the furthest corner of the little room by the time he concluded.

'Yes,' said Frank, 'I understand now—all that you have told me, and a good deal that you have not told. Are you sure, Sylvan, that Dale is safe with your uncle?'

'Quite sure. I made him swear.'

'Mother, this alarming boy of mine is quiet again now; let him bring your chair back to its place.'

Sylvan sprang up to move the chair, but paused at the window to say, 'Here is your brother, Mr. Frank. Shall I send him away?'

'Frank, you will surely see him!' cried Mrs. Warrington.

'Certainly, mother. But I know how it will be,' he murmured to himself.

Mr. Warrington marched in. Just for one moment he was overcome by the change in his brother, for which he ought to have been prepared, but was not, being one of those who never realise anything till they see it. He held the weak white hand for a few moments in silence, but when he found his voice, his words were not very happily chosen.

'My dear Francis,' he said, 'your excellent friends here tell me that you are a truly repentant man.'

For one moment cheek and eye blazed. Then all was quiet again.

'I hope so, Rupert. And I hope you can forgive me for having been a very troublesome younger brother.'

'Indeed I do, Francis. And if perhaps I was harsh, I trust you can—forgive me?'

'Freely,' Frank said. But he whispered in Walter's ear, 'Thought the poor old Don would choke.'

'I wished to tell you, Francis, that I have written a statement of this case, and enclosed a copy of Dale's confession for the leading journals. And I thank Heaven the name of Warrington is again stainless.'

Frank sat up, to Walter's dismay.

'That paper,' said he, 'is mine. I do not wish it used in that way. Rupert, you have acknowledged that you were sometimes harsh, and you have forgiven me. We have exchanged forgiveness. Do not deny me my request—burn those letters.'

'Frank,' said his mother, 'I wish nothing had been said till you are stronger; but if Rupert did not do this, I should.'

'Lie down, Frank, and do not say more. It is right, believe me,' said Walter.

Francis lay quiet for a few moments. Then he said calmly—

'I cannot but think that I have some right to be considered in this matter. Will you even wait a few days? You will see then—Rupert, will you not do even this much for me?'

With great difficulty Rupert Warrington was brought to consent to delay, though, as he remarked, he did not see what good Francis expected it to do. And if Frank had hoped to put an end to the whole affair, he was mistaken. When he found that everyone was against him, even gentle old Mr. Bernard, he desisted from his pleading.

Many a year afterwards Walter Bernard came across Vivian Dale, it matters not where or how. For Frank's sake he tried hard to win him to repentance; and the one thing that seemed to soften him was the fact that the man he had so bitterly injured had forgiven him so utterly.

That night Sylvan was watching by his master, who did not seem inclined to sleep. He lay with his clear, too-brilliant eyes fixed on the boy's face, till at last Sylvan said—

'What is it, Mr. Frank?'

'I am unhappy about you, dear boy. Oh, Sylvan, I know what is in your heart.'

'What is in my heart?' Sylvan said slowly.

'Murder! Yes, for if you hate you are a murderer, you know. Promise me this, Sylvan, that you will never injure, nor cause to be injured, this man whom you hate, Vivian Dale. I don't

think there is any use in asking you to change your feeling for him. That will come, if you try for it ; but it takes time. But what I ask, you can promise now, and I know you'll keep your word.'

'Mr. Frank, be reasonable ! He ought to be punished.'

'He is punished, oh how bitterly perhaps no one but myself can say. You have no right to put yourself in God's place. Sylvan, I ask you to give me that promise.'

'I can't ! He has murdered you,' Sylvan cried aloud ; 'and when I think of all you've suffered, and all your grief, ah, I long to meet him, and to—'

'Yes, to do what ? Go on.'

'Not murder. It shall be a fair fight.'

'If not murder, then suicide. I'm not going to argue—I have not the strength for it. You'll like to remember, by-and-by, that you granted my request, though you felt it a struggle. For you won't refuse me, Sylvan.'

'I cannot—I must promise. He is safe from me.'

'And you are saved, my boy, from doing the devil's work for him. Thanks, old fellow ! Lie down beside me. I like to feel my boy near.'

A restless night left him so spent and weary that he hardly spoke all day, following his mother about with his loving looks, and once saying—

'Mother, did Araby ever speak of me ?'

'Yes, dear, when she and I were alone. She never could understand, she said. My son, she knows the truth now.'

'If about me, then about him. That is one of the great mysteries ; but I shall soon know all about it.'

'Dearly as she loved you, Frank, you saved her from much misery by concealing his crime.'

'What great good did I do after all ? She is dead, and you won't even let the matter rest, and spare him.'

'Now, my darling, you know that I, at least, would do anything I could to please you ; but this would not be right. Ours has been a stainless name, and Rupert has sons.'

'Has he ? Oh, yes, of course I knew he had, but I did not realise it. Poor little beggars !'

He was silent then for a very long time, and then said—

'Mother, I withdraw my request. Only, do you insist on seeing Rupert's statement, and make him say clearly that it was for his wife's sake that he let the blame fall on me, and that the

temptation was a very great one. He would have been ruined, was ruined, only the death of his uncle saved him. Things would have come out that were—as bad as this.'

'I promise. But believe me, none of us will ever see him again. He will take care of that. He knows, my poor Frank, that he has a very different man to deal with now.'

That night the end came. He was asleep, but something in his face startled Walter, and he roused Sylvan. A little later he called Mrs. Warrington and poor Cammie. When Francis woke, and saw them standing round him, he said—

'Is it *that*, Walter?'

And Walter whispered, 'Yes.'

Francis looked from one to the other, and said—

'Once I thought I must die alone.'

After a while he spoke again—

'This is the order for release. Walter—Sylvan, you two must be friends always, for my sake. Two such friends as you've been to me. You will, I know. Dear old Cammie, goodbye. What would have become of me without you! Mother—take comfort—don't cry so bitterly—I cannot bear it. Give Rupert my love. And—that's all, I think.'

He closed his eyes and lay still. Then, looking up, he said, 'Time for morning parade. I must get up,' and moved as if to rise.

Walter bent over him, saying, 'Frank!'

'Ah, I forgot. Well, it has seemed long—but—it is over now.'

Yes—it was over.

THE END.

STUDIES IN THE ILIAD.

I.

THE first name that meets us on the threshold of European literature is that of Homier. Two Epic poems, the Iliad and the Odyssey, have come down to us under this name. They are written in an ancient form of the Ionic dialect, and they each narrate an episode taken from a great cycle of legends concerning the expedition made by the foremost heroes of Hellas against the city of Troy, and the adventures which befell some of them on their way home. In what city or by what author these poems were produced is not known, and their date is equally buried in obscurity. A few stories have gathered around the name Homer, and various opinions were current among the ancients as to the times in which he lived ; but all of them are alike without any foundation, and the internal evidence of the Iliad and Odyssey themselves is all there is to go upon.

Of the two points, which, apart from their own intrinsic interest, may be raised in the study of the Homeric poems, the first, the question of authorship—whether as they now stand they are the work of one poet or of a school of poets, or are merely the result of stringing together a number of lays that had long been current among the ancient Ionians—is one which can hardly be very attractive except to professed scholars ; but the second question, the inquiry into the nature and extent of their influence on the literature of the world, is one which is really indispensable to any person who wishes for more than a superficial acquaintance with the prose and poetry that has been made since they were first listened to. For Homer is, as it were, one of the great roots from which all poetry has sprung, and underlying as he does the literature, not of this or that country alone, but of the whole western world, it is impossible to really understand that literature without having some idea of what it owes to him.

The only way to arrive at this is, of course, to read the Iliad and Odyssey, and the following papers are an attempt to show readers of the first of these poems some of the things they may expect to find there. There is no contemporary history to give a sketch of, and no biography of the author to write, while the history of the Iliad itself will probably

be found more interesting after one has studied it than before, so that we can betake ourselves at once to our text or translation, and holding a volume of the Iliad in our hand shall find almost all we want between its two covers.

THE GODS.

What did the people of Homer's day mean by their word *Theos*, God? This is the first question that arrests us in beginning to study Homer. To us the word is a solemn and awful one. It does, indeed, express our idea of One who is omnipotent, who is the Maker of all and governs all. But it means far more than this; above and beyond all else it means One who is supremely holy, eternally good, the Father of all goodness, the Enemy and the Punisher of all wrong. The fear of God to us is the fear of the sinful before terrible purity, of the wrong-doer before the Judge, of the imperfect and faulty before the perfect and infinitely wise and just. It is precisely of this deeper meaning that we must empty the word when we speak of Zeus, Apollo, or Poseidon as gods. To the Greek of Homer's time the one essential attribute of godhead is power; not goodness, not wisdom, but power. The whole conception of the gods is non-moral; it has nothing to say to morality. Later on, indeed, the Greek dramatists and philosophers will see and try to express the truth that God, by the very terms of His existence, cannot be otherwise than good; and then *must* be good before anything else. But in the Homeric poems there is hardly a trace of any misgiving about this; neither the people in the story, nor the poet himself, nor his hearers, are in any way shocked at the most unworthy and horrible actions ascribed to the gods.

Originally, of course, the gods were personifications of natural forces and natural phenomena, to which came to be linked some of those gifts and qualities which make a man pre-eminent in a simple state of society; such as fluent speech, prudent counsels, skill in leechcraft or music, and bravery in war. Thus Zeus is primarily the god of the sky, the wielder of the aegis or swooping Thundercloud, and sender of rain; Poseidon is the earthshaker, the god of the sea; Hephaistos is the god of fire, and of working in metals, whose name is used as synonymous with fire itself; and Iris, the messenger goddess, is the goddess of the rainbow.

These simple fundamental conceptions are everywhere more or less discernible, but the dramatic genius of the Greeks has seized upon them, developed them and added to them, giving them the passions and the necessities of human beings, both good and bad, and making them differ from human beings only by the possession of wider powers. The gods are more powerful than men; they cannot die nor grow old; they can move on the winds and in the clouds; they take what shapes they

please, though each has also his own proper and resplendent form. They can in some cases foresee the future ; they can retard fate though they cannot avert it ; and as they see the march of human affairs from above, they can strike in to destroy or to save, by wiles or by force, as the occasion demands. For all this they are wondered at and feared. But, on the other hand, when these additional powers are left out of count, the gods are found to be, in their nature, very much like human beings. They are angry, or ashamed, or afraid, just as men are ; they rejoice or they grieve, they fall in love, they hate, they are wearied and refreshed again. They are by no means merely spiritual existences ; though they can, if they choose, visit the earth without appearing to the eyes of men, they yet have bodies not at all unlike the human body of flesh and blood. They need food and sleep, they banquet in the great hall of Zeus on Olympus, and at night each one retires to an imperishable mansion built by Hephaistos, and sleeps till the rosy-fingered dawn awakens them all. If they cannot be slain they can be wounded. Ares saves himself by his swift running from suffering long torments in the hideous heaps of the dead fallen in battle. (V.) Aphrodite, in the same book, has her wrist pierced by the spear of Diomedes, and her mother, to console her smarting under the indignity, tells her how Hades and Herè suffered at the hands of a mortal. Instead of blood, ichor flows in their veins ; still, their hurts are healed, like the hurts of men, by soothing drugs which Paieon, the leech of heaven, applies to them. The gods are of stature greater than human, as we know also from sculpture ; and when Athene drives the car for Diomedes whilst he is fighting, she makes the oaken axle-tree creak under the weight. Again, there is a polity of heaven, with definite rank and subordination ; as in the cities of the earth so in Olympus there are the strifes and seditions of opposing parties, bickerings and jealousies between individual gods, and peacemakers and reconciliations. The gods taking sides in the Trojan war all fight with bitter pertinacity. The question of the final victory is one that has a personal interest for them, for the life of men is their great business. The greater deities each have a people, and one or more heroes, who are their special care, as Apollo has Aeneas ; Athene, Achilles and Odysseus. They are angry at any omissions of sacrifice, while, on the other hand, they are ready to give to mortals all kinds of earthly gifts, as armour, or horses, or a sceptre.

Obviously a deity differing from his human worshipper, not in character, but only in degree of power, would command a fear and a sort of obedience altogether unlike that which is rendered to a God whose chiefest attribute is holiness, and whose nature and being is veiled in mystery. The relations between gods and men in Homer are very much like those between children and grown-up folk. Grown-up people say and do a number of things children cannot understand, and

never inquire into ; grown-up people can do difficult things, and can help one out of mistakes ; they punish and reward, and when they say ‘yes’ or ‘no’ there is nothing more to be said. So the Homeric warrior never attempts to render an account to himself of any reason behind the actions of the gods ; he admires the wonders they can do, and, as a matter of course, betakes himself to them for help in his troubles, and accepts their dealings with him as unquestionable, not on the strength of their plain righteousness, nor yet in humble submission to the decrees of an inscrutable wisdom, but exactly for the same reasons and in the same spirit as ‘Father says so,’ is held the unchallenged ultimatum in any well-regulated household of children. Like the children, too, he is now and again pettishly rebellious, and even dares to hurl little defiances at Zeus. Menelaus, for instance, breaking his sword in the duel with Paris, calls out : ‘Father Zeus, there is none of the gods more mischievous than thou ;’ and Achilles, chafing at the loss of Briseis and the dishonour put upon him, complains grievously that Zeus has suffered it to happen. But the question of right and wrong is never really opened, the stories of the treachery and cruelty of the gods, which so offended Plato in later times, have simply no effect on the obedience and the general attitude of men towards them ; to the moral aspect of it all they are simply blind. It is important to have this point perfectly clear, to see in the Homeric gods only persons more powerful than human persons, and not in the point of morality any more enlightened than their worshippers : because to expect from them anything like divine wisdom, or love, or goodness, and to criticise them accordingly, is altogether out of place in reading Homer, and puts the whole thing out of joint at once.

It is owing to this predominance of the idea of power as the essential attribute of godhead that we have all through the Iliad occasional curious lapses of dignity in the manners of the gods. Like the deities of most primitive people, the Homeric Gods can take any form, either of man or beast, that they choose, and upon any occasion or no occasion they do this. For instance, in the beginning of the seventh book, Apollo and Athene watch the combat between Hector and Ajax in the likeness of two vultures sitting on a great oak-tree. (One may note this besides as one of the few things in Homer that strike one as really uncanny.) Again, in the last fight between Hector and Achilles, Athene deceives Hector by assuming the guise of his brother, Deiphobus, as if come to help him ; and, in fact, she is always appearing to the Greek warriors in the likeness of some comrade. These changes of the gods are among the things that Plato forbids to be taught in his ideal city.

“Do you think,” asks Socrates, “that God is a wizard, and likely to appear for special purposes in different forms at different times, sometimes actually assuming such forms, and altering his own person into a variety of shapes

and sometimes deceiving us and making us believe that such a transformation has taken place ; or do you think that he is of a simple essence, and that it is the most unlikely thing that he should ever go out of his own proper form ? ”

“ “ I cannot answer you all at once.” ”

Socrates goes on to argue that if God is really God it will be impossible for any external influence to change him. Then, turning to the other possible argument, that He might change Himself, he proceeds—

“ “ But will he change and alter himself ? ”

“ “ Clearly he must if he alters at all.” ”

“ “ Does he then by changing himself attain to something better and fairer or to something worse and less beautiful than himself ? ”

“ “ Something worse necessarily if he alters at all : for we shall not, I presume, affirm that there is any imperfection in the beauty or the goodness of God.” ”

“ “ You are perfectly correct ; and this being the case, do you think, Adeimantus, that any god or any man would voluntarily make himself worse than he is in any respect ? ”

“ “ It is impossible.” ”

“ “ Then it is also impossible for a god to be willing to change himself, and therefore it would seem that every god, inasmuch as he is perfect to the utmost in beauty and goodness, abides ever simply and without variation in his own form.” ”

“ “ The inference is inevitable, I think.” ”

“ “ Then, my dear friend, let no poet tell us that

‘ Gods in the likeness of wandering strangers
Bodied in manifold forms go roaming from city to city.’

And let no one slander Proteus and Thetis, or introduce in tragedies or any other poems, Herè transformed, collecting in the guise of a priestess,

‘ Alms for the life-giving children of Inachus, river of Argos.’

Not to mention many other similar falsehoods which we must interdict. And once more, let not our mothers be persuaded by these poets into scaring their children by injudicious stories, telling them how certain gods go about by night in the likeness of strangers from every land ; that they may not by one and the same act defame the gods and foster timidity in their children.” ”

“ “ No ; let that be forbidden.” ”

“ “ But perhaps,” I continued, “ though the gods have no tendency to change in themselves, they induce us, by deception and magic, to believe that they appear in various forms.” ”

“ “ Perhaps they do.” ” *

Socrates then goes on to argue that such deception and falsehood is not possible with a god, seeing he has no inducement for it either in ignorance or fear or the wish to protect or benefit a friend.

Whatever we may think of the validity of the argument, this passage

* Davis and Vaughan.

is a good illustration of the change in men's views when the idea of goodness became associated with that of power in the conception of deity. Henceforth it was no longer possible for a god to do what was not consonant with his own perfection and beauty. In Homer the wrongness or the ridiculousness of such changes is lost in wonder at the power to change. It is only the gods who can be at one moment as a man with a familiar face and voice, and the next a bird fleeing up into the sky ; at one moment visible in the thick of the battle, at another, present indeed, but unseen except by those whose eyes a god has opened. And because this is possible with them and impossible with men, the men regard them with fear and unquestioning admiration.

The element of *awe* has naturally not much place in a religious system based on such a conception of the gods as this. It is not, on the whole, a strongly-marked feature of Greek character at any time, and in Homer, though not entirely absent, it is very inconspicuous. As this restraint is in abeyance, the Greek inquisitiveness and love of definite detail have large scope, and hence the vivid precision and directness with which the outward form of the gods is set before us. The ordinary epithets attached to their names, for instance, to a great extent designate some peculiarity of person or equipment, easily accounted for, it may be, by the particular physical phenomena of which each god may be the personification, yet used in such close connection with other purely personal epithets, and so frequently, that their original meaning is merged in the obvious personal description. Thus Aphrodite is 'golden Aphrodite,' 'laughter-loving Aphrodite' ; Apollo is 'Apollo of the silver bow' ; Athene, 'grey-eyed' ; Poseidon, 'dark-haired' ; Herè, 'white-armed' ; Hephaistos, 'the lame god.' There are certain moments, certain actions of the gods, that have been seized and set down with this unabashed clear-sightedness in a way that makes it impossible to forget them. Thus we have Apollo coming down in wrath from Mount Olympus *with the arrows clanging at his shoulders* ; and Zeus confirming his promise to Thetis with a nod that makes great Olympus shake, *while the ambrosial locks fall flowing from the immortal head of the king*. Athene stays Achilles in his headlong wrath *by snatching at his yellow hair* to make him turn round to her ; and in the eighth book, starting with Herè to go down to the battle, *she casts down on her father's threshold the fine woven robe which she herself had made*, and puts on the armour of Zeus. In the twenty-first book again, when Achilles is nearly spent in his fight with the river, Poseidon and Athene come to him in the likeness of men, and, *taking his hands in theirs*, encourage him in speech. Apollo, heading the Trojans as they assault the Greek entrenchment, overthrows the wall with his foot very easily, as a child at play by the sea throws down his sand-castle. These are a

few instances out of a number proving how boldly and clearly, down to their minutest action, the poet could realise to himself the outward appearance of the god, the untroubled confidence with which his imagination moves among them.

ZEUS.

The three great gods of the Iliad, as, indeed, of all Greek poetry, are Zeus, Apollo, and Athene. We find them invoked together in wishes and supplications ; for instance, in Iliad, II., Agamemnon says of Nestor, ‘Would to Father Zeus and Athene and Apollo that I had ten such counsellors as thou among the Greeks ;’ and whenever the gods take part in the fighting about Troy, Athene and Apollo are the two principal figures on the opposite sides, while Zeus, sitting apart from the contest, weighs the fates of the two hosts in the balance and directs the great movements of battle.

Perhaps it is not too fanciful to see in these three great divinities something that corresponds to the threefold nature of a man—body, mind, and spirit. Apollo, then, will be the lord of the body, especially in its highest faculties and uses. He gifts it with the powers of music and song, seizes upon it as the instrument of mysterious inspiration, sends it sickness or sudden death ; or again restores to it life and vigour. Athene has her province chiefly in the functions of the intellect. Prudent counsels in the assembly, cunning wiles in war and in adversity, the patience of wisdom, the courage of far-sightedness, and skill in all those arts which depend on planning and contrivance and dexterity are what she confers and approves. But almost all that is spiritual in Greek thought and religion gathers around Zeus. He represents their furthest advance towards the truth of the One Creator and God ; and this advance, even in Homer, has been pushed further than perhaps a first reading will show.

It must never be forgotten that in both the Iliad and the Odyssey we have the ideas of a comparatively refined and enlightened age carried on side by side with those of a very barbarous primitive one. The incongruity is sometimes very great, and it is nowhere so striking perhaps as in the conception of Zeus. Originally, as it is easy to make out, he was the god of the sky. The clouds, the rain, and the snow are his, and the thunderstorm in particular, with its bolts and lightning, is the great weapon of wrath that he alone of all the gods can wield. There is an instance of his intervention in this character in the eighth book of the Iliad, where, determined to perform his promise to Thetis and give the Trojans the victory until Achilles comes back to the battle, he hurls his thunderbolts down among the Greeks and drives them in headlong rout to the huts and the ships.

But it is from the similes and passing allusions (130 H.) and

epithets that this function of Zeus can be best illustrated. When the winter torrent drags down stones and trunks of trees in its course it is the rain of Zeus that has swollen it ; the Greeks, standing to abide the shock of the Trojan onset, stand firm like unto clouds which the son of Kronos stayeth upon the mountains-tops what time is laid to sleep the violence of Boreas and of other strong and hasty winds that with their shrill breath scatter the clouds when they blow.

In another place, snakes of blue steel encircling the neck of a corslet are compared to ‘rainbows which the son of Kronos setteth in the clouds.’ One of the most beautiful of the descriptions of nature in the Iliad is a simile in the twelfth book, where Zeus is practically identified with the sky.

‘Even as the flakes of snow fall thick on a winter’s day when Zeus the Counsellor hath started to snow, showing forth to men his arrows ; for laying the winds to sleep he snoweth steadily, until he covereth the peaks of the high mountains and the extreme headlands and the grassy plains and the fruitful tillage of men ; and over the hoary sea is the snow shed on the harbours and cliffs, and the wave dashing in stayeth it, but all other things are covered upon what time the storm of Zeus falleth heavily upon them.’

More than half the epithets of Zeus have reference to his dominion over the sky ; he is called ‘aegis-bearing’ (the aegis is the thunder-cloud), ‘high-thundering,’ ‘the Lightener,’ ‘the Cloud-compeller,’ ‘Zeus that delighteth in lightning ;’ and the use of these epithets in ordinary dialogue, as well as in solemn invocations, shows that though he is now much more than a mere personification of the sky and its influences, the first idea still holds a certain place in the worshipper’s mind.

Among the other epithets of Zeus the most frequent is Kronion or Kronides, son of Kronos, which takes us at once to the numberless stories that must have been invented by one generation after another about the great god of the sky. Many of these stories are alluded to or half-told in the course of the Iliad. They are nowhere narrated in full, and there is never any attempt to set them in an orderly sequence of events, because, in the first place, they were too well known to need telling ; and because, originating, even as they probably did, at different times and among different peoples, they had most likely not yet been harmonised into anything that could pretend to be a chronological whole.

The first group of these stories, of course, refers to the birth of Zeus and his usurpation of the supreme sovereignty. His father, Kronos, —who, by the way, had originally nothing to do with Chronos, Time—had reigned before him ; but Zeus overthrew him, cast him down to Tartarus, and took the kingdom in his stead. The notices of the story of Kronos are very few. In the fourth Iliad Herè claims the right to carry out her will on the ground that, like Zeus himself, she is the child

of Kronos. In the eighth book again, in a dispute with Herè, Zeus says—

'But for thee I care not and thy anger ; nay, not if thou get thee to the furthest ends of the earth and sea, where Iapetos and Kronos sit and rejoice not in the rays of Hyperion, the Sun-god, nor in the winds, but deep Tartarus is on every hand.'

Herè again, in the fourteenth book, obtains from Aphrodite her charmed girdle on the plea that she is going to visit and to reconcile Oceanus and Tethys, whose offspring the gods are, and who, she says, 'reared and cherished me in their halls, receiving me from Rhea, what time far-seeing Zeus did make Kronos to sit down below the earth and the unharvested sea.'

And lastly, in the fifteenth Iliad, we have an account of the partition of the world between Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades. It is Poseidon who is speaking.

'For we are three brothers, sons of Kronos, born of Rhea, Zeus and I, and the third Hades, who ruleth those below. And in three parts are all things divided, and each received his share of honour. And casting lots, I obtained the habitation of the grey sea, and Hades obtained the murky under-world, and Zeus obtained wide heaven in the air and clouds.'

From this it is clear that Zeus won the supreme sovereignty from his father, Kronos, by violence ; but no mention is made of the ghastly stories of the devouring of children and the cruelties perpetrated by the new ruler which Hesiod has set down in his 'Theogony.' The other Titans, brothers and sisters of Kronos, are mentioned once as witnesses to an oath ; they are called the nether gods, whose abode is with Kronos—the gods who dwell below Tartarus who are named Titans. Neither the events of the war with them, nor the other war with the Gigantes, are further alluded to, though in the second book we have Typhoeus represented as lying hidden in the earth, while Zeus lashes the ground above him with lightning.

The struggles in which we see Zeus engaged are chiefly struggles for mastery over his own children and the other Olympians. He is conqueror on the whole and in the end ; but at times he is outwitted and taken unawares, though the offenders have to pay dearly afterwards for the short-lived triumph. Herè, his sister and wife, is the chief instigator of the rebellion against him. She is helped in her various devices by Athene, by her son Hephaistos, and sometimes by Poseidon. At one time they made a plot to bind Zeus, and would have succeeded but that Thetis summoned Briareon, or, as men call him, Hegaion, to the rescue. Briareon was a hundred-handed monster, who came and sat down by the side of the son of Kronos, exulting in his glory, and so affrighted the insurgent gods that they desisted. One feels that a

sovereignty maintained by such means as this is rather precarious. Usually, however, Zeus supports himself and his authority without this external aid. The lightning and the thunder are sufficiently effective weapons, and he is able besides to hurl the gods about when they offend him and will not listen to reason. He throws Hephaistos out of heaven as a punishment for endeavouring to screen Herè, and at another time he hangs up Herè herself by a chain in the clouds with anvils fastened to her feet. The safest way to temporarily get the better of Zeus is to persuade Sleep to overpower him. This is done once in the course of the Iliad, and the god Sleep himself reminds Herè when she is suggesting the enterprise to him, of another time when he yielded to her entreaties and laid the thunderer asleep while she raised a storm to drive Heracles out of his way; and what terrible consequences followed on the awakening.

In this Zeus, the husband of Herè, we have, of course, one of the older and ruder conceptions of the first of the gods; and it is chiefly in this character that we have him actually brought before us in the Iliad. Like the rest, he dwells on Mount Olympus in a great house with a brazen floor, is subject to the needs of food and sleep, and shares in feasting and journeys like that to the Ethiopians. It is true, that while they are engaged in directing human affairs, or whatever may be their peculiar employment, Zeus usually sits apart and watches. While they are sufficiently submissive, or when they come to him to complain of any wrong or distress, he treats them with good-humoured kindness; but at other times he squabbles with them on their own level; and when their insubordination becomes too much even for his threats to intimidate, he can only resort to sheer brutal force to compel their obedience. In nearly every instance where we see him in their company we find him rather inferior than otherwise in wit and in argument; he can only tell the recalcitrant goddesses to remember how he punished them at such and such a time, and his fuming is usually of the most undignified.

There is, however, another side, and a widely different one, to the Zeus of the Iliad, in which we shall see that some of the profoundest imaginings of the later Greek poets were anticipated.

F. HAYLLAR.

STUDIES IN HOMER.—I.

Questions.

APRIL.

1. Tell the story of the Iliad.
2. What are the general characteristics of the Homeric gods? Illustrate as far as possible and give references.

3. What gods take part in the action of the Iliad in the first six books, and how do they influence it? Pick out from the passages where they appear any bit that strikes you in any way, and comment upon it.

4. Contrast the gods of the Iliad with those of the Aeneid.

BOOKS. *Greek*.—Separate books of the Iliad with notes, by H. Sidgwick. These are the best to begin on. Monro's Text and Notes, 2 vols., Clarendon Press. Trans. Lang, Leaf, and Myers. Prof. Jebb's 'Homer.'

Intending students must send with their first set of answers 2s. 6d., as a fee for the series.

Those desiring to have their papers returned and criticized must send 5s.

A Class List and comment will be published.

Two small prizes (in proportion to the number of entries) will be given.

Address, before the 25th of each month, Miss F. Hayllar, Harewood, Leeds.

Church History Society.

PRECURSORS OF THE REFORMATION.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY AND SAVONAROLA.

Questions for April.

13. Give a short account of the rise of the Renaissance in Italy, emphasizing its effects on the Church.
14. Draw a picture of the group of Florentine Humanists under Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici.
15. A short history of the Pontificates of Nicholas V. and Pius II.; or A few words on each of the four elements of Change in the fifteenth century, mentioned in Milman VI.
16. Illustrate from his life Savonarola's threefold aspect of Reforming Preacher, Patriot, and Prophet.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by May 1st.

Books specially recommended : *Era of the Protestant Revolution*; Miss Yonge's *Cameos*; Milman's History; Villari's *Savonarola*.

January Class List.

Class I.

Hermione 39	Sycorax 36	Papaver 34
Etheldreda 38	Water Wagtail } 35	Malacoda } 33
Λαμβάνα 37	Ierne } 35	Verena } 33
Honeysuckle 36	Gooseberry } 30	Crataegus 30

Class II. .

Gregorian } 29	Jael 28	Eel 25
Laura } 28	Maidenhair 27	Pauline 24
Fidelia } 28	Veritas } 25	*Trudel 20
Meniza } 28	Sir Percival } 25	

Class III.

Aspirant 19	Roseville 15	*Bettine 12
†Robin Redbreast : 16	†Stokes } 13	Miss Molly 11

* Three answers.

† Two answers.

REMARKS.

1. Wycliffe is best done by *Hermione* and *Sycorax*. *Honeysuckle*, *Crataegus*, *Stokes*, *Bettine*, etc. : It is now quite certain that the Fellow of Merton was another contemporary John Wycliffe, and it is thought (though this is disputed) that the Fellow of Merton, not the Reformer, was Warden of Canterbury Hall. *Veritas* confuses Wycliffe's being made Master (i.e. Head) of Balliol with his taking his M.A. degree. *Jael*: He was

not Master of Balliol in 1366, having resigned that on accepting the living of Fylingham in 1361. *Ierne* should describe him as 'Master,' not Warden of Balliol; Fylingham is in Lincolnshire, not Norfolk; Luggershall in Bucks, not Lincolnshire; and she confuses the Reformer's two trials together. *Verena*: The trial when Gaunt escorted him was not at Oxford, but in St. Paul's. *Crataegus*, *Veritas*, and *Shirley* omit his advocacy of refusing the Tribute to Rome in 1366. *Λαμβάδα*: This tribute was 1000 marks, not 3000, but it was due for thirty-three years. *Fidelia*: The nineteen charges in 1376 had nothing to do with this question decided ten years before. *Trudel* and *Shirley* omit the Mission to Bruges in 1376. The point of dispute here was Papal Provisions, not the Tribute. *Shirley's* account is too short, and omits both his trials. *Verena* and *Maidenhair* omit the poor Priests. *Etheldreda* and others say little about Wycliffe's translation of the Bible, and nothing of the second or Revised Edition.

2. On the point of Wycliffe being a Protestant rather than a Reformer, *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, *Ierne*, *Honeysuckle*, and *Gooseberry* are the clearest. Many say that he well deserved the title 'Morning Star of the Reformation'; and *Roseville* thinks we owe the Reformation to him. *Gooseberry* says he was not satisfactory in this respect, and Bog Oak agrees with her; for there is much to connect him with the Hussite Revolt in Bohemia, and, perhaps, with the Calvinistic, not the English Reformation, and with the later Puritans. Our Reformation, defective as in some respects it may have been, was, thank God, quite off the Wycliffite lines. *Maidenhair* should consider that attacking a system is *not* reforming it, any more than pulling down a ruin is building it up again. Those have answered best who show, first, that Wycliffe pulled down, but could not build; second, that when he tried to suggest remedies, he had to own that those remedies were theoretical, and could not be put in practice; thirdly, that it was fortunate for our Church that his was not the hand to accomplish her reform. His translation of the Bible (even allowing for its innumerable errors) was a noble work; but it does not seem to have greatly influenced Church or nation. Erasmus' Greek Testament held a far higher place as aiding reform. *Eel*: Melanchthon said that Wycliffe neither taught the doctrine of Justification by Faith, nor understood it.

3. The memoirs of Oldcastle, etc., are well written by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Papaver*, and *Λαμβάδα*. With regard to Sir J. Oldcastle, Bog Oak fears his treason to Henry V. is beyond a doubt; and it should be remembered his final trial and condemnation was for treason, not heresy. But we must also remember it is one of the necessary evils of living under a usurping reigning house, that honourable men feel that rebellion is not treason. *Meniza*: Cowling (not Cobham) was his castle. *Sir Percival*: The first Lollard burnt was Sawtre, priest of St. Osyth's, not Oldcastle. *Miss Molly*: Langland was the author of 'The Vision of Piers Ploughman' (c. 1362). *Maidenhair*: Certainly Langland (who, by the way, was Longland), Confessor of Henry VIII., could not be described as living in the time of 'Wycliffe and his followers.' *Sycorax*: He was not a monk. *Laura*: He was born in Shropshire, not Somerset. *Trudel*: Badbee was a tailor, and was the second Lollard burnt under the Act *De Comburendo*. Many believe that only he and Sawtre were executed at this time under this Act, all the rest being condemned for treason. *Water Wagtail* gives no date for Oldcastle, and no clue at all to when Pecocke lived. The latter was before the public from his famous sermon (which none should have omitted), 1447, to his trial, 1457. *Shirley*: He was Bishop first of St. Asaph, and then of Chichester. Good accounts of him in Perry, and in 'Cameos of History.' *Fidelia*: His trial was not in 1450, and the 'retired life' was imprisonment in Thorney Abbey. He and Oldcastle divide the members equally, and one gives Langland.

4. The limitary Statutes are best given by *Hermione*, *Ierne*, and *Gregorian*. *Etheldreda* omits the great re-enactment of Provisors and

Mortmain in Richard II.'s reign. The important dates are as follows (all can correct themselves) :—

Mortmain, enacted 1279 (sometimes called 1280); re-enacted 1391.

Evasions stopped.

Provisors, enacted 1351; re-enacted 1361 and 1390.

Præmunire, enacted 1353; re-enacted 1365 and 1393. This last is the Great Statute.

Miss Molly's account very inadequate. Mortmain is not land left by the Dead Hand, but to the Dead Hand of a Corporation, which could never pay succession dues or fees on knighthood or marriage. *Gregorian* tells us that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and Eton, Winchester and Westminster Schools are exempted from the Law of Mortmain.

Subscriptions received from *Veritas, Fidelia, Malacoda, Sycorax, Stokes, Jumbo, Sir Percival, Honeysuckle, Gooseberry, Papaver, Crataegus, Maiden-hair, Etheldreda, Laura, Ierne, Meniza, Robin Redbreast, Λαμβδα, Gregorian, Roseville, and Echo.*

Those who have not yet done so, should send theirs (1s. for the year) with their next papers.

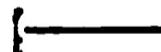
The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATEABLE GROUND.



The subject of Imitation has brought out some excellent Papers, among which Chelsea China is pleased to see several new names. On the whole the Debaters have perceived that *blind* imitation is a mistake, and likely to lead to unreality and failure. It is the old distinction between the spirit and the letter. Even in the case of the highest of models, His Spirit must be won before His life can be lived. The admiration of noble souls does, no doubt, lead to inward assimilation to them; but it rather comes by the imbibing of the same power than by external copying of their actions, though Chelsea China would not altogether despise this as a means to an end in early stages of development. As for our intellectual betters in our special lines, copying will certainly lead to a brilliant reproduction of their mistakes; but we cannot help sitting on their shoulders and seeing what we could never have seen if they had not pointed the way.

Observe the long lines of heroes and heroines who walk after the popular type of each generation; but observe also the *next* popular and original hero, and he probably could not have existed without the one who went before.

Papers received from *Aid* (very good), *Jon*, *Sister* (good), *Clara Legh*, *Black Rabbit*, *Gray Squirrel*, *Smut*, *Taffy* (good, and taking the other side), *Emerald*, and *Anchor*. The Papers are all very good, and much on a level; *Feu Follet's* is given. Very good Paper from York sent with no *nom de plume*.

Imitation—the sincerest form of flattery—that much laughed at, often contemptible thing! Can it be good, useful, when carried out of the region of the body into that of the mind? Can it be well that I, who am not intellectual, should ape the mental attributes of my neighbour, who is an exceptionally cultivated and gifted individual? Well, I think that depends on how I do it. If I confine my imitation to the outward expression of my neighbour's mind, if I try to dress up my mind with his thoughts without attempting to assimilate them, why then, it is the old story of the daw in borrowed feathers over again, and I do myself no good, because my imitation is a sham. But if, on the contrary, I begin by trying to find out the secret of his gifts and attempting to bring my mind nearer (if not up to) the level of his own with their aid, then I think my imitation is not only legitimate but laudable.

Imitation is the natural outcome of hero-worship. Of course, if you admire your hero so blindly that you think his defects graces, and imitate all alike, or if you take his outside for his inside, then the imitation will but do you harm. Or if, worst of all, you choose an unworthy model to mould yourself on, an unheroic hero to worship, then the consequences may be—most likely will be—disastrous.

Receipt, to be taken with any dose of imitation—

1 grain of imagination ;
1 grain of common sense ;
2 grains of discrimination.

People are given to talking as if imitation was death to originality. I don't see why it should be. Originality is an inborn quality not to be had by cultivation, which will only bring forth a watery *imitation* of the real thing. But genuine originality was never harmed by its owner aspiring to form his mind on the pattern of a greater, to tread in the footsteps of a noble mind.

Imitation may lead to unreality—above all in spiritual matters. It is so easy to deceive ourselves and others as to the genuineness of these things that it often requires a rude shock, touching the very insides of things, to determine whether our spiritual qualities are our own or only the reflection of those of others, plants taken from our neighbour's garden and which have never taken root in our own. But, though the imitation may have been abortive, still, involving as it does the recognition of a higher standard than our own, I think its certain advantages (when the plants *do* take root) do far outweigh its possible evils.

And one thing is certain. If we must imitate some one, it must be better to imitate our betters than our inferiors—a truism ‘which nobody can deny.’

FEU FOLLET.

The letter in answer to *Spero* has produced so many rejoinders, that, in spite of the risk of going over old ground, Chelsea China has decided on setting as the subject for the next Debate—

Is it justifiable to use means to attract young people to religious observances from any other than the highest motives?

The space this month is occupied by the ‘Mission to the Jews.’

Papers on the Waverley Novels have been received from *Noel Rae* in answer to *Muffin Man*, and also from *Blackbird*. We hope to find space shortly for some of these after claps on the Waverley Novels. Two letters have also been received in answer to *Bog-Oak's* argument on Physical Force in Government, one from *Blackbird*, and another from *W. M. M.*, also a few notes on Art from *Saxon*.

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before April 25th.

SECOND SHELF.**VARIETY SPECIMENS.****THIRD COMPETITION.**

Describe a Street in as perfect language as possible ; 250 words. Not more.

This exercise was intended as a study in Composition ; and a great many streets have been carefully described. But many of the papers give the impression that the writers have looked at the street, and set down carefully everything they saw. This is not Art. What is wanted is a vivid picture of the impression made upon the writer by the street, then a vivid impression is conveyed to the reader. Chelsea China has chosen the Paper which best made her see the street. This is *Honora Guest's. White Queen, A. C. Shipton, Daffodil, Elizabetha, Thorshaven, Per se Valens*, are all pretty and distinct, especially so the last. Essays on the nature of streets are not descriptions of them.

Eighteen Papers received.

FOURTH COMPETITION.

Translate into English verse, Lieth's 'Der Mai' :—

Da kommt der liebe Mai heran,
Wie wandelt er auf grüner Bahn !
Die Bahn ist gar zu lieblich heut'
Mit schönen Blumen ihm bestreut.

Und alle Bäume blühen ihm,
Und alle Stimmen singen ihm,
Und alle Quellen fliessen klar,
Und bringen ihren Dank ihm da.

Er aber, fromm bescheiden spricht
' Da Dank und Preis gebührt mir nicht
Schaut ihn vielmehr zu Dein hinein
Der mich gesandt auf diese Bahn.

' Ich thue nichts als meine Pflicht,
Doch thu' ich's gern und zägre nicht
Und bringe noch mit jedem Schritt
Der Freuden immer mehr euch mit.

' Das macht mich selber auch so froh
Thut, lieber Kinder, eben so
Erlernt und thut das Gute gern
Drum seid ihr auch gesandt vom Herrn.

' Ja, liebe Mai, wir folgen dir
Doch, bleibe auch ein Weilchen hier,
Dass wir die Wunder Gottes seh'n
Noch lange, die durch dich gesch'n.'

A STREET.

Of course 'the Haugh' has a street ; what else do you call this wide road with houses on either side ? Well, perhaps not exactly *houses*, but *cottages*,

quaint, irregular huts, the front and back doors always open, so that you see right through to the little gardens. In front there are no gardens, but the door-steps are so beautiful, no further adornment is needed. They are red, and scrawled over with lovely twirling designs in chalk, which are made, I suppose, before the baby gets up! There are babies in every house, and they spend all day on the steps. So what with chalk, babies, and window-plants, the cottages present a gay appearance.

The street is *very* steep ; when you gain the top you feel proud, and when you reach the bottom, thankful. It boasts a shop and Post-office combined, where you buy the finest ginger-bread and wool in the world. Opposite lives the cobbler, who works at his window, with a wicker cage hanging near, empty years ago ; but Ferguson says he keeps it 'for company' now the starling is dead !

The street looks prettiest at sunset, after a wet day. All are at their doors —mothers knitting, fathers smoking, children playing. Above the hill the sky is full of rosy light, reflected on the wet, shining stones ; but at the foot of the brae all is in shadow ; and from among the trees one hears the Haugh burn singing, as it hurries on its way.

HONORA GUEST.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY QUESTIONS.

1. King James IV. of Scotland, at the Battle of Flodden. 'Marmion,' Canto V., 10.
2. In 'Love's Labour Lost.' Act III., Scene 1.
3. Davie Mailsetter, when he carried Lovel's letter, was so described by 'The Antiquary.'
4. Peter, the Lay Brother.

'Extremely alarmed, Peter screamed without ceasing,
For a flood of brown stout he was up to his knees in.'

5. Maimouna, the Enchantress in Southe's 'Thalaba.'
6. (1.) *Piero di Cosimo*, the painter introduced by George Eliot in 'Romola.'
(2.) *Edmund Tressilian*, Amy Robsart's lover in 'Kenilworth.'
(3.) *James Binney*, Mrs. Mac's brother in 'The Newcomes.'
(4.) *Miss Matty*, the little old maid in 'Cranford.'
(5.) *Lily Dale*, the heroine of 'The Small House at Allington.'
(6.) *Mulvaney*, Rudyard Kipling's Irishman in 'Soldiers Three, etc.'

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Nemo, 9 ; *Jackanapes*, 10 ; *G. Festing*, 29 ; *Two Corsicans*, 18 ; *Mumps*, 24 ; *Only Herself*, 4 ; *Swanzey China*, 24 ; *Cedar*, 18 ; *Gareloch*, 24 ; *The Cousins*, 6 ; *Lal*, 12 ; *K. Anstey*, 17 ; *Rule of Three*, 30 ; *Laleham*, 22 ; *Egidia*, 18 ; *L. N. V.*, 11 ; *Helen*, 30 ; *Diana*, 18 ; *Aspley Guise (?)*, 9 ; *Parlet*, 17 ; *Honeylands*, 3 ; *Feu Follet*, 17 ; *Wood-Sorrel*, 10 ; *Helga*, 18 ; *Old Maid*, 30 ; *Olwen*, 17 ; *Three Rocks*, 12 ; *M. R. A.*, 9 ; *Starling*, 12 ; *Theodora*, 10 ; *The Muffin Man*, 17 ; *L. Halliday*, 15 ; *A. C. Shipton*, 5 ; *Smut*, 2 ; *Marcia* (from America) is credited with 30 for January questions.

QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

1. What was Norval's *real* name ?
2. Where does the song 'Orpheus and his Lute' come from ?

3. What bird is compared to 'a high born maiden in a palace tower?'
4. Whose tongue 'hushed the stormy main?'
5. Who was killed by a tortoise?
6. What pair of rivals first beheld their lady from a window, gathering flowers?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China before April 25th.

The Muffin Man requests to be credited for three marks in the December questions in the last Competition for having named Black Auster as the animal who was combed with a golden comb.

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Era asks for author of—

‘Is it true, oh, Christ in Heaven,
That the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest,
And more hopelessly are lost?
That the stamp of rank in Nature
Is capacity for pain?
That the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of his strain?’

Where are the following lines to be found?

‘Tis not in nature to command success ;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.’

G. G. C.

Author and context wanted—

‘No smile is like the smile of death,
When all good musings past
Are wasted with the parting breath,
The sweetest thought the last.’

In the ‘Christian Year,’ by Rev. John Keble, 25th Sunday after Trinity.

Middlemarch would be glad to know what steps to take in order to become a National schoolmistress, either assistant or otherwise. Is she too old (age twenty) to begin the necessary training, and to enter for the examinations? How many of these have to be passed, and at what intervals? Is there any particular Training College for the purpose? Also, what chance has she of success; health very good, education fairly thorough, arithmetic weak?

If *Middlemarch* will send her address to Chelsea China, she will give her all the information in her power.

Would any one lend me ‘Queens of the House of Hanover,’ by Mary Anne Everett-Green? Would gladly pay a small sum for the loan, and, of course, postage. The volumes would be taken great care of.—Address, C. H. Brown, Esq., Adderbury, Banbury.

Author of poem—

THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

‘Oh ! what is silence here below ?
The quiet of concealed despair,
The pause of pain, the dream of woe—
It is the rest of rapture there.’

G. H.

What poem of Lord Byron's does Mr. Cypress's song in ridicule of Lord Byron, by Thomas Love Peacock, refer to—

'There is a fever of the spirit,
The brand of Cain's unresting doom,
Which in the lone dark souls that bear it
Glows like the lamp in Tullia's tomb.'

L. N. O.

ANSWER.

In answer to *Corisande*. Extract from

THE EXEQUY,

BY HENRY KING, DD.

(Sometime Lord Bishop of Chichester from 1641 to 1669.)

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake,
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy Tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile!
To meet thee in that hollow Vale:
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And ev'ry hour a step towards thee.
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life, almost by eight hours saile
Then when sleep breath'd his drowsie gale.

Thus from the Sun my Bottom stears,
And my dayes Compass downward bears:
Nor labour I to stemme the tide,
Through which to Thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the Vann, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory.
In thus adventuring to dy
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But heark! My Pulse, like a soft Drum,
Beats my approach, tells Thee I come;
And slow howere my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by Thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

Sent also by two other Correspondents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR,—

I know I am a solitary Gairfowl and out of date, but still I do approve of the improvements brought in by High School systems, and I think them a great boon to those whose means will not allow of a thoroughly good home education. But let me say a word or two. It is home influence that forms the character. Outside teaching cannot do much in that way. I do not know why Board Schools rather than good voluntary Church Schools are recommended as places in which to learn and practice discipline. Also I would mention St. Hugh's Hall, Oxford, as an excellent college, where there is Church influence, and moderate expense. And in the year's study abroad, let me entreat the student to be quite sure of the surroundings and of sufficient protection from those with whom she places herself.

Moreover, for a young girl, is the independent life of a High School teacher, unless she be living as one of a home, nearly so favourable to the development of womanhood of the best kind, as being a private governess in a kindly household, where she takes part in the mother's cares? It is in higher life the old story of factory life, or domestic service. Liberty is sweet, but does it make the woman sweet, or complete; are her manners and character developed?

BIRD OF AGES.

Chelsea China thanks two more kind Correspondents who have offered to lend her the *Mysteries of Udolpho* and *Prince Hempseed*. She has already received them.

BOOK NOTICES.

Much Land to be Possessed, by Mr. O'Reilly (T. Vickers Wood; 1s.), is a collection of original and impressive little sketches.

The Heart of a Girl: a Thesis (London: Griffith, Farren & Co.). This little book is a careful, refined, and far-sighted study of the nature of a girl. Perhaps it dwells with a shade too much confidence on the natural goodness of girls; but still, when such a subject is treated, optimism is without doubt the best extreme of the two. The difficulties of a girl's life, as well as her joys, are here set forth with a tenderness and sympathy which can only come of real understanding, and which make the book well worth studying by all who have much to do with the life and training of girls. Not only these, however, do we advise to read it. There are few people, indeed, who are not interested in girls at all. To a large public, therefore, the little book is recommended. It is a brochure of forty-eight pages, prettily got up, and is written with a gentle and attractive grace of style, untouched by sentiment or exaggeration.—Signed E.

Little magazines, all claiming notice, crowd upon us. The Mother's Union has its excellent *Mother's Journal* (Wells Gardiner). *The Woman's Help* has 'Our Paper' (at its own office, 29, Queen's Square), with much the same scope; *The Scottish Standard Bearer* (St. Giles's Printing Company, Edinburgh); and *Work and Leisure*, are all good in their way, and fulfil different needs; and there is a new children's missionary magazine, started by the Ladies' Association, price a halfpenny, with a huge picture of Buddha on the first leaf.

We wish also to call attention to a useful little book called *First Teachings on the Early English Church* (Simpkin & Marshall), one of those it is desirable to make widely known, as likely to build up a sense of attachment to the Church. A wise and striking *Chart of Eucharistic Doctrine*, by the Rev. A. Orr (Church Printing Company), will be found a great help by those who are instructing educated persons.

To turn to another different subject, *The Ides of March*, by C. Robins (Hurst & Blackett), is a capital novel, sound hearted, as well as lively and amusing—a great thing in these days.

THE EAST LONDON MISSION TO THE JEWS.

'Thou of Whom the Prophets spake,
Thou in Whom their words came true,
Hear the pleading of prayer we make,
Hear the Gentile for the Jew.'

I HAVE been asked to write a short account of this wonderful East End Mission work, for although during the last few years it has become much more known, it is not half supported by Church people as it should be ; and this surely must be from lack of knowledge and not of interest, the latter would be impossible. Funds are low at this moment, great anxieties threaten, • more and more Jews are coming forward to learn about our Saviour and Christianity ; and no one can do the real work at present but Mr. Rosenthal himself, because nearly all depends upon his individual influence and knowledge. Having been himself a well-known Jewish Rabbi, Jews will listen to him when they will attend to no one else, consequently each year the work becomes harder and harder, and sometimes seems to be almost more than one man can do. In the Report for 1890 I find that there were upwards of 100 more inquirers than in the year before ; that Mr. Rosenthal himself instructed about 570 Jews and Jewesses ; and there have been more baptisms than ever before. Nearly 200 poor Jews have been helped with money, and are now earning a livelihood. (This is a most important part of the work, for on a Jew becoming a Christian he loses—poor man !—all that he has—money, family, friends ; and unless the Mission can help him to work, it is useless admitting him to the Christian Church.) Many persecuted Russian Jews have come to Mr. Rosenthal, and thus good has come out of evil in a wonderful way, for they know of Mr. Rosenthal from all parts of the world, and that he, one of their own people, will help them when he can. In consequence of this, the increase in his correspondence is enormous. Few people really understand either how intellectual and clever even these poor Jews are, how full of Old Testament knowledge, and how ready one and all are to argue out (like, in fact, our Japanese converts) every point. They must convince their reason, before they accept Christ ; and in most cases, unlike other Missions, the *men* come over first, and then bring their women and children. I know the converts themselves say, they find their great comfort in the continuity of their Priesthood in our Church, and in our service of Holy Communion, for one and all of Mr. Rosenthal's converts become devout communicants. There is also another side of the question ; a clergyman—the author, in fact, of 'The Church's One Foundation'—himself told me that the wonderful influence of Mr. Rosenthal's converts in his East End parish was very marked ; and that the sceptical (alas ! there are such) and indifferent Christians had been so struck by the earnestness and self-sacrifice of these Jews, or Hebrew Christians, that many of them had said, 'There must be something in Christianity after all, if it can do this.' Again, a great number of Mr. Rosenthal's converts have emigrated to America, Europe, Australia, and hundreds of his inquirers who have not as yet professed Christianity. A short time ago a Missioner to the Jews in New York was being mobbed and hustled in the streets by Jews, and in fact was in actual danger, when out of the crowd a Jew stepped forward ; he said, ' You know me ; I am a devout Jew and a regular attendant at the Synagogue. I can assure you, that I learned in London, in Mr. Rosenthal's Mission House, that those Hebrew Christians, whom you call apostates, are greater friends of our people, more loving, self-denying, and hard-working for others, than any of our Rabbins. I therefore counsel you to leave him ' (the Missioner) ' alone.' And they did.

I was myself present at a most interesting service, in St. Paul's, Haggerstone, Church, on St. John the Baptist's Day last year, and I shall never forget it. The Celebration of Holy Communion was in Hebrew, by special

wish of the converts, who love to have this service in their own old Temple language. There were as many Jews as Christians in the congregation. We sang the hymns in both languages—Hebrew and English ; one, 'The King of love my Shepherd is,' and most quaint and sweet it sounded, the music fitting in perfectly with the rhythm of the words. After the service, fifteen Jews and Jewesses—some husbands and wives—and one or two old men, were publicly baptized ; and I remember the old man was baptized Jacob, and there was an Amos and a Rebecca, and a husband and wife Abraham and Sarah ; and anything more touching than that service I have never seen. The earnestness of the new Christians, the delight of the sponsors, and the expression on many of their faces was a thing to be seen, only to be really understood in these days of indifference and lukewarmness, and it made one know what the Early Christians must have gone through and felt in the heathen world.

On the same day and almost at the same hour, in our great St. Paul's Cathedral, two Bishops were consecrated—one for an English diocese and the other for Australia ; and the links in the chains of thought that filled one's mind, as one realised all this, was very wonderful : St. John the Baptist's Day, Jews professing Christ in an East End Church, and two of a long line of Bishops going forth from London's mother Cathedral, to preach the same Gospel and teach the same truths—these the Jews had but just learnt—and the great Master for 1891 years, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' in spite of all the sins, the doubts, the divisions, the very same, who died for Jew and Gentile on that first Good Friday, and still 'Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.' Help on this Mission work ; go and see Mr. Rosenthal ; send for his papers ; attend the services at his Mission House, in 87, Commercial Road, Stepney, E. ; go to some of his meetings for inquirers ; and help at his Hebrew Mothers' Meeting and Sunday School. Ask your clergy to give him an Offertory—money is badly wanted ; and above all, pray for the work ; our Lord was a Jew Himself, and so was His mother and his Twelve Apostles. We have received *all* from them, so help now in your turn, through this remarkable Mission, to bring the Jews into the fold of Jesus Christ—*the Messiah*.

'Bring Thy beloved back, Thine Israel,
Thine own elect, who from Thy favour fell,
But not from Thine election ; oh ! forgive ;
Speak but the word, and lo ! the dead shall live.'

Father of mercies ! these the long astray,
These in soul-blindness now the far away ;
These are not aliens, but Thy sons of yore ;
Oh ! by Thy Fatherhood, restore—restore.'

ANNIE CAZENOVE.

Donations may be sent to the Rev. M. Rosenthal, 32, Navarino Road, Dalston, London, N.E.

[The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if all Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

MAY, 1892.

MAY SONG.

SING a song of a May-day morning!
Trip the dance to a May day tune!
Fresh and cool is the May-day morning,
Noontide heat will come all too soon!
Maythorn buds upon the hedges
Gleam like flakes of prisoned snow.
May-month flowers among the sedges,
Nod their blossoms to and fro!
Fair the light of it,
Sweet the sight of it,
Fragrant May-day morning!

Swallows, 'mid the willows flying,
Seek a mate for the summer hours.
Ferns, against the hemlock lying,
Steal the dew-drops out of the flow'rs.
Birds are bursting into singing!
Diamonds sparkle on the lawn,
As the sun, his glory flinging,
Crowns with gold the May-day dawn!
Fair the light of it,
Sweet the sight of it,
Fragrant May-day morning!

BLANCHE ORAM.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

CHAPTER XI.

LIONS IN THE PATH.

AFTER a very grand dinner, in a great dining-room like a banqueting hall, Vincent Pettifer observed that they had plenty of work before them, and that they had better go to the theatre and put 'Romeo and Juliet' into shape. The stage was erected in a large ball-room, recently added to the house, and was everything that the performers could wish.

'Now then, Mr. Burnet,' said the young host, 'I suppose we're all under your orders for the occasion. Not but what we've got it all pretty pat already. Let's begin. Ladies won't object, of course, to cigarettes. Will you have one yourself, Miss Juliet—that's your name, isn't it? No? You don't smoke—we'll teach you. And here's plenty of champagne and claret-cup to help us through, whisky and seltzer also. Help yourselves, gentlemen, and don't forget the young ladies.'

Clarence Burnet declined these refreshments, and in a brief and business-like manner indicated the places to be assumed by the actors. Mr. Lennox, who had been previously acting as coach, played with some spirit, while Mr. Pettifer and the other members of his company murdered the blank verse with more or less skill. When Rupert appeared as Paris, he cast an appealing glance at the stage-manager.

'I say, Mr. Burnet,' he said, 'one thing before I begin. At the end, I needn't pretend to cry for Juliet, need I? *Restrained* emotion is the correct thing, isn't it?'

'Why, hadn't we better leave that till we come to it?' said Clarence. 'Perhaps you might cover your face,' and he dropped his head upon his arm for a moment, with a gesture, that so given, indicated despairing grief, but which, in Rupert's imitation, had the effect of the 'Oh, please sir, don't sir, it wasn't me, sir!' of a school-boy caught throwing stones.

'Get on, Rupert,' said Lewis, 'we're all waiting for you.'

When Romeo himself began, Juliet and Sir Lewis prepared to watch with all their eyes and ears, to experience a blank sense of disappointment as Clarence, anxious to lose no time and after the manner of a professional rehearsal, rattled off his first long speech half-inaudibly and without an atom of expression, ending with Benvolio's cue, spoken loudly and distinctly, 'Dost thou not laugh?'

Benvolio, amazed in spite of his experience, and having by no means followed the words, was unequal to replying that he would rather weep.

'What are you about?' he said, as if rather affronted; and Clarence, perceiving that, if his company attempted to follow his example, the result would be confusion worse confounded, smiled a little, saying—

'All right, we'll begin again.'

"Alas, that love of her——"

Then Juliet and Lewis looked at each other. Both were trained enough to comprehend the perfect emphasis and impersonation as the piece went on, while Dolph stood, holding his breath.

'It's acting,' whispered Juliet.

'That's so,' responded Lewis, as the ladies' parts began.

Now came a difficulty. Miss Pettifer, certainly inclined to giggle, but with a distinct idea of what she had been taught to do, for she had had some lessons, now began with a strong cockney accent and a mincing air of coy simplicity to put them in practice; but her cousin, a handsome rustic-looking girl, who was to play Lady Capulet, after a few inaudible whispers, suddenly broke down and began to sob hysterically.

'I can't, Maud! I can't remember the poetry—I don't like it! I feel that silly, I can't!'

'Oh, come, come, Sophy,' said young Pettifer, 'nonsense. You must; don't be a little fool!'

'I can't, Vincent; do let me off. I'm not clever, like you and Maud, and I feel that silly! Won't one of the actresses do it instead?'

'I declare,' said Mr. Lennox, 'it's the only thing to do. Here, which of you young ladies can take the part? It's your line, I suppose'—to Agnes—'not the little one's?'

'Excuse me,' interposed Clarence, 'the part was not included in the engagement with their manager. Will Sir Lewis give permission?'

'Really, I don't think my sister can,' said Lewis, hardly realising his professional authority, 'and as for my cousin——'

'I know every word of the play,' said Juliet. 'Of course, I know I'm too small; but couldn't she be hard and unsympathetic, and *nag* Juliet, instead of being grand and commanding. She *did* nag old Capulet, really. Wouldn't that do, Mr. Burnet?'

'If you will be kind enough to try, Miss Willingham,' said Clarence, while Mr. Lennox and Vincent Pettifer clapped their hands.

'Bravo, bravo! nice plucky little girl, with no nonsense about her! Come along, my dear, you'll make a famous scold!'

Juliet took her place, heedless of the blank faces of her relations at this address, and the scene proceeded much more smoothly in consequence.

Then Mercutio had to come on, and Lewis's good figure and refined speech told well; but, in spite of these advantages, the Queen Mab speech fell flat and sounded like a recitation, and Lewis came off, pulling his moustaches and looking worried. The stage-managing of the banquet took a long time, and was hurried, as Miss Pettifer was impatient to begin the balcony scene, as to which she made a great display of shyness.

'She had always done it with Mr. Lennox—she didn't know if she could with any one else. She was sure it was very bad—Mr. Burnet must tell her—she didn't know which way to look, really, saying such things before people.'

Clarence requested her to move about three paces more to the right, and not to look full at him before she was supposed to see him, and then began his speech, interrupting his impassioned utterances with directions as to Miss Pettifer's movements in the driest of tones, while Juliet could hardly keep from stamping her feet in her impatience of Miss Pettifer's dreadful bad taste, as she minced and flirted, but with a certain amount of trained effectiveness. By the time this was over it was very late, and only enough time remained to see that the fighting scenes

required a great deal of study, before Mr. Pettifer proposed an adjournment to the smoking-room. Clarence excused himself on the ground that he wanted to think out the arrangement of the pieces, and Sir Lewis could have wished that the members of his company had done so also. The supplementary young men who filled the small parts, like Mr. Lennox, had more social pretensions than their hosts, and treated them with free and easy patronage, while they endeavoured to show their familiarity with the stage with stories at which Sir Lewis perceived that George Buckley laughed uncomfortably, evidently thinking it a sign of high life to show no scruples. Rupert, who was a particular youth, got up and went to bed ; and at the first possible moment, Ernley Armytage seized on his manager and declared he ought to throw the whole thing up, as it wasn't fit for his sister and cousin to stay with such vulgar people. Sir Lewis snubbed him, all the more sharply because he did not feel very comfortable himself.

'Oh, Juliet,' said Agnes the next morning, as they came down-stairs, 'they called you "my dear!" How dreadful!'

'I don't care if they call me "my darling,"' said Juliet, 'while I can learn as much as I do every minute I watch Mr. Burnet ! I sha'n't pay any attention to them ; and, by all accounts, great houses are free enough without acting or *parvenus* either. Just look as if you didn't hear.'

'Well,' said old Mr. Pettifer over the breakfast-table, 'any of you young folks for Church this morning ? Mrs. Pettifer always goes ; but I suppose you'll want to get on with your play-acting ?'

'Oh, we must,' said Vincent ; 'tell the parson we're all laid up with severe colds. But our time's too precious, isn't it, Burnet ?'

'Yes ; I think we'd better get on with the duels,' said Clarence, 'if you wish——'

'All right. Sir Lewis, have a smoke first ? I suppose you're ready ?'

Sir Lewis Willingham, with the eight eyes of his four ladies full on his face, felt what it was to have put himself into a position in which he could not say no.

'Very well,' he said, 'is it to be Romeo and Juliet ?'

'Let's stop and practise *our* scenes together,' said Miss Pettifer to Juliet and to Miss Dorset, 'then we'll be ready for the gentlemen after lunch.'

'No, no, Maud,' said her mother, 'whatever people's calling

is, if they want to attend to their religious duties, they should be allowed. Besides, it isn't fair to make people work all Sunday. It's your play ; but it's the Miss Willinghams' work, and they ought to have a 'oliday. Don't be put upon, my dears, there's plenty of time after lunch, and then no doubt you'll be good-natured.'

'Oh,' gasped Agnes, as there was a move, 'I cannot on Sunday !'

'I won't,' said Selva. 'I'm ashamed of Lewis ; I never thought he would !'

'I really cannot,' said Miss Dorset. 'I, a Branch Secretary ! Suppose any of the servants were G. F. S. And we couldn't explain it to Dolph.'

'Juliet, you never will ?' said Agnes, imploringly.

Juliet was essentially a girl of the present day ; that is to say, she was accustomed to decide for herself on many points rather than to regard them as foreclosed. The method of keeping Sunday is before the bar of her generation.

'There's Mr. Burnet ; let us ask him if we professionally must,' she said ; and before the others could stop her she turned and appealed to him.

'Mr. Burnet, we're not used to it, and we don't like it. We never have acted nor even learned our parts on a Sunday. Can we say no when we are acting for pay ? Is it part of what we have to go in for ?'

Clarence looked at her very gravely and gently.

'No manager could require it of you,' he said ; 'we should grumble considerably if they did ; but, I suppose, on this sort of occasion refusing would be awkward.'

'Well,' said Juliet, heroically, 'I'll do it if it's necessary ; but my cousins would rather go home, they think it so wrong, and it would get Aunt Anne into a dreadful scrape with the G. F. S. But I'll do it, if I must.'

'Well,' said Clarence, much in the dark as to the nature of Miss Anne's obligations, 'I'll prevent it if I can, but I'm afraid you will find it makes things rather disagreeable.'

It made things very disagreeable within the limits of the 'Wills o' the Wisp' Company. Sir Lewis, when his womankind came back from church, and his wife indignantly set upon him, told her that she was unpractical and nonsensical ; a thing might be done once and not made a precedent of—in fact, he wanted it to be done and not talked about ; a view shared more or less by

the other young men, who were not perhaps in the habit of so spending their Sunday afternoons as to feel it necessary to go to the stake on the matter. He further added a sentiment which, when misapplied, is peculiarly calculated to produce irritation—namely, that the spirit is of more importance than the letter. Selva's views of duty might be external, but they were strong, and calculating consequences was not in her line, so she simply reiterated that she would not act on Sunday, not if the whole scheme of the 'Wills o' the Wisp' were imperilled by refusing.

It did not cost the bright young wife half what it cost the thoughtful sister. She dwelt on what Sunday had become to her at Coalham, and had been ever since. She recollects what David Merrifield had once said—'The essence of the Christian Sabbath is love to Him whose second birthday it is.' And could such love be shown in the noisy tumult and fret of such a rehearsal? No, she must cling to that love even though Lewis's anger should break her heart, and Alice Wharton and David Merrifield both should believe her yielding, and think she had turned aside from all that was good. So, with prayers and tears, she took her resolution and shut herself up in her room. Then at the sound of the bell she crept downstairs to church as if she were doing something wrong, mortally afraid of being seen and ordered in to the banquet rehearsal. She lost her way and felt like an emblem of her present life, came in late and found Selva, the governess, and the little girl of the family there before her.

For the others it ended as might have been expected. Miss Pettifer never dreamed of not rehearsing, and wanted her mother and her nurse in the afternoon. Miss Dorset gave in, and hoped neither the G. F. S. nor her sister would ever hear of it; while Juliet speedily forgot everything but the play.

Clarence could, of course, do nothing to help them beyond putting forward the masculine parts of the piece. To his own conscience the matter was indifferent, but it gave him the most curious pain to see Juliet forcing hers.

It was a most uncomfortable week. The immense quantity of work to be got through, for which Sir Lewis was mainly responsible, hurried and fussed every one concerned. Clarence Burnet's professional authority, Mr. Lennox's amateur experience, and Sir Lewis's views as to the production of his own pieces, frequently jarred and clashed. Lewis's temper was tried by his increasing sense of his own and his troupe's deficiencies, and he

worried his brother and sister as to theirs, till Rupert rebelled and Agnes lost whatever liveliness the uncongenial atmosphere and the oppression on her conscience had left to her, while even Miss Nance grew tired of the sight of the stage. None of them had realised how wearisome too much of the thing they had thought so good might be. Then, the Pettifers were good-natured people and intended to be most kind to the 'professionals,' but they treated the 'Wills o' the Wisp' entirely as the professionals they aspired to be, not as people in society doing a clever thing. They only half believed in the title which had no money to support it, while Mr. Lennox and his friends were accustomed to ways at amateur theatricals, where titles were not unknown, which were at least as distasteful to the Willinghams as the want of breeding of their hosts. There was a great deal of champagne, and whisky and seltzer at all hours of the day and night, and Vincent Pettifer and Mr. Lennox kept up the fire of their geniuses by frequent applications of it. Beer was dealt out with a liberal hand to all the servants and helpers, till it could only be hoped that Dolph would remember that he wore a blue ribbon. Then there was, first, the free-and-easiness of amateurs, who thought it showed how nearly they were professionals ; secondly, the natural hail-fellow-well-met manners of the actor Carter, who was not at all a bad fellow, but who did not see why he should not call the girls little dears, pat them on the shoulder, and offer them a taste of his pick-me-up ; until, suddenly, he was so effectually shut up by something or some one that he never willingly spoke to the Miss Willinghams again. Then there was all the risky intimacy between young men and girls in a state of nervous excitement and in unusual situations, without the sobering sense of working for their daily bread. Maud Pettifer's one thought was Mr. Lennox, and her little sister, Dolly, who was put forward to play Anne Carew's child, was full of precocious sentiment. Lastly, there was the more intolerable coolness of men like Lennox and his friends, who thought they obliged their hosts by visiting them, and therefore could treat them as they pleased.

And the 'Wills o' the Wisp' had to fulfil their engagement. Sir Lewis and Miss Nance ate the bread of experience in silence, but they made some wry faces over it. Ernley Armytage was so sulky that he and his manager nearly quarrelled. George Buckley, on the other hand, accommodated himself to pick-me-ups and free-and-easiness with startling rapidity, and frequently

assured Juliet of his devotion to the drama. Selva, though very well able to take care of herself, was furious at finding that, as a pretty young married woman, she was more the object of attention than Agnes and Juliet, and Major O'Connor resented freedoms towards the girls, of whom he regarded himself as the protector.

But there were two people to whom all these vexations were trifles light as air. Juliet was so absorbed in her part and in watching Clarence Burnet act, that she was scarcely conscious of the world around her. Sometimes she was happy with the sense of improvement and discovery, sometimes miserable at her own defects; but, in her entire absorption in her art, bad manners passed by her like the wind; she laughed and took no notice; her soul was in Verona and in the Forest of Arden.

Clarence Burnet, to whom bad acting and frivolous society were alike odious, looked back afterwards on the days when he had to act with Miss Pettifer and associate with her brother as days of bliss. He kept his temper, which was naturally none of the sweetest, through every vexation. He threw all his powers into his task, and pulled the difficult business through. He needed neither pick-me-ups nor flirtations, he saw art profaned with indifference, artist though he might be. He saw idleness, and luxury, and self-indulgence, and the eager aping of one class by another; and Radical, almost Socialist as he was, he did not care. For, in truth, he could see nothing but Juliet Willingham, and the enchantment was too strong and too sudden to be resisted.

Poor Clarence! The Hildon Castle theatricals were likely to prove more dangerous to the professional actor than to any of the amateurs.

CHAPTER XII.

'IT IS MY LADY—OH, IT IS MY LOVE!'

'Monks' Warren Park, Heathshire,
'August 10.

'DEAR CLARENCE,—

'What has induced you to go in for this affair at Hildon Castle? You, who hate amateurs and great houses and moneyed folk about equally. To stage manage for a set of Gorgius Midases must be a delightful experience. Will o' the Wisps! Marsh spirits and Philistine cads! What a combination! Ah,

no, the dream will never be realised! all art is a half-defeated struggle to bring the Divine into the human; but *dramatic* art, which should speed the message most plainly, which should "purify by pity and terror," which should give all but actual experience of the soul's possibilities—that is the most earth-bound of all, the most hampered by degrading conditions, tied and bound by earthly chains, till the beautiful angel's face is bowed in the dust, and frivolity, folly, bad taste, greed of gain, and the wickedness of men has hidden all her glory. No, I could not come and recite at Hildon even to meet you. (Besides, Emily doesn't want to know the Pettifers.) But come here afterwards and help me to interpret Hamlet to the literary club at Warrenstoke. Those young fellows do appreciate Shakespeare. One—the youngest of them—most. But I don't feel as if I make much way in getting to know their real selves. The trail of the squire is over me still, even there, though I did not locate the club at Monk's Warren on purpose to have it in a freer air. You can excogitate the hero-villain who is to make the fortune of the Planet. Good idea to unite the rival parts. "One Soul and Two Faces" ought to score a success. Your father's congregation wants to put a Gothic front on to the chapel. He calls it "hankering after the flesh pots of Egypt," and I told him to stick to the original whitewash; but I'm afraid he won't. The connection at Warrenstoke have got a spire. His new shop is something too splendid. Dick is at home; his churchmanship is somewhat aggressive as our socialism used to be, but he means well, as we did. Do come, there is nothing much on this month as to society, though perhaps after this new departure society might be an attraction to you. Yours ever,

‘ALARIC LAMBOURNE.’

Clarence Burnet read this letter during a pause in the festivities at Hildon Castle. The first representation of 'As You Like It!' was over. The numerous guests, some of whom were filling up every corner of the great house, and others who had come over for the afternoon only, were strolling about the lawns, drinking tea and eating fruit. Their gay and dainty figures flashed out of the shadow into the sunlight, grouping themselves under the heavy shade of the cedars around the dazzling beds of gaudy flowers—forming a scene as picturesque and hardly less fantastic than that which had lately been stolen from the Forest of Arden—a forest which the great trees at the end of the lawn repre-

sented not inaptly ; for, though the lioness was left to the imagination, tall palms and tropic ferns from the conservatory gave an air of enchantment to the British beeches and oak trees among which they were grouped ; a piece of stage-management, for which the better informed among the guests gave the ‘Wills o’ the Wisp’ infinite credit.

Some of the actors, still in costume, had mingled with the audience and were enjoying their praises and congratulations. Clarence Burnet, who considered wearing his stage dress when off duty ‘bad form,’ had divested himself of the semblance of the melancholy Jaques, but was sitting a little apart under a tree as if still in search of solitude.

‘Dear old boy !’ he thought, as he finished the letter, ‘he’ll always beat his wings now and again against the bars. Penalty, I suppose, for having wings ! Even his wife is glad when he folds them and is content in the big cage. Of course, I’ll go to him. He doesn’t quite see the situation——’

A light step startled him, as Juliet, once more in maiden weeds, approached and said timidly—

‘Please, Mr. Burnet, do tell me if you really think it went well ?’

There was an appealing look in her eyes and a slight quiver on her sensitive lips, as if she had summoned up all her courage to ask for the criticism on which so much depended.

‘I think it went very well indeed !’ he said.

‘Because,’ said Juliet, ‘you never do tell us what you really think, or make any criticism, except about the places where we are to stand ; and, of course, you do criticise us inwardly.’

‘Why,’ said Clarence, with his grave smile, ‘if I did go beyond my province, we might be in the first scene of “Romeo and Juliet” still.’

‘That’s very severe ; but I daresay we should.’

‘I think this piece does Sir Lewis the greatest credit,’ said Clarence eagerly. ‘The acting is mostly bright and fresh, and goes well together. I like it very much.’

‘Yes,’ said Juliet. ‘Now find fault with Rosalind. That is, if you think me worth it. As an artist, to one who loves art.’ Clarence’s head swam a little, and to ejaculate ‘heavenly Rosalind’ would have suited the weight that passion hung upon his tongue, better than to meet her innocent impersonal eyes and answer as artist to artist. But the lawn at Hildon was not the forest at Arden, and the days were over when a gallant youth

dared at once to sigh at the feet of a princess. Honour to the modern maiden must be differently shown. He must tell her the absolute truth.

'You have a beautiful voice,' he said, 'with a quality that no teaching could give you. For use in a theatre it would require training. You have great power of expression both by gesture and look; but you have a great deal to learn as to when to use your powers, and there are certain technicalities which you, naturally, don't understand, which would enable you to give effect to your ideas.'

'But have I the idea? Could I learn?'

Clarence looked sideways at her under his long eyelashes with feelings more akin to those of Harry Merrifield than that young man would have thought possible; but truth compelled him to answer—

'Yes, I have no doubt you could.'

Juliet drew a long breath of relief.

'And have I the right conception of Rosalind if I could act well; have I imagined her rightly?'

'Yes, rightly; hardly perhaps sufficiently. You have all her brightness and liveliness; but Rosalind, after all, was unhappy, and she was in love. There should be an undercurrent—perhaps even a note of bitterness—of passion, running all through.'

'Yes,' said Juliet, thoughtfully; 'but that makes her much harder to do.'

'She is not supposed to be very easy.'

'I—I wonder if you would think I put enough feeling into Juliet? Oh, I should like you to see me try that! And it would have been much easier if you had acted Orlando. Mr. Pettifer hasn't a bit of feeling, has he now?'

'Well, not very much. But I couldn't play Orlando well. My cousin Alaric played it, to my mind perfectly. Those graceful parts are not in my line. I believe my Romeo is much too heavy in hand. Alaric used to say that I did not realise that he often made a fool of himself!'

'Well, I shall always think of Romeo as like you. Mr. Lambourne was really an actor once, wasn't he?'

'Yes, for a short time, but he was obliged to give it up.'

'What a dreadful pity!'

'I suppose so, in some ways. But he has other things to do, and, besides, he is hardly strong enough for it.'

'Why, do you find it such hard work?'

'I? Oh, not too hard for myself. But I was brought up to work hard, and hardships and annoyances are naturally nothing to me. I was a newspaper hack before I was an actor, and if I had followed my father's trade I should, as you probably know, have been a grocer in a small way. So I certainly can't complain of hard work in following my vocation.'

As Juliet obviously did not quite know how to answer this speech, he went on, urged by an irresistible impulse to let her know his history.

'No doubt you know Alaric's father married my aunt, a circus dancer. But my father took up a different line, he is a strong dissenter. When my cousin came across me he chose to seek me out,—I was sore before at the very thought of his existence; but he only wanted to share every advantage he had with me. I couldn't tell you all he risked and sacrificed for me; but he gave me all he could of his own education, taught me word by word to speak the lines with a proper accent and emphasis. I owe all my success to him!'

Clarence's voice thrilled, he had the nature that tends to hero-worship, and his cousin was his hero. In speaking of him he almost forgot that he had begun to speak with the intention that his position in life should be exactly clear to Juliet.

'It was very nice of him,' she said; 'and of course he is among the sensible people who believe in acting. I wish we knew him!'

Clarence took off the watch and chain he wore, and opened a gold locket that hung to them.

'He gave me this,' he said, 'so here is his likeness.'

It was that of a young man with a delicate brown-tinted face, rather worn and thin, the soft dark eyes looking sideways out of the picture, and a slight black moustache over a mouth with the suggestion of a smile on it.

'It has a sort of foreign look. It is like you!' said Juliet.

'I believe so. He thinks our common ancestor was a gipsy.'

'Well, yes. But the eyes have an odd expression—like a picture, or a woman, or an animal almost, as if they were trying to speak and people couldn't understand.'

'Ah,' said Clarence, 'sometimes that's so! But I am detaining you too long with talking about myself.'

'Not at all,' said Juliet. 'Now I can talk about myself. You know,' she went on, poking her parasol into the turf, and looking away from him, 'I see that the "Wills" will never last. I don't know about my cousin Lewis; but some of them can't do it, and

some don't like it, and Aunt Anne wants to do other things as well. She actually won't give up her "Diocesan Council" for it! But I mean to stick to it. It has been the dream of my life, and if you think I am clever enough, I want you to tell me how to set about really studying for the stage.'

'I—I don't think you can know the difficulties!' exclaimed Clarence.

'Oh, yes, I do! But I am very strong. I don't get tired, and I have quite enough money to live on while I am studying. And I shouldn't think there could be more disagreeable people than there are here. I shouldn't think any actors could be more odious than that Mr. Lennox, and I don't mind him a bit. I never think of him at all.'

'He strikes me as a person without a single redeeming point,' said Clarence, intending to speak with great moderation, but with so much the tone that he might have used if he had been standing over Mr. Lennox with a drawn sword, and calling him a foul miscreant, that Juliet was quite startled.

'Well, Agnes does loathe him,' she said.

'It is not pleasant for her to have to play with him,' said Clarence. 'But, Miss Willingham, it is a very hard life, and for a young lady —'

'Mr. Burnet,' said Juliet, 'I don't think you are true to your own ideal! I suppose you think it a splendid thing for yourself to be an actor; and I did not think *you* would be so old-fashioned as to talk about "young ladies." Why, Agnes' friends, those Merrifields, would take that line. They talk as if goodness consisted in prejudice!'

'I have had to learn that it can exist in spite of it,' said Clarence.

'Good people *are* prejudiced,' said Juliet petulantly.

'I don't think they are much more so than bad ones,' said Clarence candidly.

'Well,' said Juliet, with a laugh, 'that doesn't matter. Perhaps,' she added, blushing, 'I have been too bold. I ought to wait till you have seen more of my acting. But you will tell me truly, won't you, before we go away? Because I can make sacrifices, when my whole heart is given to anything, though I am a young lady. You know, you must know, that acting is *living*, as nothing else is. You don't know what to day has been to me.'

'I will tell you truly, before we go away,' said Clarence, in slow, measured tones. And as he spoke, some others of the

party came up, and Juliet joined them, to hear eager and indiscriminate praise of her and her cousin's Rosalind and Celia, the only criticism being that it was a pity that the lines as to their relative heights had had to be omitted, since nothing could conceal the unlucky fact that Celia was the taller of the two. As for Clarence, he admired her spirit, and if she had not been just herself, would have gladly furthered her views in a practical and sensible fashion, for he did think highly of her powers. But, when his heart went out, his one instinct was to protect and guard, and save from pain and struggle. He wanted to fight for Juliet, not by her side, and she looked right through him at his acting.

He had known in his early days bitter disappointment, he did not in the least expect to find life easy; but as he dressed himself for Romeo that night, he did not find it at all difficult to realise the possibility of making a fool of himself. When Juliet came on as Lady Capulet, she received a greeting, which told of the impression that her Rosalind had made, and she showed herself to be a true artist by her power of throwing herself into the less congenial part. Her acting was clever, and did much to help out the unequal performance, in which Romeo swamped and overweighted his Juliet, and played with a passion, which he knew himself was in far too high a key for the rest of the piece. But to Juliet Willingham, it was the intensest delight she had ever known, she could conceive of no greater, except to play the Juliet herself. The dramatic passion was on her, the strange madness that is as wild as love, and all but as entrancing. Her eyes blazed, and her cheeks flamed, as the fire of enthusiasm within her burned away conceit and flattery and frivolous amusement, and so filled her soul that it left no space for any other flame. She was quite safe for the time, both from personal sentiment and personal vanity, safe as if she had been a vestal virgin. While to Maud Pettifer the heroine was no one but herself, and the excitement of the acting so threw her off her balance that there was no folly for which she was not ready. There are a great many more Mauds than Juliets in the world of amateur theatricals, and some of them make a very fair show in it.

Poor Agnes had no enthusiasm, and scarcely any vanity, and she so detested her Colonel Kirke, that what little spirit she had put into her acting failed her, and the 'Sheep in Wolf's Clothing,' which was one of Lewis's crack pieces, fell decidedly flat, being further weighted by a constant feud between Ernley Armytage and Mr. Lennox.

The Irish piece had gone off out of doors with flying colours, and was extremely popular. It was the darling of Lewis's fancy, and was the exclusive production of the 'Wills o' the Wisp.' An English-bred heiress (Agnes) succeeded to a disaffected Irish estate. Her agent, also her distant lover (Rupert), was unpopular, she was boycotted, and guarded by the police (Lewis and George Buckley). Juliet was a coquettish English maid; the major an Irish ruffian; Selva a charming peasant; Miss Anne an ancient hag cruelly evicted. But Dolph, as her grandson, a wild gossoon, won over by the sweet heiress, was the star of the piece. He hid in the bushes to hear her sing; saved her life by an ingenious plot, which kept her from passing the ambushed murderers; then, convicted of the warning, was mortally wounded, and rushed in to die at her feet, just as the devoted agent, who had been wounded in her stead, was rewarded by her hand, for the true heir in the person of Ernley turned up from the backwoods, and all ended happily, save for the humorous pathos of the wild imp's death, which carried off all the halting construction of the piece, the extreme secrecy of Rupert's distant devotion, which he failed even to betray to the audience, and Agnes' inability to show any answering encouragement.

The whirl of excitement and exertion, brilliant company and brilliant weather, vexations and *tracasseries*, enjoyment and triumph, boredom and annoyance, came to an end. The 'Wills o' the Wisp' were amply paid, and considerably flattered, for it had been the very grandest of *fêtes*, a time to be remembered in all the country side. It was reported and described in society papers, and certainly made the performances of the 'Wills o' the Wisp' irretrievably public. And Clarence Burnet, in the ten minutes before they separated, looking very grave and a little pale about the mouth, told Juliet, that after all, when it came to the real thing, to real acting in a great theatre, she had still almost everything to learn, she had months of hard work before her, fears and doubts and difficulties, and then success, perhaps.

'Yes,' said Juliet, with her undaunted eyes; 'but I only want to begin, when it is possible you will tell me how to manage?'

'I will try.'

'I shall never forget this week, and all I have learned from seeing you act.'

'I shall never—I shall never forget it either.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE RING AND THE BOOK.'

'There shall never be one lost good : what was shall live as before ;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound.'

IT would be an interesting subject for enquiry, what proportion of the British public is prepared to face a really long poem ? Browning's popularity has increased enormously in the last few years : but even among those who are thoroughly at home in the selections, there are probably large numbers who have never attempted to read the 'Ring and the Book,' and large numbers also who have never got beyond the first book.

It is not surprising that this should be so ; because for some reason or other a long poem, whoever the author may be, is rather alarming. And the 'Ring and the Book' is a very long poem ; with print enough in it to make up quite a good sized, three-volume novel ; longer than the 'Iliad' or the 'Æneid ;' longer than any English poem by a master hand, except the 'Faerie Queene.' On a hasty estimate, it appears that 'Don Juan' and 'Paradise Lost' are only about three-fourths of its length, 'The Excursion' about half. It would probably afford some food for reflection, if we could ascertain precisely how many per million of the population have read either 'Paradise Lost' or 'The Excursion' right through even once. As for the numbers who have read both right through twice, except perhaps for really professional purposes—well, they wouldn't need the Albert Hall to hold them.

In fact, it does not take much consideration to show that a very long poem has practically no chance of being popular. It is a pity. There are a good many things, in 'The Excursion' for instance, which are worth the trouble of digging for. However, there is the fact. But it is worth while trying to persuade a few more people to make up their minds to read 'The Ring and the Book,' although I am inclined to believe that, considering its size and the unpromising character of the first books, it has already found a quite surprising number of admirers.

Let us begin by examining the case against the poem—merely premising that what is an obstacle to the general reader is not necessarily a legitimate ground of critical objection ; for it is no use to make light of obstacles, or to deny that they exist when they are staring you in the face.

To start with then, there is the length of the poem. If people shrink back before the length of 'Paradise Lost,' they can hardly be expected to regard 'The Ring and the Book' with equanimity. Nevertheless, the objection on the score of length is a little unreasonable. It is very nearly a matter of course that a novel should be in three volumes ; nobody shrinks from reading one of Mr. Besant's books because there is such a lot to get through ; nay, there are plenty of people who think that unless, in prose, a story is told in three volumes it can only be 'a book for boys' or 'a book for girls.' No doubt the poet demands a higher pitch of attention, but there seems to be no adequate reason for making so marked a distinction between the amount of verse and of prose that one is prepared to face.

Secondly, the scheme of the book is against it ; that is, it sounds as if it must be exhausting to have the same story told a dozen times over, partly by the actors in it, partly by lookers on. The poet takes a story, nowise a pretty one, abounding in cruelty, deception, and bloodshed, unredeemed by any act of heroic self-sacrifice ; gives you the bare outline of the complicated facts ; and then sets nine different people to tell you how the facts strike them. If the interest of the book lay in the story itself, the method of telling it would certainly be thoroughly inartistic ; but it does not. It lies in the character of the actors and the speakers ; the motives by which they are stirred ; the heights and depths of human passion, of nobility and degradation, which they gauge ; so that the last speaker is not a whit the less interesting because he comes at the end ; and what is more, you feel at the end that by no other method could the same completeness of vision have been attained.

There is, however, from the point of view of a reader coming to 'The Ring and the Book' for the first time, a particular obstacle inherent in the scheme of the poem ; namely, that the opening books are the least inviting. When once you know the poem, you know that each of the parts is in its proper place, and there is sound artistic reason for the arrangement ; but it does at first tend to make one give up the attempt to read. The views expressed by the critics who represent the general

public have to precede the more illuminating discourses of the three principals in the drama ; but in the nature of things they are not so interesting as the latter. In the nature of things also, the poet's own introduction suffers from a certain baldness. Yet it was hardly necessary—and this is a critical fault as well as an obstacle to the general reader—that Browning should have written that first book, as he seems to have done, in a mood of defiance towards the 'British Public, you who like me not,' which led him to indulge with exceptional freedom in those idiosyncrasies of style, sudden colloquialisms, and allusive forms of expression which are responsible for the popular impression that nobody can really enjoy him, and that the pretence of doing so is a mere affectation.

" But now let us examine this trouble of 'Browningese' a little more closely ; for it appears to me that the defect is one which has been gravely exaggerated, and that some of the poet's most devoted admirers are in no small degree responsible. If you really cannot be expected to appreciate Browning without having the illumination of lectures from a society ; and if, when your society is dissolved, you can't get along without a Cyclopædia specially designed to make him intelligible ; if, after years of reading you need all this—why, clearly you can hardly complain if people say that Browning may be very fine, but the game isn't worth the candle. The truth is, that all this paraphernalia of interpretation, useful as it may be for specific purposes and in specific cases, tends greatly to force into prominence whatever is obscure and difficult in the poet's work ; to make one tackle him in the spirit which should be reserved for studying the Secret of Hegel or a corrupt chorus in Æschylus ; to thrust into the background the simple fact that outside of one or two of the early poems and a few late ones, most of Browning is plain sailing enough, or made difficult mainly by the unexpected character of an idea—and an unexpected idea is always difficult to grasp at first sight—or the suddenness with which a fresh point of view is caught.

Now, we all know that we can live peacefully with a clock ticking until the unhappy hour comes when somebody calls attention to it, and the everlasting tick gets on our nerves ; though it may be a perfectly harmless, well-conducted tick all the time. Well, in just the same way, if somebody stirs you up and gets you to be perpetually on the look-out for difficulties, the difficulties will turn up of themselves where it would never

have occurred to you to be troubled by them. Once I made an unfortunate discovery in a book which I greatly admire and once enjoyed. It is a novel: but I found that most of it runs into metre. I can't read it now without getting frenzied by the tick, tick of the metrical parts, and the desire to make the other sentences scan too. The habit of talking about the 'difficulties' in Browning has a precisely similar effect; everything that you don't recognise at first sight makes you feel fidgety; and you fancy that every casual allusion is the key to a hidden inner meaning; whereas the plain palpable meaning is staring you in the face. In 'The Ring and the Book,' there are two typical problems of this preposterous order which have evoked reams of correspondence. One refers to 'the sole joke in Thucydides' and the other to 'The Tract *de Tribus.'* One would have gathered from the papers that these two little puzzles made a vital difference to the interpretation of the poem. Somebody has solved them with more or less plausibility, I believe; but neither puzzle nor solution matters a solitary straw. The point of the passage in each case is perfectly clear, without any application of erudition. When Lord Tennyson makes an allusion, it doesn't strike us to enquire whether he is thinking of a passage in Apuleius: at least it didn't until an erudite critic wrote a book to show that the Laureate never says anything to which you can't find a passage more or less parallel, or anyhow, in some degree similar, somewhere in somebody or other. As long as people come to Browning with a steady resolution to find things they can't understand, those things will manufacture themselves with surprising readiness.

Still, when all is said and done, it must be admitted that Browning is not always easy to follow at sight, though it is easy to make too much of the difficulties, and easy also to forget that we don't always take in exactly what Shakespeare, or Milton, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson mean, without thinking about it pretty hard. That bit of Lycidas, for instance, which Ruskin examines in 'Sesame and Lilies'—what problems, and what solutions might have been extracted from that, if only Browning had written it! Of course there are allusions, and reminiscences of other writers, which convey a quite erroneous impression until we have detected what was in the poet's mind. For instance, in 'Old Pictures in Florence,' he calls Margheritone of Arezzo

'You bald old saturnine poll-clawed parrot,'

which I will venture to say that every one misinterprets—not that it matters much—until he remembers ‘Henry IV.’—Part II.:

‘Look if the hoary elder have not his poll clawed like a parrot.
Saturn and Venus in conjunction! ’

But, speaking broadly, it may fairly be said that the mere difficulties of style and expression in Browning are nothing like as great as they are often made out to be; and in view of the good you can get by setting them at defiance, it is positively foolish to be daunted by them.

Nevertheless, in the first book of this great work, Browning does seem to have gone out of his way to indulge in every practice for which critics had reproached him. It is the natural inclination of any man who feels himself addressing a hostile audience whom he does not care to conciliate. There is compensation in some very noble passages; but there is some justification for feeling exhausted by the time you are nearing the end, when the grand invocation to his wife bursts upon you suddenly, like sunlight breaking through a storm almost.

‘O lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue,
And bared them of their glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice; can thy soul know change?
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help! ’

And so to the end; for considerations of space compel me, though unwillingly, to forbear quoting the remainder. Even here it is possible to be puzzled if you fail to observe that in line five ‘kindred’ means ‘kindred to the sun,’ and ‘his face’ ‘the sun’s face.’ But this is not, in truth, a kind of obscurity which we are justified in objecting to, because the phrase, when it is understood, conveys the sense with a perfection otherwise unattainable.

So ends the prologue, in which the poet tells how he came upon the story, the dry bones of it, in the old report of a trial; how, as he meditated on it, the dry bones became alive, and by the application of the alloy of his thought, his fancy, it became

possible to mould the gold of the facts into an artistic whole, a ring, through and through the pure gold of Truth.

Next we hear the story as coloured by the representatives amongst the outside public of the two factions which are called into being by any great trial ; men with superficial knowledge of the facts, judging them in the light of the kind of superficial acquaintance with average human nature which we all possess ; the one—the married man—having a natural bias to accept the husband's version ; the other, the unmarried man, with an equally natural bias in favour of youth and beauty in distress. The unconscious skill with which each of them, giving himself credit all the time for merely drawing quite indisputable inferences from obvious facts, shirks the points which do not fall in comfortably with his preconceived theory, and proves entirely to his own satisfaction that nothing but the most grotesque wrong-headedness could possibly account for anybody taking a different view, forms a truly admirable exposition of ordinary human nature and the common method of setting about finding truth—namely, to decide first what we want to be true, and then squeeze the facts into the theory. There was a gentleman who thought he could settle the problem of squaring the circle by filling a vessel with shot. But he forgot the chinks. The facts will generally fit into a theory if you forget the chinks. The two speakers belong to a single intellectual and moral type ; but it is only by the contrast between them that the type itself is manifested.

More entertaining, but somewhat irritating, is the speaker of Book IV., 'Tertium Quid,' the man who prides himself on the nicety of his critical discrimination ; a superior person, who moves amongst Excellencies, and has the lowest opinion of all meaner folk ; a cynic of the basest order. His chief difficulty in arriving at a decision on any given point lies in the necessity for admitting that if the one party is as black as you would like to believe, the other must be a great deal whiter than—with your subtle knowledge of human depravity—you can credit for a moment. His sympathies are with the husband, as a matter of policy, as being of a noble house ; but he cannot go so far as to believe that even the husband was much better than the worst you can picture him. In the result he leaves every question open, though—as a matter of policy—favouring the Count's acquittal.

It may be a heretical opinion, but I should incline to advise

people coming to 'The Ring and the Book' for the first time to pass over these three books after mastering Book I., and proceed direct to the three which follow, the speeches of the three chief actors in the tragedy. For it is in their character that the interest of the whole centres. Hitherto we have only had them presented by people who at best only half understand them, and it is possible to be bored by 'One Half Rome,' 'The Other Half Rome,' and 'Tertium Quid.' In any one who has not learnt by experience how thoroughly worth while it is to refuse to be daunted by the initial difficulties, and who is not endowed with a more than average interest in psychological problems, these three books are apt to produce a distaste for further investigation, a disinclination to keep up the close attention which is necessary to full appreciation. But if you come to Count Guido comparatively fresh, the interest chains you at once. For Guido is a villain of an intensely dramatic (not melodramatic) type, whose nearest parallel in English literature is to be found in Iago. Plausible, persuasive, shifty, with just the occasional appearance of being carried away by righteous indignation, the air of an honest victim first of his supreme regard for law, and secondly, of a high-souled illegality when duty to his kind bade him overstep the limits of law—he stands before his judges, leaving no stone unturned to save the life for which he is fighting desperately; yet failing utterly to convince. For he fawns the least trifle too palpably; his righteous indignation is a fraction overdone—just enough to set the stamp of insincerity on the whole performance. The skill with which he lies is consummate; but you never feel a doubt that he is lying.

And then in splendid contrast comes Caponsacchi, magnificently sincere alike in his vindication of what he had done, and in his self-reproach for what he had not done, with never a thought of himself how he would look, what would be deemed of him; only always before him 'the wonderful white soul,' the pure pale face with 'the beautiful, sad, strange smile' of the girl who had been to him a revelation of the pettiness, the pitiful inefficiency of his own life, the grandeur of what life may be. Mercilessly the tempestuous, scornful words smite the judges, who had counted for the jest of a gallant the most sacred experience of his life—passionate words in fine contrast to the pathos of these which follow—

'Why, had there been in me the touch of taint,
I had picked up so much knave's-policy

As hide it, keep one hand pressed on the place
 Suspected of a spot would damn us both.
 Or no, not her!—not even if any of you
 Dares think that I, i' the face of death, her death
 That's in my eyes and ears and brain and heart,
 Lie—if he does, let him! I mean to say,
 So he stop there, stay thought from smirching her,
The snow-white soul that angels fear to take
Untenderly.'

It is not that the man had done anything on the face of it heroic. There was no great self-sacrifice in his act; only he had dared to understand what he was called upon to do—to face a tremendous temptation which he might have shirked—and had passed through it not scathless only, but purified and ennobled, as one who has looked upon the San Greal. He had learnt his lesson, and attained to the joy that is three parts pain. To realise with your whole soul what holiness means, is an experience worth a good deal of suffering.

The dramatic force of the whole speech is admirable. It is the unprepared sincerity of it, the bursts of fierce indignation, the depths of tenderness, the passionate humility, which make it irresistible; and last, but not least, the moment of gathered calm, of controlled resignation, at the close, suddenly breaking into the one last sob of overwhelming anguish—

‘O great, just, good God! Miserable me!’

From him we turn to the self-revelation of the ‘wonderful white soul,’ Pompilia, on her death-bed, with kind faces and tender hands about her for once, and the noble head of the Augustinian in the background—a picture of innocence that nothing could smirch, of faith that never dreamed of wavering, of courage that no suffering could quell, of charity which could forgive the worst of wrong, such as I know not where else to find. From the first line to the last, whether she is recalling some memory of childhood, or something in that dream of desolateness which has become to her so shadowy and unreal, or letting her thoughts turn to contemplate the noble spirit of the man who had tried to save her, and speaking those thoughts with the fearless sincerity of stainless innocence, all is lighted up with a light not of this world. She is passing to the substance from the shadows, to the light from the darkness, from the strangeness and confusion to knowledge. Through all the tenderness and the pathos, the pain and the pity, and the

childlike trustfulness, there runs a note of victory. I think it is just from the stainlessness of her soul that one feels it ; for these lines are among the last—some of them are the very last—spoken by this child, this seventeen-year-old girl, into whose short span of life enough misery had been crowded to furnish forth a score of ordinary octogenarians.

‘O lover of my life, O soldier saint,
No work begun shall ever pause for death !’
Love will be helpful to me more and more
I’ the coming course, the new path I must tread,
My weak hand in Thy strong hand, strong for that !
* * * * *

So, let him wait God’s instant men call years ;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty ! Through such souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us i’ the dark to rise by. And I rise.’

The two lawyers who follow supply the element of comedy for which we are not ungrateful. And it is decidedly a stroke of artistic skill which gives the jovial Don Giacinto, with his genial mind running on his little boy’s birthday, while he proves white black, to be Guido’s counsel, while the defence of Pompilia is entrusted to Bottini, who is absolutely devoid of any capacity for understanding her ; who is, in fact, on about the same moral level as the critic in ‘Tertium Quid,’ and who takes his stand wholly and solely on legal technicalities. But both the lawyers are wearisome ; Don Giacinto is exceedingly entertaining for some time, but he palls, and the amount of canine Latin he talks is exhausting. And Bottini is too contemptible to be tolerable for long. Still, after the tension of the three great speeches these come as something of a relief before the wise judicial deliverance of the Pope, in whom, as in Pompilia, shines something of that fore-gleam of light from the other world to whose threshold he stands so near.

Of this book of ‘The Pope,’ I find it singularly difficult to speak. It is so full of understanding, of insight, of sympathy, so tender, yet so unfaltering, so utterly free from cant or commonplace methods of shirking the eternal problems, and withal so reverent and so fearless. If I begin to pick out passages I can hardly stop. Take this, for instance, from his picture of Pompilia—

‘Everywhere
I see in the world the intellect of man,

That sword ; the energy, his subtle spear ;
 The knowledge which defends him like a shield ;
 Everywhere—but they make not up, I think,
 The marvel of a soul like thine, earth's flower
 She holds up to the softened gaze of God.'

Or this, as he meditates on the part Caponsacchi had played—

'Was the trial sore,
 Temptation sharp ? Thank God a second time !
 Why comes temptation but for man to meet
 And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
 And so be pedestalled in triumph ? Pray
 "Lead us into no such temptation, Lord !"
 Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the bold,
 Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
 Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
 That so he may do battle and have praise !'

There is no particular reason why these passages should be quoted, rather than a dozen others no less fine, no less penetrating, no less rich with all wisdom.

Not least at the end does the Pope show his insight with the words—

'So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
 And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.'

For the second 'Guido'—Guido at bay, turning on his fellows and cursing them and God, as he lays his own soul bare before the priests sent to receive his confession, is about as lurid as anything well could be. He is an utter coward, with the cowardice that has no spark to redeem it ; but he is a coward turned desperate, and the fear and the fury are about equal. Mostly the fury predominates till the finishing moment arrives, and then the fear, sheer terror of death, carries the day. Only in the last line do we get the sudden revelation that he had known good from evil, that he knew his wife for what she was, the means of grace which had been offered to him and spurned by him. In that last despairing cry the truth flashes from him—

'Abate—Cardinal—Christ—Maria—God—
Pompilia, will you let them murder me ?'

The last book is in fact epilogue ; it tells something more of the fate of surviving actors in the drama, and rounds all off with something of explanation, and something of a moral. A book must be finished off somehow, and this finishing off—unavoidably perhaps—has some of the baldness and prosiness of the

First Book. Yet there is in it a passage—the Augustinian's sermon—which may well be set beside some of the finest parts of 'The Pope' without suffering in the comparison.

The purpose of this paper has chiefly been to induce some of those who have not already read 'The Ring and the Book,' to do so at an early opportunity. I understand that it is the function of the Higher Criticism not to seek for beauty, except in what is essentially ugly, but rather to set about proving that if anything seems beautiful the supposition is sure to be 'bourgeois.' The method gives obvious opportunities for the ingenious, but is hardly calculated to elevate. So many people find satisfaction in Browning nowadays, that admiration for him is becoming a mark of Philistinism. We may hope that the number of Philistines is still susceptible of increase.

ARTHUR D. INNES.

NOTE.—It may be that some of what has been said above about the difficulty of Browning may give a wrong impression, taken by itself. There *are* certain real difficulties of style, due to peculiarities of punctuation, especially in relation to parentheses ; the frequency of parentheses ; and the constant omission of the relative pronoun, in a manner which is common in conversation, but almost unknown in literature. But all these lose their terrors when you are accustomed to them.

THE PIXIE AT THE CHURCH.

IN a valley close to river and sea a pixie had his home. A kind, good pixie he was ; not a mischievous elfin like so many of his kinsfolk. He put glow-worm lights up the mossy banks to warn the fishing-boats from the cliffs ; and all the year round he kept the valley planted with lovely flowers. It was a wild spot, remote from the rest of the world, where only fisher-folk lived, and they had neither church nor pastor.

Something, however, put into the heads of some pious persons a resolve to build a church in the valley. It was to be a very tiny church, yet digging the foundations disturbed many of the pixie's flowers. He himself was somewhat puzzled by the event, and sitting upon a rock, would watch the builders, interested, yet full of perplexity.

At length, however, the church was ready for consecration, and the priest appointed to its charge begged all his parishioners to bring the best and fairest offerings they could find for the adornment of the building. They came, and with them came the pixie, his hand full of lovely wreaths, woven of flowers from the valley. But upon seeing him, the priest made the sign of the Cross, and exclaimed with a loud cry—

‘Avaunt ! thou unbaptized, unredeemed spirit ; and from henceforth dare not to cross the sacred threshold.’

So the poor pixie, dropping his garlands, fled away weeping.

Was it really true, he asked himself, that he was unredeemed ? Unbaptized he surely was, but dared the priest refuse the holy rite to one who was also God's creature ? Greatly did the pixie long to ask the question, but the priest looked so stern, he could not venture to approach him ; he dreaded his wrath, though he could bravely stand beneath the sign of the Cross.

All that he could do to show his love for the church was to look after the flowers in the valley ; and of a surety, no place ever grew fairer blossoms for the sacred seasons. The pixie

planted snowdrops for Candlemas, and saw that the daffodils flowered in time for Lent, when the purple and white violets scented the air. At Easter came the primrose and cowslip ; and by Whitsuntide the lilies of the valley, which are called ladders to Heaven. The children gathered the blossoms and took them into the church, and who felt gladder than the pixie, when, peeping through the window, he saw them in the altar vases , though no one gave him any credit for them ? Close to the east window of the church stretched a sweeping elm bough ; here, whenever a service was going on, the pixie perched himself and listened to it all, sighing sadly to think that he might not enter the building.

One day, however, he heard the priest read these words—

'Ask, and ye shall receive ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

'That is a promise,' thought the pixie ; 'perhaps if I knock they will open the door for me, and then I shall be let into the church.'

So he slipped off the branch and tapped—three soft little taps—at the thick oak door.

The sacristan heard it, and opened the door a little way ; but when he saw the pixie, slammed it in his face. Two or three times afterwards during that service did the pixie knock, but no one opened the door.

After church the priest sought him out.

'Ah, now,' thought the pixie, 'he will say that I may come in.'

Not so. The priest scolded the evil spirit (as he called him) for disturbing the congregation. Then the pixie repeated the words he had heard when seated upon the elm-branch.

'Away, foul fiend !' cried the priest. 'Dost thou not think I know the Devil can quote Scripture for his purpose ?'

And the next morning he had the elm bough cut away.

Yet, though he could no longer sit and listen to the service, the pixie remembered the sacred words. 'They are the words of the Master,' thought he ; 'though the servant disregards them I will ever knock and knock, and some day—who knows ? they may open the door to me.'

The other pixies—his kinsmen of the moor—were of the opinion that the valley pixie should revenge himself upon the men who treated him so unkindly. They wanted to break the church windows with stones, and throw dirt at the congregation ; but the

valley pixie forbade them. He took no revenge, but waited quietly—hoping to get into the church some day.

Years passed on, the church in the valley won the reputation of being haunted. Priests came and went ; time's changed ; the pixie showed himself less frequently to men—but he still took care of the flowers in the valley ; and still, as service-time came round, went to the church door and knocked. Every one heard the knocking, the three gentle taps, and dimly knew the tradition that he who knocked was a pixie seeking admittance to the church. Some priests laughed at the story ; others warned the congregation of the follies of superstition ; others found what they termed rational explanations of the knocking. None, however, opened the door for the pixie.

But at length there came to the church a young priest who had won the reputation of loving all things created. No animal was too base, no flower too humble for his regard ; in them he saw the work of the Creator as much as in the bodies of men. During the first service he held in the church he heard the knocking, and afterwards in the vestry asked what it was. Half reluctantly, afraid of seeming superstitious, the choir-men told him the story of the pixie who haunted the church. Every one, they concluded, had heard the knocking ; their grandfathers could remember its being mentioned by *their* grandfathers ; but no one had paid any attention to it.

'God forbid,' murmured the young priest, 'that I should keep any being of His creation out of His house !'

Evensong came, the choir were singing the Psalms ; it was the 29th evening, and these were the words : '*I cried unto the Lord with my voice : yea, even to the Lord did I make my supplication.*'

Then came three gentle knocks.

The priest looked round, perhaps expecting that some one would open the door ; perhaps to be certain that it was knocking which he heard. Three verses he waited, till the words rang : '*I had no place to flee unto, and no man cared for my soul.*'

Then again came the three taps.

This time the priest stepped out of the reading-desk, and himself threw open the church door.

'Enter, thou faithful and patient spirit, whosoever thou art !' he cried aloud.

And there came into the church a quaint little brown figure, with a wistful tenderness in his eyes, like the eyes of a dog. Quietly he crept into a corner, and the service went on.

When it was over and the priest sought the pixie, he was still lingering in the church ; upon his face a look of great happiness, yet not wholly contented.

'Tell me,' said the priest, 'what wouldest thou farther ?'

'May I not be baptized ?' inquired the pixie.

'Who and what art thou ?' demanded the priest.

'A spirit of God's creation, dwelling upon the earth, and, like thyself, I believe——'

Then he repeated the Apostles' Creed, faltering only at the words, 'the life everlasting ;' for, indeed, the poor pixie hardly knew whether there was everlasting life for him.

For a few moments the priest was lost in reflection, then he said—

'Of a truth thou hast been a catechumen for many years—thou shalt be baptized forthwith.'

There was water in the font that had been used for baptism during the afternoon. With the pixie kneeling at his feet, the priest uttered the first words of the service, then came the principal part of the Holy rite ; the water was sprinkled upon the wizened upturned face, the holy sign crossed upon the pixie's forehead.

And he changed. The little brown elfin knelt there no longer, but a fair child, his face aglow with the beauty that springs only from love and faith in God. No longer need the weary, patient pixie knock at the church door ; it stands ever open to the blessed and loving spirit, who with tender hands and grateful care, beautifies the House of God in that happy valley.

BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL.

WORK AND WORKERS.

BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

IX.—THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION FOR GIRLS.

BY GRACE LATHRAM, AUTHOR OF 'READING AS AN ART.'

'In art you have to give your skin.'—FRANÇOIS MILLET.

THERE is, perhaps, no art which is at once so popular, and so little understood, as acting. It is recognised that steady, arduous training is required by a musician or a painter; the notion is still prevalent that any one with a memory need only walk on to the stage to be an actress. The grind of training, the labour it costs a theatrical company to produce a piece, is not known by the mass of an audience. Therefore, as this paper is written for those who, in the words of actors and actresses, do not belong to *the profession*, it will be necessary to point out in some degree in what the art really consists, as well as the preparation necessary for it.

The Vocation.—The girl who has got what her friends unkindly call 'a craze for acting,' has usually been dazzled by seeing a noted actress in a great part; the girl goes home, tries her wings in a farce or slight comedy in her back drawing-room or parish schoolroom; the audience are too courteous to be critical, they applaud, and soon her family is thrown into consternation by the announcement that she has determined to go on the stage.

With some girls this is merely the outcome of vanity, of an unhealthy craving for publicity and applause. To such it is kindest to say at once that they are without the true artistic spirit to support them under annoyances and mortifications such

NOTE.—The Editors do not necessarily *recommend* everything described in this series of papers.

as they have never dreamt of, and that to temperaments like theirs the danger of theatrical life is real and serious.

But with others this startling resolution means that they have found out they possess the dramatic gift, and it is for and to these that we are writing. Now there is no power more commonly found in a slight, or more rarely in a great degree ; and it is only right to consider carefully, if it be simply enough to give you, and perhaps your friends, a good deal of pleasure ; or the great gift, joined to a strong dramatic instinct, which is as much your natural method of expression as song to the bird or the brush to the painter. The desire of the present moment may quite pass away, though it seems strong now, and this, therefore, cannot be used as a test. Think whether the wish to give your life to the stage is a new one, or whether it dates from early childhood, long before you thought you had power that way. When you go to the theatre, are you carried away by the actor, or do you instinctively notice how he makes his effects, what poses he takes, what they express, and how he uses his voice ? Do you unconsciously watch yourself and others, noting the intonations, looks, and gestures which convey ideas and feelings ? Have you always acted more or less in your childish games ? If this is so, you probably have the dramatic instinct ; whether the power to use it is yours to any great degree, you can only prove by getting trained, and going on the stage.

This is a very serious step to take. A writer or painter may remain, to a certain extent, in her own natural surroundings ; you will have to throw yourself out of your home-nest, and your defined position, into a world in which you will be less than nobody, and where you must make and keep your own place ; and it is well to consider if you have endurance to go through a long training, and longer waiting to climb to any height. It is only in story-books that a *débutante* rises at one bound to the top of her profession ; if Fanny Kemble did so, she owed it to the well-earned fame of her family, and her father's position as a manager. The brightest genius, especially if she has no theatrical connections, may have to wait for years, like the elder Kean, to obtain parts in which she can prove her power to those in authority, and to obtain such a hold on the public, that it may be a paying speculation to give her an important character to play. Put aside the dream that there will be a rush to secure your services, or that you are going into a world where people live

and work for art alone. They may, they often do, love their profession ; but they work for their own and their children's bread and butter, just as a stockbroker or solicitor does ; while the daily expenses of a theatre, the cost of staging a piece are so enormous, that managers must engage the people who will best fill their houses ; so that, if you have genius, you must show that it is marketable before it will be any good to you. You will have to take a succession of insignificant, unsuitable parts, and—be thankful.

Again, you must face the probability, we will not say of failure, but of partial success ; you have most likely dreamt of drawing London to see your Juliet or your Lady Teazle. Such triumphs fall to the very few, scarcely half-a-dozen in each generation, who are fortunate enough, as well as so gifted, physically and mentally, as to be able to gain them, and of these hardly one is really *great*. All this should be honestly thought out before taking the irrevocable step.

The Training.—You must now labour unremittingly. You are probably between seventeen and twenty-four years of age, and are still ignorant of your art when your career should have begun. From her earliest childhood the actor's daughter finds school, library, interest, ambition in the theatre ; always in and out of one, she sees acting, hears the practical criticisms of the professionals, adds to the family budget by playing child-parts, and picks up unconsciously what you will have to learn by slow degrees. So you must work hard.

The Art of Acting has these peculiarities : 1. That the physical personality of the actor forms the material in which he works. 2. What he produces does not endure to bring him fame at a later date, its full and only effect must be made at once, and is then over for ever. 3. He can do nothing without the co-operation of his fellow-actors and of the audience—a seething, restless mass, whose attention is liable to be called away at any moment.

The grand aim and object of your training is therefore to cultivate and subdue your body, your quivering nerves and muscles, so as to be able to express *exactly* what you wish at a given moment with perfect accuracy. Night by night you must practically make your work of art afresh under the eyes of the public, and though you may study a part slowly and thoughtfully, its execution must be rapid and unhesitating ; every intonation, every movement must convey a definite meaning :

the least vagueness or uncertainty in your work will be at once perceived by the audience, and you will lose your hold on them. There is no use in depending on the feeling of the moment to pull you through ; it may help you, but in sickness or trouble it may fail you altogether, and it must always be guided and held in check.

In England we have no recognised standard or school of acting as in France, so that you will have to get the various branches of your art education in different places, and you must do a great deal for yourself, by systematising what you are taught, and filling up the gaps in what you have learnt in one quarter from another.

What you have now to find out is what the tools are with which you must work, and how to use them.

Every bodily feature you possess—for instance, your general appearance, the flexibility of your features, the shape of your mouth—are either valuable gifts to be used to the utmost, defects to be counteracted, or wants to be supplied ; and while a characteristic may be almost indispensable to you in one part, it will forbid your succeeding in another, unless you can subdue it or triumph over it.

Begin by studying elocution ; in other words, by *training the ear and voice*. The ear to recognise and remember, so that you can reproduce at will the tones, half-tones, and quarter-tones which are on the scale of the speaking voice, the many qualities of sound it can produce, which answer to the *timbres* in singing, the intonations which come to it when influenced by surprise, joy, etc.

The voice to be obedient to the directions thus given it ; by patient, steady exercise to increase its power, its compass, to bring out its many tones and special good qualities. You must learn to pitch it, that even a whisper will carry over a wide space, how to inspire deeply, and to economise your breath. Your articulation must be taken in hand ; it is probably slovenly and indistinct, or you have family peculiarities ; you can allow yourself none, except what you deliberately assume for a part ; in fact, you must learn to speak all over again. Take lessons from some old actor, who will teach you to read parts, and will give you the traditions, good or bad, of the actresses who have preceded you in them. Listen to them all, and observe narrowly how he uses his voice, and in what manner he makes his effects.

The Body.—At the same time you must learn to walk, to stand, to sit, to hold yourself perfectly ; you must become lithe, active, graceful, that either in repose or in rapid movement your body may have the beauty of harmony. A Juliet who shuffled when she walked, a Lady Teazle who poked, a Rosalind who waggled her shoulders and elbows when she ran, would lose their distinctive characters and become ridiculous at once ; here again peculiarities must be kept for special uses. You must study to express character and feeling in pose and movement.

For these purposes get yourself drilled, take first-class dancing lessons, telling your master the purpose for which you are studying. The Polish Mazurka, the Tarentella, the Minuet de la Cour are splendid training for the body for litesomeness, agility, and expression, even if you never have occasion to use them on the stage. Fencing is almost indispensable, gesture quite so. The great difficulty which will meet you is that in private life you have been rightly taught to control your feelings and their outward expression ; you will seldom or never have seen strong emotion. In sudden calamity your first thought is to be calm and practically useful, and you probably seem cold and very quiet ; but if you were *literally* to reproduce this upon the stage, you would express nothing whatever to the audience. The stage, for the most part, deals with the exceptional occurrences of life, and you will have constant necessity for strong expression, while its very unfamiliarity will make the signs by which you are taught to portray it seem unnatural, and what you will call *theatrical*. You can only overcome this by studying the people and classes, children, for example, who show feeling as it arises, and act under its impulses.

Stage Deportment is another and an important branch of your education—the innumerable technicalities which govern your behaviour on the stage itself. The right method of coming on and going off, how to make a cross, which hand or knee to use, how to turn, to group yourself with others, to dress the stage, etc. Most people learn this while they are at work, but it will save a great deal of time if you know something of it beforehand, as, now that we have lost our provincial stock companies, which served as schools of acting, and play the same character in the same piece night after night, this sort of knowledge can only be picked up very slowly. Very few people will take the trouble to teach it, but you will find Mr. Charles Daly, of 8, Overstone Road, Hammersmith, a most helpful master in practical stage-training.

The Waiting Time.—The next step is perhaps the most difficult of all—to learn to apply your education. As soon as possible get an engagement in a travelling company which is taking out a London drama to tour in the provinces, or better still, into that of an actor or actress who is going to star in the country in half-a-dozen pieces, for there you will get more parts and a better chance of new ones ; what you want is practice and experience. If an engagement offers, break off your lessons and take it ; you can go on with them when you come back. You will get a pound or thirty shillings a week at first, will have to find your own board, lodgings, and costumes, but third-class railway fares will be paid you, and your luggage will be conveyed with that of the rest of the company.

You will feel utterly lost when you first step before the footlights. All the pretty little ways which have charmed your friends will fall quite flat. Don't be discouraged ; it only means that you do not understand the kind or amount of effect needed in so large a space, and the conditions of acting in private and playing in public are totally dissimilar. Not only must effects for the stage be exaggerated, or rather magnified, according to the style of piece and the size of the building in which you are playing ; but we do so many things in real life which are either inexpressive, or unnecessary to a clear representation of the matter in hand, that no literal reproduction of an event will ever tell its story clearly and dramatically on the stage. Something of this you already know, but practice only can fully teach it you. Take all the parts you can get hold of, no matter how unsuitable, and see what you can make of them—they will be all too few. Your business here is not to stand on your dignity, but to learn to apply the *technique* you have been studying, to find out what you can do and are fit for, to make your experiments, your failures, which, it is to be hoped, will lead you to success ; at present, you will discover, you are only a very raw novice.

You will find your present existence very curious, and quite unlike anything you have ever known before. Three days in one town, a week in another, a night in another. Starting the moment the piece is finished, catching the last train, and arriving in the early morning in some strange town, the following day being spent at rehearsal, and possibly in getting a dress ready in a hurry for a new and unexpected part ; or else you may be travelling all Sunday by slow trains, with many changes, and getting in late at night. Rushing off to rehearsal, hoping you

may get back before the dinner you have ordered is quite spoilt. New scenes, new occurrences, new classes, new characters, will daily pour in upon you ; *l'imprévu* will be the order of your life, and everything you see should be so much material to you for future use.

To many minds the freedom of the life is an intense attraction. Here to-day and gone to-morrow ; falling in with new companions, and for a few days or weeks being thrown with them in the utmost intimacy, then parting, probably for ever, but leaving you with the impression that you have learnt to know them more thoroughly than you could do after years of ordinary acquaintanceship.

It is hardly possible to be an actress and not also a student of human nature, and the stage affords a delightfully wide field for observation ; not only fellow-professionals, but all the people in, about, and connected with the theatre, all the outside folk, landladies and others, with whom it brings you in contact ; you see them too from such a different point of view.

Ordinary ladies' lives are so hedged about with conventionality, that, in the words of dear old John Parry's song, 'They never express themselves quite as they feel,' and in consequence, except in their own immediate circle, they live in a kind of mist which it takes a wise woman to penetrate. Once out in the world this disappears, and though with it a good deal of the soft, comfortable padding of life goes too, yet you are in an infinitely superior position for the observation of character.

You have become a working woman, valued for what she can do and be. The people you meet will show you their real selves ; will openly love you, hate you, fight for or with you, and in a few months you will get experience you would never otherwise gain. The class barrier is removed ; your landlady will treat you as her equal, and will tell you all her concerns, without the reservations and exaggerations with which she might recount them to the district lady. Each town brings you perhaps a new friend, always a fresh study.

This is what you need. How can you represent many varieties of human nature, under all kinds of circumstances, when you only know one class ? Even if you are able to divine much, you must have some kind of positive knowledge to start from.

It is only in superior companies that the agent in advance finds you rooms before you arrive, and, unless you have been able to

secure some by writing, when you get into a new town you will have to wander up and down the streets, perhaps in pelting rain, and knock at every likely door.

'Can I have lodgings here?'

'Be you play-actors?'

'Yes.'

Bang! The door is slammed in your face.

A little farther—

'Do you let lodgings?'

'Not to folk who travel on Sunday; you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!' Quite a likely answer in some places.

You try again. This time the door is opened by a pale, depressed woman. You see the rooms; they are very dirty, especially the bedding. But you are too tired to go any farther, and ask—

'How much for the two rooms?'

'Fourteen shillings a week, with fire, lights, and cooking,' and you discover how wonderfully little it really costs to live. You agree; the baggage man of the company sends up your luggage; you wonder if you can get into that bed, but you do, and you survive, and go away feeling sure your money came in handy for the rent. The next experience is pleasanter. A bright little woman takes you in without hesitation. She is just married to a tradesman, and the way to the lodgings is through the shop and back-parlour. Her one anxiety is lest her new furniture should be spoilt, and when she sees you are careful she does her utmost for the lodger's comfort; tells you all about her life in service, her courtship, marriage, and future hopes. Then perhaps you fall into the hands of a character—a gaunt, hard woman, with a meek husband creeping silently about the house. She won't let you use her good knives until perfectly satisfied as to what you are like, orders you to be in early, and charges into your room whenever she hears you put coal on to the fire you have paid for. She has a small niece, whose hair she combs viciously, who will grow up exactly like her, and whom she brings in to sing to you in a twangy, pipy voice—for she is proud of her. There is a small servant whom she drives about all day, but is very jealous of your asking anything of. Still she likes you, and you part excellent friends.

It will be said 'This is a life of hard work and self-denial. Is it worth the trouble?' Most certainly it is. All work worth doing involves labour and self-sacrifice, and all beginnings are hard;

but to the artist the very training is delightful. The sense that day by day you are learning to produce your effects with greater certainty ; the gradual discovery of your gifts of voice, feature and movement will make you feel as though, for the first time, you could speak, and say out all that had been struggling for utterance in you. On the boards the feeling that your whole being is working harmoniously, fulfilling the object for which it was created, the expression of thought and feeling through the medium of the body, is exquisite, unalloyed delight, which an artist would go through any hardship to obtain. This is the real artistic attraction of the stage, which is so irresistibly strong, and yet which few outsiders can understand.

When your tour is over, and you go back to town, try for a fresh engagement. Meanwhile play in *matinées*, entertainments, benefits—anywhere or anyhow for more practice.

Go on with your *technique* training, have lessons, go to the theatre and study different schools of acting of all nations—not to imitate them, that is fatal, but—to learn their *technique*, their method of expression, that you may build up your own on it.

This, the mechanism of acting, you can be taught—nothing more ; but it is all important, standing in the same relation to the art as the builder's tools do to the completed edifice. Until their proper use is learnt, the material cannot possibly be employed to advantage ; and only when you can use yours, with the perfect freedom and accuracy which comes with habitual dexterity, will the great gift that is in you have full power to work and perfect itself.

All the rest—the soul, the life, the fire, the art—must come from yourself—from daily observation of life and character, till you discover the secrets of the human heart and the outward signs by which they are expressed, and from your power of simulating them. The art of acting is the dramatic representation of the human being, his passions, sentiments, or peculiarities under given circumstances. Patiently teach yourself to reproduce your observations in dramatic fashion, choosing and arranging what you need, to exhibit them to an audience, and rejecting the rest. To a great extent real art is the power of selection ; but every true artist retains different things, according to the nature of his mind and talent. Then, by experiments on your public, find out if what has seemed clear and definite to yourself is so to them. Try to extend your range ; don't devote yourself exclusively to a single line of business, even if your talent lies only in

one direction—enrich it by studying beyond it. This is no easy life. In the words of François Millet, the great painter of peasant life in France—‘In art you have to give your skin.’ But how intensely fascinating it is, the artist only knows.

For the rest it is only possible to say that you must never lose an opportunity of gaining an acquaintance or a useful friend ; never, unless driven to it, make an enemy. While holding your own, be pleasant and obliging ; don’t get the name of being touchy, quarrelsome, difficult to work with. Remember the proverb, ‘Silence is golden’—hear everything and say nothing. Make an impression wherever you can, and push yourself in every possible manner ; you have got to get known and to make your reputation with the profession, and then to build up your outside public. Don’t be too proud to play in insignificant places and in small parts, and don’t think too much about their being out of your line—unless you know you must make an evident failure in them. They will give you practice, the great need nowadays, and may lead to something more.

A dramatic wave is passing over the land, as it did in the time of Elizabeth. Young men and women are rushing by thousands into the profession ; but there are not playgoing people enough in each town to support more than a certain number of theatres, which, in their turn, can only give employment to a certain number of professionals, so that the struggle for artistic existence among them is a hard one, in which, not only the incapables, but many a decided talent has to go to the wall. Naturally those in possession try to keep others out, and give the openings they cannot use to friends already in the business, to those connected with it by relationship or association.

If you have no theatrical influence or connections, and one of your reasons for becoming an actress be the necessity of literally earning your daily bread, the chances against your making a living, as things are now, are too many for it to be worth your while to make trial of the profession. The child of a scene-shifter or a super stands a better chance than the most charming, talented, and highly-educated outsider. Besides, a woman has not the power of pushing herself that a man has.

If you can put bread in your mouth during the waiting time, make the attempt, and see if fortune will be kind to you, and if you can pick up help and influence enough to give you opportunity to prove your ability to the public. You will have a hard fight, but others have succeeded, and so may you.

FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT TO THE NEW.

BY THE REV. PETER LILLY.

II.

THE history of the Essenes, as already said, forms 'the most enigmatical problem of later Judaism.' Bishop Lightfoot, in one of those works for which the Church owes him such a debt of gratitude—that on the Epistle to the Colossians—has given a careful treatment of the many difficult questions connected with this order of Jewish mystics, and has endeavoured to trace their influence on early Christian thought, more especially as encouraging the growth of the various Gnostic heresies.

In some of their observances, the Essenes appear to have carried to an extreme the principles of the Pharisees; whilst in other respects they differ most widely from that body, and, indeed, from the whole tenor of Jewish custom and opinion.

No member of the 'straitest sect' of Israel could have been more scrupulous than were these solitaries in the observance of the laws respecting purification; and in their strict abstinence from work on the Sabbath they far surpassed all the other Jews. On that day they would not even light a fire, nor move a vessel in the house. This exaggerated respect for the law extended also to the law-giver. Next to the name of God, that of Moses was held in the highest reverence. He who blasphemed it was punished with death.

The Essenes were always clothed in white; and in order to remove even unconscious ceremonial defilement, they bathed every morning in fresh spring water, a practice with which one of the many derivations of their name is connected. These outward forms were, however, only the steps that were to lead to inward purity and righteousness, the symbols of close communion with God, to which, according to the opinion of those times, man could only attain by flying from the world and devoting himself to an ascetic mode of life.

The Essenes practised the utmost simplicity in food and dress. Their meals were religious functions ; the table on which their food was spread, an altar ; and the fare they partook of, a holy sacrifice, which they ate in reverent meditation.

Through their indifference to all that concerned the State, as well as the affairs of daily life, they gradually led Judaism into the exaggerations of mysticism. Their chief aim was, without doubt, the attainment to prophetic ecstasy, that so they might become worthy of the Divine Spirit. The Essenes believed that through an ascetic life they might re-awaken the long-silent echo of the heavenly voice, and that, this end gained, prophecy would be renewed, and men and youths would once more behold Divine visions, and the great Messianic kingdom be revealed.

They were credited with the power of casting out evil spirits, performed by certain charms and incantations and the use of a book attributed to Solomon. Thus they united the highest aims with far lower ones—the endeavour to lead a devout and holy life, combined with many superstitions.

Their number was small, and even at the time of their greatest prosperity the whole body consisted only of about four thousand. New members were admitted with great solemnity, subject to three probationary degrees ; unworthy members were expelled. They were in the habit of adopting and training up children, freely entrusted to them by the parents in consequence of the high character which they bore.

Pliny the Elder, a contemporary witness, gives an interesting account of them. In the fifth book of his Natural History, in the course of his description of Palestine and of the Dead Sea, he speaks thus of the Essenes : ‘ They are a solitary race, marvellous above all others in the whole world. They avoid marriage ; they have no money ; they are a race of kindred spirit to the palms among which they dwell. Every day they are joined by those whom, wearied with life, the waves of fortune drive to their customs. Thus through many generations this race, in which no child is born, yet endures unchanged. So beneficial to them is other men’s disgust of life.’

A passage of Philo, preserved by Eusebius, professes to give the reason why the Essenes chose to lead a life of celibacy ; but the alleged reason, as the readers of this paper will indignantly protest, reflects but little credit on its originators, whether the Essenes themselves or any mistaken reporter of their views.

However, such as it is, the startling description shall be given : 'Woman is a selfish creature, addicted to inordinate jealousy, always studying deceitful speeches. If she has children, she becomes full of pride.' Surely if such words had ever or anywhere a foundation in fact, it may now be said, '*Nous avons changé tout cela.*'

Whilst the Essenes paid strict attention to the requirements of the Mosaic law, excepting only the ordinances of sacrifice, there are many indications that they had introduced foreign elements of religious thought into their system, the chief source of which, in all probability, was the religion of Persia, then so influential in the East. First, we find a very definite form of dualism, or belief in two rival powers of good and evil, which was largely developed afterwards in the Gnostic sects. Then, the Zoroastrian symbolism of light, and consequent worship of the sun as the fountain of light, has its parallel among the Essenes. At day-break they were accustomed to address certain prayers to the sun, as if entreating him to rise.* And although they probably regarded the sun as no more than a symbol of the unseen power who gives light and life, we have here an unmistakable resemblance to the Parsee worship. Moreover, the prominence given to the doctrine of angels in the Essene system has a striking parallel in the invocations of spirits so constantly found in the ritual of the Zend-Avesta. And once more, the magic, which was so attractive to the Essene, may have received its impulse from the priestly caste of Persia, to whose world-wide fame this form of superstition is indebted for its name. The intense striving after purity which characterises the Essenes may have been derived from a higher impulse than the Persian religion, but it is also the noblest feature in the teaching of Zoroaster.

The numerous apocalyptic writings of the Maccabean and succeeding periods, many of which have perished, are conjectured, not without some valid ground, to have owed their origin, in part at least, to the Essenes. This theory has been fully stated in the able work on apocalyptic Jewish literature, to which reference was made in the preceding paper, a work to which the present writer desires to acknowledge his own obligations.

Some of the chief extant writings of this class shall now be briefly described. 'The Book of Enoch,' quoted by St. Jude

* Tacitus alludes to this custom (Hist. iii. 24) : '*Undique clamor; et orientem solem (ita in Syria mos est) tertiani salutavere.*'

in his short Epistle, has a singular history. Many of the Fathers use it without hesitation as the genuine production of Enoch, and as containing authentic revelations. The last time when it appears to be quoted in the mediæval Church is about the year 800 A.D. After that it disappeared, and was long regarded as lost, till, in the course of the last century, the discovery was made that an Ethiopic version was still extant in the Abyssinian Church. Of this, three manuscripts were brought to Europe in 1773 by the traveller Bruce. But it was not till 1821 that the book was given to the world, through the English translation of Archbishop Lawrence. In 1853 a more accurate German translation by Dillman was published, and within the last few months the Greek original has at length been recovered.

After much controversy as to its date, there is a general agreement that the oldest part belongs to the second century B.C., the period of the Maccabean struggle ; but it is evidently not all the work of one author.

One chief feature of the 'Book of Enoch' is its elaborate angelology. There were traditions of the Jews concerning the fall of the angels, and these are here largely developed. Two hundred angels are imagined to have left their own place, and to have come down to earth to marry the daughters of men. Then followed the birth of the giants, and the increase of sin in the world ; for, according to the 'Book of Enoch,' these fallen angels taught men to manufacture weapons of war. Upon this, the Archangels Michael and Gabriel and Uriel are represented as looking down on the sinful earth, and calling upon other holy angels to join them in redressing the wrong. Raphael, the angel of healing, is sent down in answer to their prayer, to work a restoration, and to bind the evil spirit Azazel hand and foot, lay him among rocks, and cover him with darkness. Michael also is sent to bind the other fallen spirits, and place them under the hills for seventy generations, until the Day of Judgment.

In a further chapter, Enoch is guided by Uriel, just as Dante is guided in his immortal poem by Virgil, to an Inferno ; and from thence to a kind of Purgatory, and to Paradise. His Paradise is modelled probably on the scenery familiar to the writer. Mountains are the ruling figure in the picture. Seven great mountains, with magnificent rocks, are seen, beautiful to look upon, and rising one above the other, until the throne of the Most High is reached. On the sides of these mountains are

groves of aromatic trees, and above all the tree of life, of delectable fragrance. Still guided by Uriel, Enoch proceeds onwards to the end of the earth ; sees the portals from which the sun issues on the successive days of the year ; also the treasury of the winds, and the gates from which they burst forth upon the earth. All the movements of the heavenly bodies and of the mighty forces of nature, such as the hoar-frosts issuing from their seven mountains, are regarded as due to the influence of angels, and controlled by them, a conception very similar to one which is somewhere expressed by Cardinal Newman.

'The Psalms of Solomon' are the next of the writings of this age which claim our attention. They do not themselves profess to be the work of Solomon, but are attributed to him by later transcribers. Their real authorship belongs to the period just after the conquest of Jerusalem by Pompey (B.C. 63-48). Pompey is himself described as the 'man of the strange land and of powerful blows,' summoned by God from the ends of the earth to take vengeance on usurpers who had taken possession of the throne of David (*i.e.* the Hasmonean princes).

The spirit which these apocryphal Psalms breathe is that of Pharisaic Judaism. They are pervaded by an earnest moral tone and a sincere piety ; but the righteousness which they enforce is entirely one of a legal, external character. The fate of man after death is represented as depending simply upon his works. It is left wholly in his own choice whether he is to decide in favour of righteousness or unrighteousness ; and, in consequence, whether everlasting happiness or misery is to be his lot.

'The Sibylline Oracles' belong to the class of 'Jewish works under a heathen mask,' and show by their character that they were meant for heathen readers, and for the propagation of Judaism through an idolatrous world.

The original Sibylline books, familiar to us in Roman history, from which these derive their name, are said to have come from Asia Minor. The story is told by Pliny and other writers of a prophetess bringing certain sacred books to Tarquinus Superbus, and offering them for a price which seemed to the king exorbitant. On his refusal to buy them, the sibyl went away, destroyed three of the nine books, and returning, asked as much for the remaining six as for the nine. This was again refused, and she destroys other three, and once more offers the rest, but without any abatement of the price. Either struck by her pertinacity, or yielding to the entreaty of his courtiers, who are alarmed at the

thought of the possible consequences, the king at length purchases the books, which are thenceforward carefully preserved in a subterranean chamber of the temple of Capitolian Jove, and consulted from time to time during the period of the Republic. In the year 84 B.C. the temple was destroyed by fire, and the original Sibylline books perished. But by order of Sulla and of the senate, an embassy was despatched to all the cities of Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor, to collect whatever fragments of such oracles could anywhere be found. Thus a new collection was formed, and was deposited in the restored temple of Jupiter. On the model of these were composed, by several writers of different periods, beginning with the second century B.C., the pseudonymous Sibylline books of the Jews. The collection as we have it is a chaotic wilderness, impossible to be arranged in any intelligible order; and it is difficult in the extreme to distinguish between those portions which are of Jewish origin and the interpolations of Christian writers that constantly occur. There were originally fourteen books, written in hexameter verse in the style of Homer; but of these many have perished. The first book gives an account of the history of the world till its division among the three sons of Noah. The second is entirely of Christian authorship, and represents Elijah as playing an important part in the carrying out of the Last Judgment. The third book is evidently more ancient, in part at least, and is of interest as showing the character of the prevalent Messianic hopes. It is a proof of the high regard in which these poems were once held, that the Sibyls share with the prophets the honour of being painted on the roof of the Sistine Chapel by Michael Angelo, and that in the great Latin hymn, 'Dies Iræ,' occur the lines

*'Solvet sæclum in favilla;
Teste David cum Sibylla,'*

representing the Sibyl as an authority, in company with David, for expecting the world's final destruction by fire.

'The Book of Jubilees' is quoted by St. Jerome and others of the Fathers, down to the twelfth century. Then it disappeared entirely, until, like the Book of Enoch, it was found not long since in the Abyssinian Church. Its contents are chiefly those of the Book of Genesis, for which reason it is sometimes called 'the lesser Genesis,' not because it is of smaller volume—for, in fact, it is much more extensive—but because it is so vastly inferior in point of authority. The origin of the name, 'Book of

'Jubilees,' is that the writer takes as the basis of his chronology the jubilee period of forty-nine years, and dates all his events accordingly.

The early narratives of Scripture form the foundation of the book, but these are amplified and embellished with all the fruits of a wild imagination. The aim of the writer will be seen by realising the circumstances of his time.

During the rule of the Herods, through their connection with Rome, Gentiles began largely to visit Jerusalem, and would naturally be disposed to criticise the beliefs and worship prevalent there, just as an Englishman does the habits and customs of the Hindoos. Moreover, those who were hangers-on of the Herodian Court would affect a tone of sneering scepticism with regard to the faith of Israel, and we can well imagine the temptation thus thrown in the way of the younger generation, even among those who had been piously trained. Many would find it hard to bear up against the taunts levelled against their faith ; and the object of the 'Book of Jubilees' is to meet these attacks, and to strengthen the minds of those in danger of falling.

One more of the Apocalyptic writings remains to be noticed. It had long been known, from a passage in Origen, that the legend referred to in St. Jude's Epistle, concerning a dispute between the archangel Michael and Satan about the body of Moses, was taken from an apocryphal book called 'The Assumption of Moses.' But it was not until recently that a portion of this work was discovered in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. The portion found, published in 1861, consists of an address supposed to be given by Moses to Joshua on appointing him as his successor, in the course of which he foretells, in brief outline, the future history of Israel, from the entrance into Palestine down to the time of Herod the Great. The last part of the book, which is lost, no doubt contained an account of the departure of Moses from earth, including the passage referred to by St. Jude.

The best authorities agree that this book must have been written after the death of Herod, probably about the year 40 A.D. The author appears to have belonged to the intensely national party of the Zealots, the Home Rulers of Judæa.

As already mentioned, these various apocalyptic writings, strange as their character may in many respects appear to us, exerted a powerful influence over the minds of the Jews of that age. But there were other influences at work of a higher order

and more free from human imperfection and error, which tended to prepare men for the great revelation now close at hand. Dean Stanley has called attention, in his 'History of the Jewish Church,' to one of the most noteworthy of these, which probably dates from the time of Ezra, the silent growth of the synagogue worship, which forms so great a revolution in the religion of Israel, and is to be regarded as a priceless germ of spiritual life. This change must have originated in the independent, personal, universal study of the Scriptures, irrespective of temple or priest, which Ezra himself inaugurated. The great innovation of prayer in place of animal sacrifice thus took root in Jewish worship. The eighteen prayers still recited in the synagogues, some of which at least are ascribed, both by ancient tradition and by modern criticism, to Ezra and his companions, are the first example among the Jews of a definite liturgy.

We cannot easily measure the results of this advance in spiritual life. On the one hand, the personal devotion of the Psalms now found its place as the expression of the whole community ; and, on the other hand, the assurance which the prophets entertained of the perpetual existence of the nation, prepared the way for the conviction of the endless life of the single human being. In a word, Judaism was now on the road towards adopting an assured hope of personal immortality. At a time of the utmost tension of circumstances among the faithful, who were deeply oppressed, driven from Jerusalem, and scattered in all directions, the innermost impulse of true religion rose with growing strength, as evidenced by this very development of the hope of immortality. It is true that such a hope had long been known in Israel, as one of the brightest and most enduring fruits which its thousand years' experience had brought forth upon this sacred soil. Not till now, however, can it be said that this fruit was so matured that it would never again disappear from the midst of the chosen people ; and thus it will be seen that through the deep surging storm of the age there was sent from above, in this faith which nothing could take away, a never-failing defence in the spiritual struggles of humanity, in the strength of which all suffering can be victoriously endured.

This belief in immortality was also closely bound up with the great Messianic hope of the nation. There are some characteristic differences between the form taken by the latter, in the period under consideration, and that which we find expressed in the books of the prophets. The older view was in general bounded

by the nation of Israel; now it became much more widely extended. The expected Messiah is now not to be the deliverer of Israel only, but the judge and ruler of the whole world. And along with this enlargement of the future hope is a far more decided reference to the individual believer as distinguished from the nation, a further mark of the development of the religious consciousness. Originally, Jehovah is conceived as the God of the nation, who directs with His mighty hand the weal or woe of the people at large. The lot of the individual was hardly thought of. He was lost in the nation. But as the religious consciousness deepened, the individual could not but more and more feel himself the object of God's care. Each man knew his own separate fate to be in the hand of God, however it might be involved in the fortunes of the nation, and that God would not forsake him. And the strengthening of this individual belief in providence resulted in a more individual hope of the future, manifesting itself in a belief in the resurrection. The devout Israelite, assured that his personal and enduring welfare is the will of God, expects that he and all the godly will have a share in the future glory of the nation. He who is seized by death before that glory is realised, will be raised up by God and transplanted to His all-victorious kingdom. According to this, the object of the resurrection is a participation in the glorious future of the nation, and the basis of faith in the resurrection is the ever more powerfully developing interest of individual salvation.

The expression of the Messianic hope is one chief feature of the various apocalyptic books that have been described. The 'Assumption of Moses' speaks in words of glowing aspiration of the approach of the Kingdom of God. The writer, after bringing into view a time of tribulation, as that under Antiochus Epiphanes, continues (chap. x.): 'Then will His Kingdom appear among all creatures, and the devil will have an end, and sorrow will disappear with him. Then will the Heavenly One arise from the seat of His Kingdom, and will come from His holy habitation, with wrath and anger for His children's sake, and the earth will tremble to its ends, the high mountains shall be lowered and the hills shall fall, the sea shall retreat to the abyss. Then will the Most High God, the alone Eternal, come forth to chastise the heathen and destroy all idols. Then shalt thou be happy, O Israel, and God will exalt thee and make thee soar to the firmament, and thou shalt then look down upon

thine enemies, and shalt rejoice and give thanks and acknowledge thy Creator.'

It is remarkable that in this picture of the future, unlike that of other writers of apocalypse, there is no mention of the Messianic King ; but this is explained by the fact already referred to, that the author belonged in all probability to the party of the Zealots, the Home Rulers of Palestine, who were democratic in feeling.

The 'Book of Jubilees' anticipates the time of joy and delight which will appear for Israel on her repentance : 'The days will begin to increase, and the children of men will be older from generation to generation, till the length of their life approaches a thousand years. And yet none shall be old or weary of life, but all shall be like children and youths, and shall live all their days in peace and joy, unvexed by any Satan or other evil spirits. All that time will the Lord heal His servants, and they shall arise and see ever deeper peace, and again triumph over their enemies. Their bones will indeed rest in the earth, but their spirits will have many joys, and they will perceive that it is the Lord who sits in judgment and shows grace to hundreds and thousands, even unto all who love Him.'

These writings are simply expressions of the Messianic hope, showing how it was entertained and held by men of that time. They are not quoted as authorities, or as in any way originating the great expectation, which depended on far surer grounds. But they doubtless helped, in spite of all their singularity of authorship, to cherish that hope, sometimes perhaps to give it a wrong direction. Making full allowance for error and superstition, they serve to show that the Spirit of God was striving with His people, even in that dark period of their history ; that although the voice of prophecy may have ceased, yet God had never left His own, and was preparing them in strange and unexpected ways for the coming of that Light which lighteth every man, so that when He did appear there were not wanting many true children of Abraham ready to welcome Him, many who, like Simeon and Anna, were 'waiting for the consolation of Israel,' and were enabled to acknowledge Him as their long-promised Messiah, even though He came in the lowly form of the Babe born at Bethlehem.

IN THE FOXGLOVE COUNTRY.

THERE are people who inevitably suggest that they are not themselves only, but something else. We cannot see them without thinking that, if Circe were at hand, these would be meet subjects for her wand ; we cannot help wishing to see them, as they would appear, if they had never been human beings at all. The human element has not expelled the rest in them. If there were nobody in whom it was more dominant, we should feel that we were moving about in a fairy world of birds and flowers and animals transformed. They are imprisoned in their moral and intellectual senses ; they have not risen to their humanity—it has but removed them into a sphere which is less congenial. The ancients did not trouble themselves to think about evolution in theory, but in practice they had a convenient kind of evolution that went backwards. The monkeys did not turn into men, the men turned into monkeys. It is a pity that we have lost the art ; science was dearly gained at the expense of it. Man is become a more conceited animal since then. We dare not put our thought into words ; and yet, how often do we feel that *Narcissus* in the nineteenth century would be much happier, if some one could only change him into a blossom—that the real reason why *Avis* frets and pines is, that she has no wings, and cannot sing whenever the fit takes her ? Hawthorne's exquisite ideal of the Fawn is in some sort a realisation, and not mere fancy. 'Had Donatello furry ears ?'

Frequently, this minor chord of resemblance is struck between things which could not, in their essence, be more dissimilar. The everlasting hills make faces everlasting, copies of those ephemeral visages, the life of one of which, compared to theirs, is as a drop in the ocean. The still more ancient moon is such a copy of such a face. Polonius thought that Hamlet was very mad indeed, because he said a cloud was 'almost in shape like a camel,' and looked like a weasel or a whale ; but there was

method in Hamlet's madness. He knew the strange, fantastic imitation in which those 'sailors of the air' delight. He must have watched them in the summer-time; as in the winter evenings, doubtless, when he was still a child, he had traced the form of many an outlandish creature among the glowing embers of the fire. Shadows play at this game even better than coals and bits of cloud. To youthful eyes, that see every shade as a separate entity, not as the bare reflection of chair, table, or cupboard, the world is peopled every night by lions and tigers.

All this comes to pass by accident, as it were—Earth, Air, Fire, and Water commingling curiously to mimic each one the other's creation. When we try to bring about mimicry by design, the result is different. It was a subtle and delicate sensibility that made the Greeks, when Landscape Art was not yet in existence, portray a mountain, not by infantile, unmeaning curves, but by the figure of a man. If they did not secure literal fidelity by this means, they at least accomplished the suggestion of rock-like strength and massive, stately repose. Our way of calling to remembrance the natural features of the earth is not often so poetical. Nowadays, we all sketch—a little. We all know how to draw a blue sugar-loaf, and that being possible, we hastily buy pencils, and blocks, and beautiful, shiny paint-boxes, and enjoy ourselves very much, concocting certain arrangements of lines and colours, which we are pleased to call by the names of those various portions of the globe that we consider worthy of illustration. Commonly, the lines and colours of the place, as represented on the map, are just as much like it. The scenes that adorn the portfolio of an amateur might, generally speaking, be anywhere. They are pretty enough; they indicate the character of the artist rather than that of the country in which the artist was living; they have a certain amount of poetry or prose in them, and they are absolutely without nationality, except so far as the occurrence or non-occurrence of snow is concerned. They do not, and cannot, send Memory flying back to the spot, as many a simpler relique would. There is a kind of sentimental geography, which, in spite of all our efforts, reminds us of it more forcibly. Every mountain has its own atmosphere: Monte Rosa would not feel herself at home in Merionethshire; Snowdon would cut but a poor figure, transplanted to the Caucasus. There is a vast, yet an indefinite difference between the great works of Nature, which men and women, ringing the changes on cobalt, indigo, crimson

lake, and ochre, cannot attain unto ; which is most subtly; delicately indicated by the differences between those little works of hers that we call flowers. A blue gentian, and we are on the Alps ; a sprig of heather, and up rises Helvellyn !

It is a calumny to say that the Leek is the national emblem of Wales. The proper name of Wales is The Foxglove Country. To any one who has been there during the months of June and July, the sight of a foxglove in after-days will recall everything that those five letters contain. He will look once more upon the long curves of the rounded, low, blue hills, the edgeless, violet shadows of the clouds drifting across them, the sea of silver-green below them, with here and there a little ghost-like sail. He will wander along the grass-grown road, until he comes to a desolate, roofless cottage, where no man dwells, and sitting down there, he will watch the black cows wandering at their own sweet will, or standing knee-deep in a pool just deep enough to reflect the rushes that grow in it. It is a beautiful, and languid country. The ancient castles are falling to pieces with weariness. The cottages seem to have caught the trick from them. The language sounds like German that has been kept too long and grown soft. The people are mild and unenergetic. They are past making money ; they only want to be left alone. They object to visitors who desire to go out in boats, unless it is quite fine. It is quite fine so often ; why should they have the trouble of rowing against wind and tide ? The children are old and tired, they never make a noise. No brawling, except that of a clear brown rivulet, disturbs the tiny villages. There they live peacefully, as in the Happy Valley, safeguarded by the strange, immovable, yet ever-changing faces of the rocks.

QUILLA.

CURIOSITIES OF PARISH REGISTERS.

THERE are few things more interesting in the way of historical records than carefully kept parochial registers. The curious entries of current events noted down in many registers, nominally only kept for Baptisms, Weddings and Burials, throw many a sidelight on the manners and customs of past days, and the Churchwardens' accounts often have a long list of parishioners well looked after, and moneys paid for materials and work for repairs of the Church, etc.

The first general establishment of parish registers throughout the country, of baptisms, marriages, and burials, was made by Thomas Cromwell in 1538, as Vicar-General. He may have taken the idea from Spain, where such were already instituted. By an Act, 30th Henry VIII., the parish was to provide the book, or books, and a chest for the safe care thereof, and the chest was to have two locks and keys, one for the minister, and one for the Churchwarden.

In 1603, three keys and locks were ordered, so that each Churchwarden should have one. The old chests have now disappeared from too many Churches, many have of course decayed from age, and many have been sold, and are to be seen in private houses. Registers also have gone, been lost or destroyed from damp, carelessness, or ignorance. From an official return made in 1830, it appears that only 812 registers remain complete from 1538 ; there are 1122 dating between 1538 and 1558 ; and 2448 between 1558 and 1603.

The monasteries kept registers of public and private transactions, and probably in important towns the ministers kept some memoranda of events in their parishes, and such have been occasionally found on the blank pages, or on the margin of the leaves of old service books ; but such are very rare.

The following entries are from old memoranda at Bodmin, Cornwall, dated 1479.

	<i>L</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
' Item for grase tabell stonys for Seint John is Ilde . . .		ij	vj
Item to Richard fforth for xiiij jornayes and di' upon the jambys of the Chancelor dor, and upon the grase tabell yn Seynt John is Ilde.		vij	iji
Item the seide Ric. hath receyvd for the pelorys betwene the Chanseler and Seint John in Ilde in complete payment .	vj		
Item to Ric. Richowe and to his felowys for drawyng ston at Mor, and scapelyng for the peloris betwene Seynt John is Ilde, and the Chanseler	xxxv	v	vij
Item y payed for scapelynge of the Chapitaries betwene the Chancery and Seint John is Ilde.		ix	
Also ye paied to Robt. Wettor and to his feliship at More for the three peloris and di' the church dor, and porch dor and wyndowys and the making of Seint John is Auter, 50 jornays	xxv		
Also y paide to John Hancocke for helyng Seint John is Ilde in taxk	xx		
Thomas Lucombe glased the gabell windowe in Seint John is Ilde.'			

St. John's Ilde or Aisle was the name apparently for the South Chancel Aisle in Bodmin Church.

There is a thick leather-bound volume of vellum, for the Bodmin Church register; baptisms in the first part, then marriages, then burials. The title on the first page is:—

' E. R.—Weddings, christeninges and buriells.—Bodmin, regestredd Cromwel. Sithens: the j yere off the rainge of owre Sovereigne Ladie Elizabeth, by the grace of god, of ynglonde, ffraunce, and Jrelonde, Quene Deffender of the ffaithe, etc., Anno dni 1558; whose Reigne beganne on the xvijth daye of Novembr in A° 1558.

All the former part written from April was in the tyme of Quene Marie and in march folowing beganne on the xxvth daye, 1559. Hœc tria;

Baptismus, Con'ubia, Funera in ampla sunt tria quæ forma scripta Volumen habet. Gratia nos baptizat, amor conjungit, et atrum Mors trahit ad funus corpora quæ'q suum.

Signed. THOS. BLIGHT,
Vicar.'

Fuller in his Church History gives these items from the register of Waltham Abbey Church. Some of his ultra-Protestant remarks thereon are very quaint.

' 1544. MARIAE PRIMO.

Imprimis, for a cross with a foot copper and gilt, twentie five shillings.
Item from a Cross staff, copper and gilt, nine shillings and fourpence.

- Item for a pax, copper and gilt, five shillings.
Item for a pair of censers, copper and gilt, nine shillings and eightpence.
Item, for a Stock of brass for the Holy Water, seven shillings.
Item for a yard of silver sarcenet for a cloth for the Sacrament, seven shillings and eightpence.
Item to the Apparitor for the Bishop's book of Articles at the Visitation, six pence.'

(This Bishop was 'Bloody Bonner, who visited his diocese before it was sick, and made it sick with his visitation').

' 1558. ELIZABETHOE PRIMO.

Imprimis ; for the taking down of the Rood Loft, three shillings and twopence. (If then there living and able, I hope I should have lent an helping hand to so good a work, as now I bestow my prayers that the like may never in England be set up again.)

Item : received for a suite of Vestments, being of blew velvet, and another suite of damask, and an altar cloth, four pounds.

Item for three Corporasses, whereof two white silke, and one blew velvet, two pounds, fourteen shillings, and four pence.

Item ; for two suites of vestments, and an altar cloth, three pounds.

* * * *

(Now was the superstitious wardrobe dispersed, and that no doubt sold for shillings which coste pounds. They were beheld as the garments spotted with sin, and therefore the less pity to part with them).

1562. Item, for a cloth of Buckeram for the Communion Table, and the making, four shillings.'

In the King's Lynn register for 1645, is noted :—

' Paid to William King, for defacing superstitious epitaphs, five shillings.'

' Fuller would not at all have agreed with Blomefield, who in his History of Norfolk remarks that it was too great a reward for so bad a service !

During the later years of Charles I.'s reign, and the Protectorate, registers were greatly neglected. Cromwell's Act (1653) directed that a register of *births*, marriages, and *deaths*, should be kept, and a lay registrar appointed, and that the fees should be *12d.* for a marriage, and *4d.* for a birth, or a death. The appointment of lay-registrars met with great indignation in many places, and many of the parochial clergy continued to keep their own registers, and the registrar's office became a sinecure. The vicar of Wootton in 1653 thus writes :—

' Levellers and phanaticks by what was above writ, but thro' shame blotted out, blush not at their own rushing into other men's offices a bold but witless Justice of ye Peace makes his neighbouring ministers cyphers whilst he forceth ye King's subjects (quite against ye graine) to elect, and he to

confirm a *mere layman* in the office of Parish register. . . . Proh pudor ! fronti enim nulla fides.'

The appointment of the registrar to the parish of Stow with Quy, Cambs., is noted as follows :—

'Cambrsh. These are to Certifie that Henery Cornell Veinge chosen Parish (registrar) within the parish of Stoe Cum Quye by such of ye inhabitants, and householders, as are Chargable to ye relefe of ye poore of ye sd. parish of Quye, was this day, being ye ninth daye of October, 1654, swore by me, Roger Rant, Esq., one of ye Justices of ye Peace of ye sd. county, and also approved as able and fite to putt in execution all and every of ye powers and Authorities to him, ye sd. Henery Cornell as parish register, limited by an act of Parliament of ye 24th of August, 1653, touching marriages, and ye registering thereof, as alsoe touching birthes and burialls. Witnesse my hand this ninth day of October, 1654.

Signed. RO. RANT.'

This is followed by a similar appointment of John Pyesly, dated Feb. 4, 1655, Cornell having died in that year.

The registers of the parish of Clyst St. George, near Exeter, are beautifully kept all through the reign of Charles I., and after the tragical death of that unhappy monarch, the year 1649 is styled, 'Anno primo post decollationem Regis Caroli primi.' The same wording is continued all through the Commonwealth till 1660, which is styled, 'Anno 12mo Caroli Regis Secundi.'

The sequestered Royalist clergy during the Commonwealth, were supposed to have one fifth of the stipend of their former benefice retained to them, but all sorts of expedients were employed to render this ordinance null and void, and many must have been entirely destitute.

Such entries as these (All Hallows, Barking, 1654), are very frequent in many Church accounts of that time.

	s. d.
Given to a poor sequestered Minister	2 0
Given to a poore sequestered Minister's widow	6
Given to a royalist Minister, deprived by the Parliament, and destitute .	2 0
To Mr. Johnson, a worthy Minister, sequestered for his loyalty. . . .	1 0

By other entries in the above registers we find it must have been a common custom to give money for distribution among the poor on the occasion of a wedding, or a funeral.

	£ s. d.
'1630. Ap. 16. pd. to and amongst the poor of this parish the gift of Mr. Cherry after the funeral of his child	1 0 0
1630. Oct. 21, given by Mr. Grenway at his wife's funeral for the poor	1 0 0

	£ s. d.
1644. Jan. 12. recd. of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Gent ^{ee} for the poore	2 10 0
(Laud, who was buried here after his execution.)	
1654. Sept. 22. Distributed at a marriage to the poore	3 0 0
1660. Feb ^r . Gave 6/- to the poor, given by a Gent. who was married on Easter Tuesday.'	

The register of Riby, North Lincolnshire, 1645, enumerates the following who fell in one of the then frequent skirmishes.

' Nine soldiers slaine in a skirmish in the field of Riby the day before, buried June the xixth.

Charles Skelton, a souldiour, wounded in the same skirmish, buried June the xxth.

William Willoughbie, a soldier wounded in the skirmish above named, buried July the iiiii.'

Stallingborough, the next village, registers :—

' John Harrington, Esq., Lieuten^t. Colonel, slaine at the fight at Ryeby Gapp, the 18th day of June, was buried the 19th day of the same month.

John Pugson, a Cavileere, wounded at the fight of Ryeby Gapp, buried the 20th day of June.'

Licenses to abstain from fasting are often met with. In All Hallows, Barking, is noted—

' Feb. 16th, 1635. Rec^d of Sir Wm. Russell, Knt., for a lycense to eat flesh during Lent, 13/4.'

This money was devoted to the poor. At Colyton Devon—

' Having been certifedy by two appvd. physicians of ye necessity of Sir John Yongee eating flesh—upon which—having granted him a former license, (so farre as in mee was) ye same distemper agn. continuing (as is certified by one of ye sd. physicians), and his need of flesh being ye same, I do as much as in mee is, give ye sd. Sir John Yongee license to eat flesh during ye sd. necessity. In witnesse whereof I have subscribed my name the eyth of March, 1660.
JNO. WILKINS, Vir.

In ye psence of John White,
one of ye Churchwardens.'

John Wilkins was the Puritan minister of Colyton during the Commonwealth, and resigned the benefice at the passing of the Act of Uniformity. Sir John Yonge, of the Great House, Colyton, was member for Honiton.

The rector of Laceby, Lincolnshire, on October 14th, 1661, granted a license to a parishioner who was 'weak, and visited with a quartan ague' to allow him 'to eat flesh on fish days.'

Perhaps the trouble of cooking both flesh and fish on the same day was too much, or his family may have thought, ‘ nothing like example ! ’ as on Nov. 13th, 1661, a similar license was granted to his wife and one of the servants ; and again on Feb 27th, 1662, to include himself, wife, son, and two servants. The son and one servant were sick of the ‘ weslinge.’

Various bits of news are given in the Ware (Herts), register for burials.

‘ 1655. April 22. Michaell Watkins, son of Robert Watkins of Fanshawe Streate, London, Haberdasher of Hatts.

1658. Feb. 22. Humiliation Scatcher, a nurse child.

1661. Jan. 30. The great Flood.

— Feb. 17th. The great winday Tuesday.

1679–80. Jan’ 20th. The Hon^{ble} Lady Madam Ann Fanshawe.

(This was the celebrated wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, the poet, Ambassador to Spain, temp. Charles II., whose interesting memoirs were written by the above lady.)

‘ 1692. Sept. 8th. An earthquake.

1698–9. Feb. 7. The great Wineday Tuesday.

1699. July 17th. The assizes at Hertford, Concerning Capt. Cooper about the death of Mrs. Sarah Stoute being drowned ; acquitted ; too witnesses on both sides ; tryal held 10 hours.’

(This entry shows the excitement prevailing in the country on the occasion of the memorable trial of Spencer Cowper.)

‘ Baptismal Register.—1680. Dec. 10th. The Blazing Starr seene about three weekes togeather.’

The sale or exchange of Church plate, particularly in Elizabeth’s time, comes a great deal into some parish accounts. In many cases, the old chalices were exchanged for ‘ Communion Cups ’ of far less value. Mr. Cripps, in his ‘ Old English Plate,’ mentions the ‘extraordinary number of losses of Church Plate by thieves, noted in Churchwardens’ returns. If they are to be believed, almost every Church in many counties was broken into and robbed in the interval between 1547 and 1553.’ In other cases the Protestantism, or else the greed of Churchwardens, may account for many Churches having so little to show. Among entries in parish registers, temp. Edward VI. and Elizabeth, are the following :—

1552. Wimbledon—

‘ Receivede for three chalisses wayng xxxⁱⁱ and v ounces at v^d the ownce whereof went to the communyon cuppe xxij ounces and a quartern which

commeth to vⁱⁱ. viⁱⁱ. iij^d. And so remayneth xij ownces and thre quartours which commythe to iiiⁱⁱ. viiiⁱⁱ. ix^d. whereof paide to Robert Wigge goldsmythe of London for the making and gilding of the communyon cuppe after xx^d an ounce which commyth to xxxvⁱⁱ. v^d.'

1553. St. Andrew's, Norwich—

'There do nowe remaine in the seide Churche at this day one Communyon Cuppe weing xl. unces, parcell gilte at vⁱⁱ the unce S^m. xli whiche was made of twoo pair of challeis w^t the patens parcell gilte.'

1558. St. Andrew-Hubbard, London—

'Paide for the Eschaunge of two chalices with the covers weyghing xxxii oz. halfe for a communion cup waying xxx oz. and halfe thexchaunge with the odde oz. at xiiiijⁱⁱ. viij^d.'

1560. Chelmsford—

'Receivde of Mr. Mustchampe, goldsmyth at the syne of the ring with the rube in Lumbarde St. for a gylt chalys with a paten gylt waying xxiii. oz and a quarter at vⁱⁱ iiiij^d the ounce, som is viⁱⁱ iiiij^d.

Paid to Mr. Muschamp in Lombard St. at the synge of the ring with the rube for a coupe of gilt weighing 19 oz. 3 qr., 6ⁱⁱ 8^d the oz, som is £6. 11. 7.'

1568. Bungay St. Mary—

'For a Communyon cuppe made of one payer of chalice havyng a cover, or workmanship and some silv. xxi.'

In the register at Aldborough, Yorks, a list of persons excommunicated is given.

'These persons by Dr. Easdall's commande, were denounced the 30th of March, 1634, excommunicate by me, Michael Gilbert, Vicar of Aldburgh. Roger Fawcett, Isabell, his wife, John Parker, John Earle, Ellen his wife, Tho. Tankard, Margaret his wife, Edmunde Tanckard.'

Another entry.

'These persons were denounced excommunicate by D^r Burwel's order Jan^y 7, 1663.'

Then follows another list of names and this note :—

'Mr. Gilbert, If any recusant not beeing excommunicated shal be buried in any place but in Church or Churchyard, his executors shall forfitt thirtie pounds by statute, therefore I conceive you ought to burie him, but let it bee according to the forme of the Church of England, these directions were sent under Doctor Burwels owne hand Aug. 18. 1663, when Sir Thomas Tanckird was to be buried.'

(Signed) THOMAS BURWELL.'

As we are speaking of excommunications, we will here insert

one (though not of our Church) which is copied into the parish register book of Hampreston, Dorset, on the inside of the cover, by Rev. M. H. Place, rector of Hampreston 1806-34.

' By the authority of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of St. Peter and Paul, and of the Holy Saints, we excommunicate, we utterly curse and ban, commit and deliver to the devil of hell, Henry Goldney of Hampreston, in the county of Dorset, an infamous heretic, that hath in spite of God, and of St. Peter, whose Church this is, in spite of all Holy Saints, and in spite of our holy Father, the Pope (God's vicar here on earth), and of the reverend and worshipful the canons, masters, priests, and clerks of our Holy Church, committed the heinous crime of sacrilege with the images of our Holy Saints, and forsaken our most holy religion, and continues in heresy, blasphemy, and corrupt lust. Excommunicated be he finally, and delivered over to the devil, as a perpetual malefactor and schismatic. Accursed be he, and given soul and body to the devil to be buffeted. Cursed be he in holy cities and towns, in fields and ways, in houses and out of houses, and in all other places, standing, lying, or rising, walking, running, waking, sleeping, eating, drinking, and whatsoever he does besides. We separate him from the threshold, from all the good prayers of the Church, from the participation of holy mass, from all sacraments, chapels and altars, from holy bread and holy water, from all the merits of our holy priests, and religious men, and from all their cloisters, from all their pardons, privileges, grants and immunities, all the holy Fathers [Popes of Rome] have granted to them ; and we give him over utterly to the power of the devil, and we pray to our Lady and Peter, and Paul, and all Holy Saints, that all the powers of his body may fail him, and that he may have no feeling except he come openly to our beloved priest at Stapehill, in the time of mass within 30 days from the third time of pronouncing hereof by our dear priest there, and confess his heinous, heretical and blasphemous crime, and by true repentance make satisfaction to our Lady, St. Peter, and the worshipful company of our Holy Church of Rome, and suffer him to be buffeted, scourged and spitted upon, as our said dear priest, in his goodness, holiness, and sanctity shall direct and prescribe.

Given under the seal of our Holy Church of Rome, the 10th day of — in the year of our Lord Christ, 1758, and in the first year of our Pontificate.

The above is a true copy taken from the original Bull by me, Matthew Place, Rector of Hampreston, Dec. 1811.'

This excommunication was pronounced three times, Oct. 8, 15, 22, 1758.

The same parish register contains July 29, 1759, the burial of Mr. Harry Goldney, whence it is to be presumed he died in the faith of the English Church.

Parish umbrellas are among the relics of the past of which mention is made in some registers, e.g. Sculcoate's, Hull.

' 1777. May 20. By paid for an umbrella for the vestry, £1 3s.'

At Cartmell, Lancashire, the old parish umbrella is still preserved in the vestry of the Priory Church. It is of leather, and opens and shuts on an iron frame, and is about the size of a large carriage umbrella. Charges for mending it occur in the Churchwardens' accounts at various times in the 18th century. At that time we believe there were no private umbrellas, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses in London, where one might be hung in the hall, in readiness, in case of rain, to be held over any one going from the hall-door to the carriage.

Hone in his Table Book mentions one at Bromley, and we have heard of one still preserved in St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol.

The following extracts from the Churchwardens' accounts in a small country parish, Sparham, in Norfolk, show something of the rate of wages, and the care taken of the Church.

	s. d.
' 1701. For surplis, table-cloth, and napkin washing 1 6
For two mattes for ye Steppes to ye Altar 3 6
for Bread and Wine at Christmas. 3 10
Surplis washing at Christmas 1 0
Will Blakely and boy, one day, for mending font, etc. 2 6
ffor 15 foot of boarde and nailes 2 6
ffor iron work of Tom Buxley 2 0
ffor 30 foot of boards for ye chancell seats 3 3
ffor half an hundred of nailes 4
ffor 146 quares of new glass 11 0
ffor 24 foot new leading 6 0
ffor mortaring ye glass 1 0

Ten years earlier there is :—

	£ s. d.
' 1690. Pd. to Augustine Cocke for work done about ye bells and Church 11 2 6
Pd. to ye Carpenter for 3 days worke 9 0
Pd. to John Prior 32 days worke 2 8 0
Pd. for ye pulling down ye Ivy 2 0
Pd. for whitening ye Church and other worke 1 13 4
Pd. Tom Taylor 31 days worke 2 6 6
Pd. him more a half daye for ye Church gate 1 0
pd. Abraham Prior 19 daye and half worke 1 9 3
pd. Augustine Cocke 2 0 0
pd. for timber for ye Church 3 19 4

The burial register at Dagenham, Essex, is peculiar from the remarks placed after several of the names.

' 1665. Ould Mr. Robert Comyns, Jan. 24 buried.
Memoria justi beata.

1669. Thomas Wittam, buried 3 April.

Vir sobrius ac famœ honœ.

1669. John, the sone of Walke in ye Truthe Ayliffe, buried Oct. 4.

1670. William, sonn of William Mayer—Buried July 23. Ætatis 7 years allmost.

As carefull nurses in there Cradles lay
those babes which would too longe . . . wanton play
So nature, his nurse for to prevent his sins in living Crimes
hath laid him in his bed of dust betimes.

1673. John White, Sen^r. Gent., whoe hath given to the poor, viz ; 7 poor widdowes, twoe pence per week in bread for ever—bur. Feb. 2.

1674. Henery, sonn of Thomas Bonham, Esq., buried Aug. 14—whose burial not paid yet.

1752. George Joyner, who hanged himself, deemed Lunatick by the Coroner's Inquest, buried Dec. ye 18th.

The stocks and whipping-posts, and the making and keeping in repair thereof, come into many accounts, like these of Cheddar, Somerset, where many entries are very curious.

' 1589. Item, Geo. Bayley, for a foxeheade xij^d.

1612. Paid John Jurvis for cutting down the Image, and plasteringe, v^s.
For Sparrow's heads, xxij^d.

For 5 Grayes' heads, 5s.

Paid Henry Collinges for Whippinge the Dogges, v^d.

1617. Thomas Austin for a Polecatt's head, 1^d.

1681. Paid a blind woman that was caried about on a horse, iiiij^d.

1631. Pd. a Minister's widdowe which had her husband killed in France for standing for o'r religion, vj^d.

1632. Paid for a hour Glasse, viij^d.

p'd William Hardwick for a frame for the howre glasse, xij^d.

p'd for 9 gallons of wine at Ester at 4/4 per Gallon, xxx^s. vj^d.

Thomas Smith, for mendinge the Stocks, iij^d.

p'd the same Thomas for settinge vppe a frame in the Church to hand the Armor vpon, xij^d.

p'd Thomas Garment for carryinge the armor to Bridgwater, and Axbridge, xi^s. vj^d.

p'd Christopher Henry for dressinge the armor, vj^d. viij^d.

1633. Pd more for plumbinge, and for John Busshe's labor for tymberinge the Crosse, iiiij^s. vj^d.

p'd 1 soldyer that was redeemed from the Turks, iiiij^d.

1637. p'd Thomas Durban and Richard Smith, Constables, for setting uppe the whippinge post, and for car'ynge Blakeman's Wench to prison, xij^s.

1645. Pd William Astin for casting the third Bell, iiiij^s. xiiij^s. iiijd.

p'd for ringeing the seaven o'Clocke bell, iiij^s. iiiij^d.

p'd a Minister that had lost his sight and his guide, xij^d.

1674. P'd Thomas Norville for a Crowe's hed, 1d.

p'd George Clowter for a 7 Meigetpeyes, 7^d.

p'd Richard Crespress for one Choffhed, 1^d.

p'd Thomas Waters for 1 Jayhed, 1^d.

Payments for polecats, hedgehogs, and various birds occur very commonly ; we suppose it must have been the recognised way of keeping them under. At Sparham, early in this century a good deal of parish money went that way.

	s.	d.
Dec. 11 th 1824. Pd. Cockes for 4 jackdaws, and 18 starlings . . .	2	6
March 7 th 1825. Pd. Cocks for 6 jackdaws at 3 ^d . each . . .	1	6
July 15 th 1825. Pd. William Burton for 4 dozen sparrows . . .	2	0
Jan. 27 th 1826. Pd. Wm. Burton for 1½ dozen sparrows, and 20 dozen other birds	9	0

From Michaelmas 1826 to Easter 1827, £1 19s. 6d. was paid for killing seventy-nine dozen sparrows, and from Easter 1827 to the following Michaelmas, £1 4s. 6d. for jackdaws, starlings and sparrows. The earlier accounts (1770) mention sparrows under their old name of cadder, or caddow.

The hour-glass, for measuring time for a sermon, is now happily a thing of the past. At King's Lynn there was one bought in the 17th century for 18s., from Holland. Fortunate the congregation who were let off with 'one glass !'

In some fishing villages in Scotland, the good fishing seasons can be easily ascertained by consulting the marriage register ! For instance in 1871, the registrar of Fraserborough stated that the herring fishery was very successful, and the value of the catch including casks and curing might be set down at £130,000 sterling, and the marriages were 80 per cent. above the average. On the other hand, the registrar of Tarbat reported a falling off in fishing, and consequently a long time elapsed without a single marriage entry. The registrar of Lockgilphead also made returns of 'failures in the loch,' and stated that therefore there were simultaneous blanks in the marriage register. And so at most of such villages the moral seems the same, 'No herrings, no wedding.'

With a short list of other notices, quaint or strange, we will end this paper.

Over, near St. Ives—

'April 28, 1671. Widow Wright, a suspected witch, buried.
May 3, 1671. Widow Livings, a suspected witch buried.'

Romford—

'1657. March 25. Burryed one call'd Black John.
1668. April 25. Cumber, a ffemale Blackamore from Cuyddy Hall.
1687. April 1. Mr. Robert Prentice an antient Bachelor, from Collier Row.'

1710. Aug. 29. A male child of E. Hamilton, an Anabaptist put into ye ground.

1641. Nov. 14. Arch. Angel, a Black Moor.'

Barking, All Hallows—

' 1716-17. Feb. 10th, Thomas, son of John Archer, Esq., by his first Wife's own Sister—(bapt.)

1715. Jan. 12. Timothy Defaria, Knighte of the Order of Jesus Christ.

1720. March 13, Jasper, a Black of Cap^t Brownes.

1737. Dec^r. 29, Jane, an Indian Black.'

Hunsingore, Yorkshire—

' Mister Cristofer Armisteade Minester of this Perish 27 yeaers was buried the 4 of June 1660. God give me grace to remember my owne end.

ROGER DOBSON.'

And with this last—showing the spirit with which to regard these records of the past, these footprints in the sands of time—we will now conclude. Most places, either in the town, or country, are full of interest if they are studied diligently from any point of view, the geologist's, the naturalist's (*à la White's 'Selborne'*), the antiquarian's, or the historian's. And by the last named, the old parochial registers of any one parish, helped out by those of the parishes surrounding it, will generally be found to be well supplied with historical facts, both private and public. And what are only dry bones of history to many, will take new life, if they can easier realise the everyday ideas, and common everyday events that belonged to their predecessors of generations back, who lived in the same village, under the shadow of the same Church.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

MAY.

NEVER did Wordsworth sing a truer or a sweeter note than in his address to May. True, she often sets in, as people say, with 'her accustomed severity,' and cold rain is falling, or east wind is blowing, and blighting frost has turned brown the green shoots of potatoes and pease, and made limp rags of the first premature endeavours of the oaks. Yet still there always are some perfect days of the poets.

'And what if thou, sweet May, has known
 Mishap by worm and blight,
 If expectations newly blown
 Have perished in thy sight;
 If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
 Were caught as in a snare:
 Such is the lot of all the young,
 However bright and fair.'

Of all others, be the weather what it will, May is the month of singing of birds. The larks are quivering and shouting high up in the sky long before sunrise, the thrushes and blackbirds take up the strain, and though the nightingale ceases for an hour or two, and only resumes after his breakfast, the whole air is full of twitterings, chirpings, and songs. The turtle-dove groans, the wood-pigeon invites Taffy, 'Take *two* cows, Taffy, Taffy, take *two!*' the tame pigeon mourns complacently on our roofs, and the African dove coo-roos, bows, and laughs in our cages.

Each has its own voice. The turtle is a small creature, keeping in pairs, not flocks, and with the ring round the neck speckled with darkest green and white, so as to give a chess-board effect. It builds in low bushes, the proverbial untidy nest of the dove kind, and is much less common than that handsome and

devouring creature, the cushat or wood-pigeon, the ring-dove proper, so called on account of the white collar very conspicuous on its grey throat, as it flies out with a great rush.

Shenstone wrote :

‘I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
But let me the plunder forbear,
She will say ‘twas a barbarous deed.’

And it would have been an unsatisfactory one likewise, unless his ‘fair’ had uncommon powers, for the wood-pigeon is an untamable creature. I have known one rescued, with an injured wing, almost in its infancy, bred up in the same cage with a number of doves, yet never ceasing to be terrified at human approach, and tumbling about in a one-sided way, quite distressing to behold.

Wood-pigeons are not plentiful enough here to be very mischievous, though there are enough of them for them to be considered as enemies by the farmer ; but their residence in the ivy, their voices, the best of those of all our English pigeons, their beautiful forms, and delicate subdued colouring, make them great favourites with the no-farmer.

As to the mourning of a dove, that proverb is only due to its murmuring voice ; and the constancy of the widowed dove is equally a poetical fiction. The African dove does not mourn at all, but bows and goes ‘majoring’ about to very lively tunes of its own, and, moreover, indulges in peals of laughter, whence its specific name of Risoria, the laughing dove. It is very hardy, and, when there is sufficient range apart from villages, will fly about and nest in the trees, though too often molested by hawks.

‘The yaffil laughed loud.’

Not that here we call our grand green woodpecker by that name, when he scuds over the grass, and shows for a moment his red head, and the green back that so perfectly assimilates with the colour of the moss on decayed stumps, his larder and his domicile. The grey lichen evidently strikes the note of colouring of his much rarer cousin ; whose feathers, black chequered with white, I have only once come upon, and that was in Devonshire, where they call him the French magpie. In Norway and Germany he is the Gertrude-bird, from a legend that a loaf was refused to our blessed Lord by a woman named Gertrude, who

was, therefore, transformed into the black-and-white, red-capped bird, and condemned to seek food between the wood and the bark. As Geir-Trude means spear or war-maid, and was a Valkyr's title, it is that, like the black, scarlet-crowned thrush (?) of South America, it was once a war-bird. The robin of the United States is a red-breasted thrush. So is the pretty whole-ringed ouzel of Devonshire riversides, while our proper thrushes—called in western peasant tongue 'drishes'—are the big, speckle-breasted missel-, and the equally speckled song-thrush, which almost rivals the nightingale in some of its notes, and builds a nest neatly lined with mud compost, and lays eggs of indescribably lovely blue-green. The good old Warden Barter of Winchester used to tell a story of two valiant thrushes, whether song or missel I am not quite sure, who, thinking a peacock in dangerous proximity to their nest, charged him both together full on the throat, and knocked him down. The blackbird is really a thrush. The eggs of his rusty-brown wife are more variable, and less beautiful, generally spotted all over with brown. For two or three years this garden was tenanted by a blackbird with a white feather on each side of his tail, indeed, we thought the feathers multiplied after the moulting; but our observations were cut short in a melancholy manner. Poor Mr. Whitetail, as we called him, was discussing worms on the lawn with his browner lady, when another ouzel-cock, entirely black of hue, appeared on the scene. The faithless dame could have had no taste for singularity, for together she and the newcomer chased Mr. Whitetail over the tall quick-set hedge, and we never saw him more!

May Day is sometimes all that is lovely and genial, when the children and their flowers are all that their ideal should be. Cold east wind does not matter so much to them, but showers make their rounds dismal work. The custom varies a good deal, according to whether it has been fostered. Once boys in Devonshire were licensed to drench with water from cows' horns whoever did not wear a spray of maythorn. I can just remember a lady coming in, indignant and dripping. In many towns there is a Jack-in-the-Green, attended by a rabble rout; in many villages, chiefly in the northern counties, a doll in the centre of an arbour of flowers is carried round and exhibited in return for halfpence, probably being a remnant of honour to an image of the Blessed Virgin on the opening of the month of Mary. In the south, however, it has often dwindled to small children

wandering about with an untidy bunch of king-cups and cuckoo flowers at the end of a stick, quavering shrilly out—

‘April’s gone,
May’s come,
Come and see our garland;’

and halfpence being thrown out till the stock of them and of patience was exhausted, and the whole affair discouraged.

We have found the best way in our parts to be to sanction the whole school going together under some efficient guardian with one general money-box, the proceeds of which, when divided, have always proved more satisfactory than those of individual effort ; or, at one parish, all is spent in a general tea, which, of course, gives delight. We also encourage the best garlands with a special prize, and this promotes the keeping them beautiful. Last year, a child named Violet had a small garland, a circlet entirely made of the snake violet from the copse. After it had made its rounds, it was set upon the brother’s grave.

We also make a May Queen, not the fairest maiden, as in song, but the youngest girl in the infant school, who appears in a white dress kept for the occasion, flower-wreathed, as well as her hat.

The rathe primrose is on the wane before May is over ; but its sister, the cowslip, is in its prime, to my mind the most deliciously scented of all flowers, above all when formed into a cowslip ball, or tisty-tosty, as in some places it is called, as in the midland counties the flowers are paigles. There is a rich softness in the petal, and no wonder they were Titania’s guardsmen.

‘The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.’

And such savours !

But our cowslips, beloved though they be, cannot compete with those of Berkshire and Oxfordshire in size. They are hardly ever found in Devon, being dependent on soil.

The woods are, however, the great glory. Here is a glade which, if shown in a painting, would be pronounced incredible, for the ground is purple-blue with wild hyacinth, the canopy overhead of young birch leaves is tender yellow-green, often lighter in colour, with the sun through it, and between the slender trunks are shining silver-white ; the boughs—what can be

seen of them—dark russet-red. The oaks are of every imaginable tint of brownish-yellow and green, no two alike, the beeches releasing their neatly-crimped leaves from their brown cases, the larches of unimaginable green beauty, and here and there comes out the tall white cone of the beauteous blossom of the wild cherry.

And in the hedgerows, on the heaths, wherever there is room, stretch the hawthorn branches, snow-laden as it were with their pure white blossoms, with rounded, pin-like buds, and within, the dainty stamens, dark as to the filaments, and with red anthers. The often gnarled and stunted old trees come out for the time in bridal splendour. A flyman, who was used to spend his days in driving up and down streets, when once he had to take a lady home through a park in all its glory of May thorns, could not help, when setting her down, saying, 'Thank you, ma'am, for my beautiful drive!' A pinkish tint comes over the blossoms towards their fall; but I much prefer them to the pink and crimson thorns of cultivation.

The glory is not only of the thorns. The cherry orchards, where they are in favour, make white sheets. Pear trees, the largest of all both as to treasure and blossom, make splendid features, and the apple, with its deep pink buds and delicately-tinted petals, has the fairest of all the blossoms.

The gold chains of the laburnum, the rich clusters of the lilac join their bright beauties. The laburnum (*Cytisus laburnum*) came to us, in Queen Elizabeth's days, from Switzerland and Dauphiné, where it is sometimes called *Arc-bois*, and sometimes by the appropriate name of Beau Trefoile. Though the branches snap easily, to the discomfiture of those who strain after the drooping gold, it was used to make excellent bows; and though the outside wood is yellow, the inside heart wood is so black as to be called false-ebony. It is in curious accordance with the blackness of the seeds, and of the delicate dark pencilling on the standard of the flower. The lilac (*Syringa vulgaris*) came from Persia, and Henry VIII. had it in his garden at Nonsuch; but it has been found growing wild in Transylvania.

Nor can I go further without a note of love to the Gueldres rose (*Viburnum opulus*). In the hedges it is graceful with its vine-shaped leaves, and corymbs of white flowers, small in the centre and fruitful, but wreathed round with large, handsome white barren blossoms. All honour to Gueldres, which first seems to have shown these barren flowers as snowballs.

'Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf,
That the wind severs from the broken wave.'

Snowballs are among the delights of country childhood. To me they always recall the remembrance of the ecstasy it used to be to see the Whit-monday procession of the village club, when the two tall banners, one of pink the other of blue, glazed calico, were decked at the summit each with a peony and a snowball, and the Friendly Society 'walked,' as it was technically called. Each member carried a blue staff tipped with red, and had a blue ribbon round his tall hat, and almost all wore the old white round frock. The big drum was beaten lustily at their head, a few wind instruments brayed, all the rabble rout of the village stepped after them, and it was certainly a picturesque specimen of genuine village sports, perhaps the more so, because the procession was at the best, straggling and knock-kneed and often unsteady. Yet it filled the childish mind with an exultation and delight which is droll to recollect now, and the enthusiasm of singing the 133rd Psalm, Old Version :

'O what a happy thing it is,
And joyful FOR to see,
Brethren to dwell together in
Friendship and unitee.'

'Tis like the precious ointment *that*
Was poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

'And as the lower ground doth drink
The dew of Hermon's hill,
And Sion with his silver drops
The fields with fruit doth fill,

'Even so the Lord doth pour on them
His blessings manifold,
Whose hearts and minds sincerely do
This knot fast keep and hold.'

And, oh ! the odour of the church, a mixture of beery and tobaccoey human nature together with that of the fading young greenery of infant beech and larch boughs with which, even in those days, Whitsuntide decoration was kept up. Only very youthful and very rural nostrils could accept it as part of the festivity.

Afterwards there were banqueting and cricket on the village green upon the hill, and too much of that which was politely

called 'breaking out at tide time,' popularly considered as a Saturnalia, not interfering with a character for steadiness and sobriety.

So it was a melancholy affair after all. The investment was anything but a safe one. The meetings for payment were at the public-house and involved cups of beer each time, and when the elder members began to grow old and pressed heavily on 'the box,' the younger ones voted to 'break it up.' Too often this resulted in drinking it up, and men who had saved for thirty or forty years were left destitute of the provision for age.

Attempts were made to induce the men to invest in Government securities, but these were not quite comprehensible enough ; and besides, the attraction of 'walking' and the gala day were lacking. At the present time, the prudent are divided between the Foresters, who, as everyone knows, keep their great day with green banners and ribbons, in great numbers generally at the county town ; and the County Friendly Society, whose carefully calculated tables they have become better able to appreciate, and which affords them a holiday, band, procession and feast, much more decorous and civilised than their grandfathers would have relished.

The hedgerows and the very grass in the fields are growing visibly from day to day, and the earlier sorts are showing their exquisite blossoms, the chaffy scales arranged in tossing plume, aigrette or spike, and hanging out their thread-like filaments and double-barbed anthers, too frail to be carried home in full perfection, though the actual skeleton will so long endure.

There is the Quiver grass (*Briza media*) known by many names—Quaker's, Quiver grass, Timothy grass, and in French as *Langues de femme*. So slender is its stem, as well as the branches, that it is not easy to detect it at first, but once stoop down to a piece and there is a whole fairy forest of the tremulous heads, each branchlet bearing a purple-tinted chaffy blossom with the pale buff anthers protruding. They grow mixed with *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*, the flower that in my younger days was contemptuously called 'a great horse daisy,' more civilly an oxeye, but is come into fashion as a moon daisy or even a Marguerite. It has not the crimson tips nor the blushing air of modesty of the real daisy, about which people quote poetry, though they exterminate it from their lawns till it is quite a treat to see it whitening some neglected plot.

But who would wish for a fairer though all too fleeting nosegay than can be made of oxeye and bright rose campion, deepened with quiver grass, with here and there a spike of purple orchis (*O. mascula*), or paler meadow orchis (*maculata*), and the little brown-winged orchis (*Morio*), always with the striped wings, but with the lip varying from deep purple to pink or white. How wonderful the orchis is with all its kindred can hardly be told. It is one of the plants over which its admiring cultivators become nearly insane, and an occasional sight of the freakish wonders they import enlarges one's mind—the swarms of white and purple butterfly flowers, and above all, the pure white-dove flowers imported from South America.

The curious arrangement is nowhere better seen than in the purple orchis (*mascula*), whose black-spotted leaves are among the first tokens of spring, and which country-folk call by the unpleasant name of Dead Men's Fingers, probably on account of the tubers of the root. There may be seen the ribbed germ which looks like a foot stalk, and whose stigma is the expanded lip, while under the real petals, which form a sort of helmet, is the single stamen, two-celled, and with an abortive one on each side. It is closed, but contains a sticky fluid full of pollen, which on provocation will burst out and communicate, not with its own germ, but with another germ in the spike in which the orchis proper always grows.

We cannot part from woodland haunts without a word of the bluebell. There is no calling it a wild hyacinth, and if the slender harebell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) is the bluebell of Scotland, England may be allowed her own *Hyacinthus non-scriptus*—this last odd name is due to the absence of the two letters A I for woe, which Apollo is said to have inscribed on the root of the plant that sprang from the relics of his friend Hyacinthus. Nothing can be further from sorrow than those rich deep bluebells hanging in such clusters on their stems. There is a drooping grace in the bells, and in the whole outline of the plant that puts to shame the cultivated stiff top-heavy hyacinth of Dutchmen and of gardeners, known by endless names, and fetching fabulous prices. One stem, bending so modestly under its weight of delicately-curved bells with their deep purple hearts, is worth all the prize yellow or green (?) beauties of a gardener's catalogue.

Mr. Wallace has said that in spite of the splendours of tropical plants, England is the country for real sheets and masses of

colour, while M. Taine declares that the broad extent of bright hues is to blame for Englishwomen's gaudy taste in dress. Certainly I have seen a glade in a wood perfectly dazzling in its May dress. Above all was the delicate green gold of young birch leaves glittering in sunlight on black twigs, below were slender silver pillars of young trunks, and the floor was a sheet of deep purple blue-colouring that must be seen to be credited.

This year Whitsuntide falls in June, but there is another May day not to be omitted, namely the 29th, which for some unknown reason is called in Hampshire and Sussex, Shik Shak day, and when those who omit the wearing of the oak-apple are liable to the drenching which in Devon belongs to the 1st. I cannot help thinking the custom must be older than the Restoration day of 1660. At any rate, every one in this country of oaks appears with the spray of young leaves, generally with the tassel of catkins above and the rosy oak-apple below.

What a curious fact it is that this same oak-apple should be the effect of some matter deposited with her eggs within the bud, stem or leaf by one of the Bedeguars or Gall-flies, small four-winged insects. *Cynips quercus* is the formal name of her whose produce is the handsome oak-apple, delicately shaded with red, of historical association. It is full of little cells in which reside the larvæ of the gall-fly. There, unless loyalty brings them to an untimely end, they will live upon the fleshy part, become pupæ, and finally make their way out as flies. There are other gall-flies, one of whom prefers the leaves and produces a much smaller ball upon the midrib. Another pierces the bud, and a pretty bunch like unripe currants is the result ; and a third prefers the bark, where there arises a cluster of round wooden balls as large as the biggest marbles. These gall-flies should be the badge of authors and letter-writers, for their 'apples' produced in Asia Minor are or were, together with oxide of iron, the chief material of ink. People in the old days, before universal commerce, used to make their own ink. I remember one experiment; when a jug full of something very black was produced, but whether good to write with, I cannot say. Also I have seen a pond, with iron no doubt in the water, turned black by a fallen oak tree, the like of which may account for the invention.

We would not cultivate dull colouring at the expense of our meadows, white with oxeye and cuckoo flowers ; of our woods, blue with hyacinth, pink with campion ; of our golden gorse ever

renewing the glories that brought Linnæus to his knees, nor even the lively bright-green sheets of dog's-mercury in the hollows of the woods.

Most of these have creeping roots, and so has the Convallaria kind. They are Ascension-day flowers, ladders to Heaven, drooping humbly yet with steps ascending, and pure flowers. Indeed the Solomon's Seal (*Convallaria multiflora*) is one of the many plants known to country folk as Jacob's Ladder. It is not universally found, but there is plenty of it here with its arching stem, alternate handsome leaves, with a graceful white green-tipped bell hanging from the sprig of each. Its more admired sister, *Convallaria majalis*, the Lily of the Valley, is found here and there, but is much more rare in the wood. On the hillside, where it is to be found, it has each pearly blossom ornamented at the bottom of the cup with a little red dot. That wood, where likewise is found the curious Herb Paris, *Paris quadrifolia*, lies on the side of a steep down, on whose summit is a kind of brick tower, called the Horse Monument, bearing an inscription in honour of a horse, which in a hunt, leapt with its rider unhurt, down a very deep chalk pit, and moreover won the cup at a race a few weeks later!

The lily of the valley is the prime glory of any old-fashioned garden where it has room to spread undisturbed; but where it grows wild, rapacious plunderers from towns fall upon it, and will soon make an end of it where it is not guarded.

What shall be said of those plunderers? It is cruel to blame poverty for its efforts, and hard to wish the dwellers in towns to lose their pleasures; but when the ferns that adorn the lanes are torn up without care by men tramping from the town out of work, and dropping frail fronds along the road, one can only wish for some protection for our beauties. But sweet May must not have a farewell moan. I take leave of her in the midst of her

' Modest charm of not too much,
Part seen, imagined part.'

ERRATUM.

The Old Woman apologises for having written the 'mavis-cock' instead of the 'ouzel,' in April, and cannot think how it happened.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXCVI.

1740-1743.

PRO REGE, MARIA THERESA.

A FAR more serious war than that with Spain had begun by the time the scattered mariners of Anson's expedition had returned.

The year 1740 had been fatal to three European sovereigns. On July 31st gout and dropsy carried off the old Corporal of Potsdam, Frederick William I. of Prussia. He had drawn up directions for his own funeral, and chosen the text of the sermon then to be preached, and his son Frederick II. was thus left free to indulge his tastes for French philosophy, and for conquest, at the head of one of the finest armies in existence.

In October died the Emperor Charles VI. in a very pious and affectionate frame of mind. He had been an incapable ruler, and a dull and sluggish general, and the waste in his palaces and among his attendants was something enormous. The amount charged for red wine and bread for the imperial parrots was more than three hundred florins per annum, so that it was no wonder that there were only a hundred thousand left in the treasury! Still, he was highly accomplished, excellent in horsemanship, learned in every way, and a great musician. He attracted the best performers to Vienna, and himself composed an opera, when he played in the orchestra, and his daughters danced. He founded a public library at Vienna, repaired the great old Roman road of Trajan, and was altogether a beneficent and kindly monarch at home.

The third death was that of Anne of Russia. She left the crown to her sister's grandson, Ivan of Brunswick; but he was only six months old, and Elizabeth, a daughter of Peter the Great, persuaded the army to accept her as their sovereign, and showed herself to the people with the child in her arms. Afterwards, however, she shut him up in a prison, at first with his

parents ; but afterwards they were sent to a dismal island in the White Sea, while the poor youth remained in solitude and darkness in his dungeon till he was twenty-four years old, when, on the discovery of a plot for his release, he was put to death, and his corpse was handed to those who were trying to free him.

The death of Charles VI. showed how futile had been the Pragmatic Sanction, which had, in truth, been a great injustice, since it gave the hereditary dominions of the house of Hapsburg, namely Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, and Flanders, to the daughters of the younger brother Charles, in preference to the daughters of the elder brother Joseph. These latter ladies, Maria Amelia and Maria Josepha, were married, the one to Charles Albert, Elector Duke of Bavaria, and the other to Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland ; and the first of these princes had no intention of being bound by the Sanction, and began to make alliances. Bavaria called on its old friend France, and the new King of Prussia was chiefly resolved on winning what he could for his little kingdom.

Maria Theresa's army was only 30,000 men ; her small treasury was all the property of her mother. Letters came addressed not to the Queen of Hungary, but to the Archduchess of Austria, or the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, her husband's title. She was only twenty-three, and no one expected her, or her equally young husband, to have more ability than the rest of the long-decaying house of Hapsburg, of which she and her sister were the last.

Frederick of Prussia was totally devoid of chivalrous forbearance towards an orphaned princess. There were some obsolete claims of the house of Hohenzollern to portions of Silesia, and accordingly, having gathered together his troops, he secretly quitted Berlin in the midst of a masked ball on the 23rd of December, saying to the French Ambassador, 'I am going, I believe, to play your game, and if I should throw doublets, we will share the stakes ;' and at the same time he sent an agent to Vienna to announce to Maria Theresa that if she would cede Silesia to him he would adhere to the Pragmatic Sanction and give his vote, as Elector of Brandenburg, for her husband as emperor.

The high spirit of the young sovereign was revolted by the threat, and she answered that she had rather perish than make such terms with him. She had only 3000 men in Silesia, and they were forced to retreat into Bavaria, whither she sent Count

Neipperg, who had been thrown into prison for signing a disadvantageous peace with the Turks. Twenty-four thousand men were brought together, and Neipperg, leading them into Silesia, met Frederick at Molwitz. The Austrian cavalry carried all before it, and drove off all the Prussians, who swept away Frederick himself in their flight. When the fugitives reached Appellen, a troop of Austrians sallied out against them. Frederick turned round to Maupertuis, a French mathematician, and some other attendants who were with him, saying, ‘Farewell, friends, I am much better mounted than you’—and rode on, leaving them to be taken prisoners.

It was not chivalrous, and they were very angry ; but it is to be remembered that they were in no real danger, and that for him to have been captured would have been ruin to himself and his kingdom. In the meantime, however, the steady courage of the Prussian infantry under Marshal Schwerin had retrieved the day ; the Austrians were repulsed and broken, and a messenger was sent in haste to recall the King to his victorious army ! The result of the defeat was terrible, for everyone who had any claim on the Austrian accumulation of states began to uplift a voice. Spain called for the Netherlands, Sardinia for North Italy, Saxony for the German possessions. Only England was ready to befriend the heiress. The King, as Elector of Hanover, had sworn to the Pragmatic Sanction, and there was a spirit of enthusiasm in the country for the persecuted princess. A subsidy of £300,000, and an assistant force of 12,000 men were voted for her in Parliament ; but Walpole still hoped to mediate between the two contending powers, and instructed his ambassadors to do all in their power to bring about a treaty. But, when Lord Hyndford spoke of magnanimity, Frederick exclaimed, ‘Do not talk to me, my lord, of magnanimity ! A prince ought first to consult his own interests. I am not averse to a peace ; but I expect to have four duchies, and I *will* have them !’

On her side, Maria Theresa was almost as impracticable. To the British envoy, Mr. Robinson, she consented so far as to say that she would give up Guelderland, but never Silesia. ‘Oh, the King your master, let him only march—let him march only !’ she cried ; and, when her proposal to Frederick was at last signed, she cried, ‘I hope he will reject it !’

As, indeed, he did. ‘Still beggarly offers !’ he cried. ‘My ancestors would rise out of their tombs to reproach me should I abandon my just rights !’

Old Cardinal Fleury would have kept France out of the war ; but the brilliant Marshal de Belleisle had fascinated the King ; and had been permitted to start on a tour to the German electoral courts to prevent the choice of Maria Theresa's husband as emperor. He came to the camp of Frederick, and there talked, as that king said, as if all the provinces of Austria were put up to auction, securing to France the Austrian Netherlands. Moreover, a French army under Marshal de Maillebois crossed the Rhine, towards Hanover, where George II. was collecting troops for the aid of the Queen of Hungary ; but the approach of the French so much alarmed him for his beloved Hanover that he hastily signed a promise of neutrality for the duchy for a whole year, and also not to vote, as Elector, for Francis of Lorraine as Emperor ; a cowardly proceeding which gave great offence alike in England and Austria.

Charles of Bavaria, the husband of the Emperor Joseph's eldest daughter, was the candidate for the Empire, as well as for the Austrian dominions, and a declaration of war was sent to the Queen of Hungary under the title of Grand Duchess of Tuscany ; while the Elector of Bavaria, with 35,000 French troops under Marshals Belleisle and Broglie, marched into Austria, took the strong fortress of Lintz, and advanced to within three leagues of Vienna.

However, Maria Theresa was not in Vienna. She had a few months before gone to Hungary to receive the crown of the sainted King Stephen at Presburg, and to throw herself on the protection of the high-spirited Magyars. It was a grand and beautiful coronation, when, according to the ancient ceremony, the beautiful young Queen, with her fair hair flowing in curls over her shoulders, rode gallantly up the royal mount, and waved her sword to all the four quarters of the horizon. Then she had won all hearts, and, when she came again, as a fugitive, and summoned her nobles to Vienna, and she met them in the castle hall, her crown on her head, and her little son Joseph in her arms, every heart was moved ; and after she had made them a speech in Latin, appealing to their loyalty, they all broke out into a simultaneous shout of enthusiasm, '*Moriamur pro rege, Maria Theresa.*' The Diet granted liberal supplies of money, and were equally enthusiastic when they met to receive the oaths of the Duke of Lorraine, who had been appointed Regent of the kingdom. 'My blood and life for the Queen and kingdom !' he cried ; and as the Queen stood by him with their little son, the

shouts were renewed. The Slavonic tribes of fierce warriors flocked in, and Vienna was put in a state of defence.

Meanwhile, the enemies of Austria were beginning to quarrel. Marshal Belleisle's haughtiness and dictatorialness offended the German princes ; there were jealousies between Saxony and Bavaria, and the Elector Charles went off on his own account to conquer Bohemia and besiege Prague. This excited Frederick's alarm lest he should go on to seize Silesia ; and on the other hand the Queen of Hungary felt the need of coming to terms, and permitted Lord Hyndford to offer the cession of Lower Silesia ; and accordingly a treaty was set on foot, which Frederick was anxious to keep from the knowledge of his allies.

The Duke of Lorraine and his brother set out to relieve Prague ; but when within three leagues of the city, they learnt that it had been taken by surprise, and that the Elector of Bavaria had entered it. He was there crowned King of Bohemia on the same day as the Electors chose him as Emperor, the vote of George II. not being given according to promise, and all the others being unanimous against the husband of the Queen of Hungary.

In England, George II.'s pledge of neutrality had been met with much displeasure, though it was only for Hanover ; and this added to the general unpopularity of Walpole. After various struggles in Parliament, it became plain that the minister must resign ; and this he did on the 1st of February, 1742. The King was deeply moved at the loss of his old servant of twenty years, embraced him, shed tears, and begged him to see him frequently. He deserved such confidence, for he was far better as a minister than he was as a man ; his morality was lax, and he was most mischievous to the Church, his one idea evidently being that earnestness was perilous and uncomfortable, and might lead to Jacobitism. He was created Earl of Orford, and retired to Houghton, while his place was taken by Mr. Pulteney and the Duke of Newcastle, and war in the cause of the Queen of Hungary was decided on, though at first not energetically pursued.

However, Prince Charles of Lorraine had entered Bohemia, and had shut up Belleisle within the walls of Prague, while another division of the Austrian army overran Bavaria, and actually entered Munich on the 14th of February, 1742, the very day on which its Elector was being crowned as the Emperor Charles VII. at Frankfurt, when the poor man was so ill with gout as hardly

to be able to stand upright, while the petty princes and their wives were in the midst of endless quarrels about their titles, their precedence, and their right to sit on chairs or stools in the Imperial presence.

The King of Prussia was disturbed at the interference of the French, and as the treaty had not been signed, he advanced into Bohemia, in company with some Saxon forces, whose generals so obstructed his movements that he had to retire into Bohemia ; but there he beat Prince Charles of Lorraine at Chotusitz. After this victory he offered terms to Maria Theresa, and she consented to the cession of Silesia, excepting a few fortress towns. The inhabitants were chiefly Protestant, and the Austrians had persecuted them in vain, so that they were happy in the transfer, though it was scarcely just.

The treaty between Maria Theresa and Frederick was a great disappointment to the French. Old Cardinal Fleury, who was ninety-three, could not recover from the shock, though he retained his faculties to the last. He died on the 29th of January, 1743. The nation was tired of him ; but he was much regretted by the King, whom he had saved from the trouble of thinking for himself.

Louis XV. was thirty-three years old at this time, and in imitation of his great-grandfather, he declared that he was going to govern for himself ; but he was too indolent to exert himself to attend to his ministers, and everything was soon in confusion.

JEANIE: A 'FRIENDLY' GIRL.

BY CATHERINE PONTON GRANT.

CHAPTER III.

'Pisky, pisky, Amen !
Doun on your knees and up again.'

'IT'S a mon,' said Janet, coming slowly into the parlour with a calling-card in her hand, and reading as she came. " " Miles"—sic a like name!—" Miles Melville Barrington, second John Street."

Miles was already in the room, his eyes dancing with suppressed laughter, and Jeanie had scarcely shut the door when he burst out—

'So that's your Friendly Girl ! Well, I can't say she treated me in a very friendly manner. She looked me all over with the utmost suspicion, and would hardly let me come in ! '

It was Sunday morning—the Sunday on which Jeanie was to go with Miss Melville to St. Luke's for the first time, and Miles had come, as was his custom, to escort his aunt thither. Punctually at half-past ten o'clock Miss Melville came out of her room in complete readiness—for Miles liked to be early in Church—and Jeanie came creaking down the attic stairs in all the pride and importance of Sunday clothes and new boots, the front door was locked, the key securely lodged deep down in Jeanie's pocket, and the little party set out.

'He's a real pretty mon, and weel put on,' Jeanie said to herself, as she followed aunt and nephew down the path to the garden gate, and hastened to make up to them.

Miss Melville looked anxiously round when she heard the hurrying footsteps. To tell the truth, she was very much afraid that Jeanie would walk by her side, as she always did when they went out alone together, and she felt sure that Miles would object to that. Poor Miss Melville was somewhat wanting in moral courage, as her next-door neighbour, the minister's wife,

often told her. Nothing would have induced her to bid Jeanie walk behind ; she was far too much afraid of hurting the Friendly Girl's feelings for that ; and yet, each time the crunching steps drew near, she felt dreadfully nervous and took up as much room on the pavement as she possibly could. Luckily, Jeanie had no desire to join the two in front ; she was glad to have an opportunity of inspecting her mistress's Sunday clothes, and was quite content with her place in the procession.

The way to St. Luke's lay along Prince's Street—that street which has been called the most beautiful in the world, and which, for picturesqueness of situation at least, may well be unrivalled. On that sunny Sunday in June, Miss Melville and her escort, like other Church-goers, walked in the shade under the elms. Through the veil of green leaves, the Castle Rock, on the other side of the grassy little valley, showed blue and grand and misty, and a regiment of Highlanders, in waving tartan and heavy plumes, came winding down the Mound on the way to Church as, from one steeple after another, the bells clanged forth their summons, more loud than musical.

Miss Melville and her maid were seated in St. Luke's before the bells had ceased to ring, and the eyes of the latter, wide-open with wonder and admiration, went roving round the Church. Accustomed, as Jeanie Scott was, to the little Kirk at Bowrie, with its white-washed walls and unpainted wooden pews, it was no wonder that the interior of St. Luke's seemed very grand and beautiful to her—the lofty roof and graceful clustered columns ; the rich carved oak of pulpit and stalls ; the Holy Table high raised on broad white marble steps. Long misty shafts of sunlight from the open clerestory windows made silver patches on the stained-glass in the nave below, sparkled in the jewelled cross, and touched with a passing glory the gilded bosses high up in the roof. All was hushed in reverent quiet, only broken by the chirping of the sparrows who had 'found them an house' in the deep traceries of the East windows, and had been chanting cheerily well-nigh since dawn of day. Miss Melville had intended to point out her nephew to Jeanie as soon as he appeared at the organ. But this was not required. Jeanie was beforehand with her, and a sharp poke in her side, and an eager whisper of, 'Yonder he is !' informed her that Miles, having donned his cassock and surplice and the air of deep solemnity which he always wore along with them, had left the vestry and was proceeding in his usual leisurely fashion towards the little

door which led to the organ loft. A minute later, and the dark head and handsome face so familiar to Miss Melville appeared above the carved screen, and, with a crash of jubilant chords, the voluntary began.

The service at St. Luke's was a musical one, and the choir was both large and good. Miles, at the organ, was in his element. Intensely musical by nature, as well as by education, he played with his whole heart and soul, and enjoyed nothing so much as a grand festival service, when he was in the habit of introducing such ecstatic runs and various harmonies into his accompaniments as would have bewildered any ordinary singers. To-day the service was the usual Sunday one, and the whilom organist had no special opportunities for showing off his powers, but he did what he could. He played the Psalm—that for the 21st morning—with deep fervour, and contrived to use different stops and different styles for each of the ten plagues of Egypt: deep grunts for darkness; a sort of convulsive barking for the frogs; and a high tweedling *staccato* for 'flies and lice'; the 'hail-stones and flames of fire' were accompanied by terrific thunderings of the organ; and even the very caterpillars were ushered in with a gentle *legato* movement.

Jeanie listened to it all with great interest; but she did not make the slightest attempt to join in the service, although Miss Melville, with infinite pains, persisted in looking up every one of the 'places' for her, an attention which involved a wearisome amount of exchanging of books, pointing, and whispering, and for which Jeanie did not seem particularly grateful. She was intently occupied in gazing alternately at choir and congregation, and Miles, when, during the reading of the Lessons he turned towards the people, several times encountered her brown eyes wandering round the Church with an expression of mingled wonder and alarm.

Miss Melville's Sunday dinner, which was served at four o'clock, was not a very elaborate affair; but still, the presence of even one guest was a great event to Jeanie, and her cheeks were rosy, as much with excitement as fatigue, as she staggered into the room with the weekly roast. She insisted on waiting at table, although her mind was distracted with fears for the pudding, alone in the kitchen with the cats, and she handed round the dishes with such vigour and alacrity that the whole room shook.

'Couldn't you teach her not to plunge and snort quite so

much when she waits at table?' asked Mr. Barrington, mildly, when Jeanie had retired to eat her dinner among the admiring and obsequious cats. 'The room shook a good deal, didn't it? And I heard her Sunday stays creaking; I am afraid she is tight-laced.'

'Tight-laced!' "Stays!" cried Miss Melville, quite shocked. 'I wonder that you would talk about such things, Miles—and on a Sunday, too!'

'I said "*Sunday*" stays, Aunt Peggy! I am sure I thought it a most suitable subject; but, if you prefer it, we can talk about the sermon. You, my dear aunt, will kindly furnish me with the text, and I shall then endeavour to state briefly the heads of the discourse—style of thing in "*Evenings at Home*," you know; most interesting!'

But Miss Melville did not seem inclined for this kind of conversation either; she did not remember the text, for one thing, and was anxious to conceal that fact from her nephew; so very soon the talk drifted back to the Friendly Girl again. In the end, the fastidious Miles condescended to express himself as very much pleased, on the whole, with Jeanie, although he hinted darkly that, as she had only been six weeks in the house, the time for the periodical rupture had not arrived, and that it was impossible to say yet what depths of malignity might not lurk beneath such a fair exterior.

'In the meantime,' he concluded, 'if you could only teach her how to admit visitors, and buy her a more picturesque cap, she would do very well.'

With that, Miles went off to the evening service, and his aunt sat down to read Baxter's '*Saints' Rest*,' which she had never quite finished, although she had been reading it on Sundays for some years.

In the course of the evening Miss Melville had a conversation with Jeanie about St. Luke's, and she was much disappointed to find that her maiden was not at all enthusiastic on the subject, and very far indeed from thinking of becoming an Episcopalian.

'It's nice enough; but it's an *awfu'* way of spending the Sabbath,' she said solemnly, when her mistress asked her how she liked the service.

This was, to Miss Melville, a new view of the matter, and she was almost afraid to pursue the subject; but she could not refrain from asking Jeanie what she thought of the music. On this point the Friendly Girl was most reassuring.

'I liked it fine,' she said, 'when it cam' to yon bit about the Plagues o' Egypt, I could hae thocht I heard the very buzz-buzzin' o' the flies ; it was fair heavenly !'

'Well then, Jeanie, if you liked the music, what was it that you objected to ?'

But that was exactly what Jeanie could not say ; she did not greatly object to prayers read out of a book, and she had no prejudices against a surpliced choir ; on one point only was she quite clear—she could not abide the frequent changes of posture.

'I dinna like yon forever gettin' up and sittin' down,' she said ; 'no suner had I risen to my feet than they a' fell down again. I like a church where I can get a bit rest ; the Sawbath's a day for rest, ye ken.'

And so, for the present, Jeanie continued to go to the old Established Church at the end of Prior Row, where there was more repose than in St. Luke's, and where, indeed, it was quite possible to sit from the beginning to the end of the service ; for one half of the congregation, being somewhat advanced, objected to stand at the prayer, and the other and old-fashioned half, sat solidly down for the singing, so that the lazy members, siding first with the one half and then with the other, ingeniously contrived to sit the whole time.

CHAPTER IV.

'Barring that natural expression of villainy which we all have, the man looked honest enough.'

By the time Jeanie Scott had been nine months in Miss Melville's service she had contrived to save the sum of £5 17s. 6d. This was not done without great care and self-denial on her part, seeing that she was only paid at the rate of nine pounds a year, and had to provide herself with clothing out of that. And all this enormous sum—for so it seemed to her—Jeanie meant to devote to her parents. A long, hard winter had tried their resources to the uttermost, and they were looking forward eagerly to Lady-day, when Miss Melville had promised Jeanie a whole holiday, that she might go to Bowrie and carry her savings to her father and mother. Nine months had passed, as I said, and still Jeanie remained at Rose Cottage, approved by Miss Melville and beloved by the cats, in spite of all Miles

Barrington's prophecies to the contrary. She had not shown the faintest desire to 'make a change ;' she had developed no undue fondness for the 'lads,' as she called them, and she worked as hard and as cheerily as ever. A little taller and a little paler than when she first appeared upon the scene, Jeanie Scott was bonnier than ever—her eyes so frank and her smile so bright, that all Miss Melville's friends envied her the possession of her Friendly Girl.

Two or three days before the time appointed for her visit to Bowrie, Jeanie was busily engaged until quite late at night, in finishing up a large washing. It was past ten o'clock when Miss Melville came into the kitchen before going to bed, to see whether all was in readiness for the gas to be turned off. She found irons still heating before a glowing fire, the ironing-board still on the table, and Jeanie, with flushed cheeks and anxious air, intently engaged in smoothing out her best muslin apron, while a pile of others, ready starched, lay on the board beside her.

'Now, Jeanie, you must leave some of these things till to-morrow morning,' said Miss Melville, persuasively ; 'it is quite time for you to be in bed.'

But no ; Jeanie had the 'lust of finishing' strong upon her, and she pointed out the folly of wasting the hot irons and the bright fire in such convincing terms that Miss Melville yielded, and went up to bed without her, leaving minute directions as to the turning out of the gas ; the doors, both front and back, had been locked long before. By eleven o'clock the ironing was all done and the kitchen tidied up, and Jeanie sat down to her porridge and milk. Tim, seated on the corner of the table, close to her elbow, watched every mouthful with deep interest, waiting for the time when the last spoonful would be transferred to his own capacious saucer.

Within the house all was silent and still, but without, the wild March wind was howling in great gusts, which rose with fierce suddenness to the fury of a gale, and sank as suddenly to intervals of soundless calm. In one of these breathless pauses Jeanie was startled by a faint sound outside the house. She felt, rather than heard, cautious footsteps which passed the kitchen window, and stopped before the kitchen door, and her heart stood still.

Motionless she sat, her eyes riveted on the door, her whole consciousness absorbed in the fear that for once she had left it

unlocked, and that presently it would open and disclose, she knew not what. But no hand was laid upon the lock ; only a little corner of white appeared below the door, and a half-sheet of note-paper, folded in two, was slowly pushed through ; then again came the sound of light footsteps, lost immediately in the rush of the rising gale.

Jeanie sat fascinated, never turning her eyes from the mysterious paper on the floor, until a curious regular tapping sound set her heart once more wildly beating. She soon discovered that the noise was produced by Tim, who, with his head deep down in the milk-jug was enjoying his long-delayed supper, and carefully finishing every drop of milk. Jeanie's indignation at the theft, and the difficulty she had in extricating the cat from the jug, quieted her nerves wonderfully, and she proceeded to read the contents of the letter with creditable coolness.

It contained only these words, scrawled untidily, in a large, childish hand :—‘ Your house will be robbed at twelve o'clock to-nite. Look out.’

Jeanie's first impulse, when she had taken in the sense of the message, was to rush upstairs to Miss Melville with it, and arouse her to the threatened danger ; her second was to sit suddenly down again, her pale face growing whiter still as the gravity of the situation dawned upon her. What could she do ? Run for help she could not, for that would be to leave her mistress alone in the house, and the robbers might come in her absence. To be sure she might lock herself up in her room, as Miss Melville was locked in hers, and leave the house to its fate, but Jeanie's spirit rebelled against such a craven mode of proceeding, and besides, she felt certain that if Miss Melville only so much as heard the burglars, she would be ready to die of fright, although she had been expecting them for the last twenty years.

Shivering and bewildered, Jeanie sat and pondered, glancing uneasily at the clock and starting at the faintest noise, while the fire burnt low and the wind gradually sank to an eerie, soughing sound. At last she rose, took off her shoes, and slipped upstairs to her own garret. There she took out of her big chest a little shell-box, and out of the box a neatly made-up parcel which contained her hoard of money, and, never stopping to look at it, she crept downstairs again, pausing for a moment at Miss Melville's door to listen to her brisk, cheerful snoring. Apparently the sound gave her courage, for she hastened on to the kitchen with a determined air. As she passed through the dark

passage, the old clock gave the peculiar cough and kick which always heralded its striking, and then slowly banged out twelve, to an accompaniment of deep internal growling.

'She's slow,' said Jeanie to herself, as the last stroke quivered into silence, and hastily throwing a little shawl round her shoulders, she unlocked the door and stepped outside.

It was a moonless night and the darkness was intense. Jeanie could not see a yard before her, and guided herself by the wall of the house as she made her way towards the corner where she had decided to wait the arrival of the burglars. Several times she paused and listened intently, but the stillness was as deep as the darkness, and she crept on again stealthily until she had reached her post. Stopping when she had gained it, she bent her head to listen and instantly caught the sound of some one breathing heavily close at hand. She went forward a step or two, with hands outstretched and wildly-beating heart, and then, fearful lest the intruders should pass her and gain the house, she called out in a hoarse whisper—

'Is that you?'

Instantly all was still; but Jeanie, certain that some one was quite near, said again, more boldly—

'Is that you? I got the letter tellin' me ye were comin', and an unco' like fule ye were to send it!' she added, as it suddenly occurred to her that it was not usual for robbers to announce their intentions beforehand.

A muttered oath and a sudden stream of light falling full on her face, answered her. To the burglars (for such they were) the rays of the lantern discovered a tall girl dressed in a print gown, a white face surrounded by red-gold hair, and a pair of brown eyes which met theirs boldly, with a glance full of scorn and indignation. Jeanie, dazzled by the light, could barely distinguish the figures of two men; of the face of the one who held the lantern, and who seemed to be the elder of the two, she saw nothing, and only caught a glimpse of the haggard, hungry face of the other, who stared at her fixedly with admiration, not unmixed with awe.

'Ye've split, ye fule!' cried the man with the lantern, turning fiercely upon his companion, and an angry altercation followed, of which Jeanie only overheard one or two words, for the men, angry as they were, yet spoke in carefully-guarded whispers.

'The one o' ye's just as bad as the other,' she interrupted, 'and if ye dinna gang the ways ye cam' this vera meenit I'll rouse the

hale house. I'll wauken up Miss Melville, and Mr. Melville,'— suddenly remembering that her mistress had told her always to speak to suspicious characters as if there was a man in the house '—and Tim and all !'

The men took no notice of this speech, except that the elder of the two drew a step nearer to Jeanie. She spoke again— pleadingly this time.

' If ye'll only gang awa' and no' frighten my puir mistress—for she's awfu' kind to me—I'll gie ye a' my money—all my wages that I've saved ; and it's vera near six pounds.'

Poor Jeanie's voice shook and broke as she disclosed her riches, and felt in her pocket for the little parcel which contained them.

Once more the light shone full on her face, and again her brave brown eyes, glistening through their tears, met those others which gazed at her so strangely.

All this time Miss Melville's cock had been thinking deeply. His slumbers had been disturbed when the burglars unwittingly took up their position close to the hen-house, and he had been trying ever since to decide whether the lantern was the rising sun or no. Not being a bird of 'gorgeous abilities' he came to the conclusion that it was, and, getting up in a great hurry, he gave vent to one of the harshest, longest, loudest crows that ever was heard. At the same moment a stately step echoed through the stillness, and another ray of light confirmed the cock in the correctness of his opinions. The effect upon the burglars was instantaneous. In one moment the lantern was extinguished, the money snatched from Jeanie's hand, a curse and a threat hissed into her ear, and the two men were gone.

But the cock's night's rest was sadly broken. For quite half-an-hour he crowed on incessantly, while the minister in the house next door lay wakeful on his bed, and devised schemes of unparalleled cruelty, by means of which Miss Melville's cock was to be for ever silenced. 'I don't want to be annoyed, and yet I *am* annoyed,' he said to himself, quoting Hans Andersen's beetle, 'and nothing destroys my chances of sleep like being angry ; I shall certainly call on Miss Melville the first thing to-morrow morning, and tell her what I think of her cock's conduct ; actually crowing in the very middle of the night, the disgusting brute !' and the minister did not fall asleep till he had rehearsed several speeches in which he pointed out the cock's enormities with crushing force.

CHAPTER V.

'A sparrow falls not but Thy love descries,
Nor drops unmarked a tear from human eyes.'

IT was a wet day, and Miss Melville was tidying her drawers. She had got through the first part of the process, which consisted in the laying out of the whole contents of her wardrobe on the bed, the dressing-table, and the chairs, and had now reached the second and more interesting stage—the examination of the forgotten treasures which had come to light. Seated in her low chair, with a number of parcels of various shapes and sizes in her lap, she was looking through them with deep interest, and unconsciously preparing for the third and last part of her tidying, which almost always consisted in the hasty return of her property to her wardrobe in much the same order in which it had emerged. The parcels were neatly made up, and the nature of their contents was legibly inscribed on the outside in Miss Melville's handwriting ; the only drawback was that the inside of the parcel so seldom corresponded to the legend without, a confusion which, no doubt, had resulted from many former tidyings. One envelope which bore the inscription 'Family Photographs' was filled with small white beads, and another, docketed 'Christmas Cards—various,' contained a pair of white knitted garters and a curtain-ring. Altogether there was a certain amount of excitement in this particular part of Miss Melville's work, and so absorbed was she in it that she turned a deaf ear to Daisy's querulous demands for admittance, and was only aroused by a less familiar sound, several times repeated—the impatient lowing of a cow.

Jeanie heard it too, but to her it was no unfamiliar sound, and it called up in one moment a dear, familiar picture—the red-roofed cottage-home at Bowrie, all aglow with evening sun ; the sheltering elm-tree by its side, and the winding, sleepy village-street ; the meditative cows pacing down it in slow, desultory fashion, and turning off at intervals, each to her own peculiar byre.

'It canna be Mailie !' she exclaimed, in a voice of bewilderment ; but even while she said 'canna' she felt that it was, and hastened out to the gate to see.

There, under the leafless limes, in the chill rain, stood a pathetic little group. A beautiful red cow, her slender legs soiled with a long trudge over muddy roads, was standing before

the gate, and turning uneasily from side to side as she surveyed her strange surroundings. At her head was an old man, spare, bent, and weather-beaten, whose kindly face took a grim and sad expression as he gently reassured the lowing creature. Close at her heels stood another figure, clad in a tartan shawl, and almost hidden beneath an enormous cotton umbrella, green with age; and round about the little group, gazing wistfully into the face of one after another, roved a collie dog, weary, wet, and travel-stained, and as plainly heavy-hearted as ever dog could be.

'Faither—mither!' exclaimed Jeanie in amazement, as she flung open the gate. 'Where are ye gaun? And what for have ye gotten Mailie wi' ye, the denty wee dearie?' and she clapped the cow's glossy shoulder with loving pride.

Suddenly the tent-like umbrella shut with a sharp click, and a dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked little woman, with a snow-white mutch on her head, and an irate expression on her face, stood revealed.

'What for did ye no' send the siller ye promised us? And whaur wad we be gaun but to sell the coo to pay the rent, puir beastie?'

Mrs. Scott ended with an indignant sniff, and wiped her eyes on the corner of her shawl.

'Sell the cow!' echoed Jeanie, in dismay. 'Sell Mailie! Faither, ye're no' gaun to sell her?' and she turned imploringly to the old man.

But his impatient partner would not let him speak.

'He bude tae sell her when he couldna pay the rent,' she burst out. 'Gin ye had sent us the siller ye promised us we micht hae keepit her; an' what for did ye no' send it? Tell me that.'

'I told ye in the letter, mither; I said that I had no money.'

'But whaur is it?' demanded Mrs. Scott, planting the worn-down nose of the umbrella firmly in the damp ground, and gazing sternly at her luckless daughter. 'Dinna stan' glowrin' there, but tell's what ye hae dune wi' it. Hae ye lost it?'

'I dinna ken; maybe I did. I think I kind o' lost it,' stammered Jeanie, with reddening cheeks and downcast eyes.

But her explanation was not well received.

'Houts, havers!' was her mother's scornful comment, while her father shook his head with an anxious air, and, opening his lips for the first time, said gently—

'Dinna you tell lees, my wumman,' then, rousing himself, he

called to Lassie, the collie, who had lain down at a respectful distance, and prepared to move on.

But Mrs. Scott made one more attempt to get to the bottom of the matter.

'Jeanie Scott,' she demanded, solemnly, 'hae ye spent the money?' And when Jeanie made no answer, she added, in bitter scorn, 'I jealoused as muckle,' and she too prepared to depart.

The umbrella was unfurled, and, after much creaking and straining, was persuaded by its owner to stay up, but Mrs. Scott refused to receive any help from her daughter, and did not vouchsafe her a single farewell word.

'Faither, are ye no' gaun to bid me good-bye?' sobbed Jeanie, turning to her father in despair; but he only said, 'My heart's owre sair for words, lassie,' and she was fain to cast herself on the cow for a last embrace.

It was at this juncture that Miss Melville looked out of her bedroom window, and greatly surprised she was at the sight she saw. Jeanie, her red head resting on a red cow's neck, was kissing and caressing the 'nasty, dangerous beast,' as Miss Melville mentally called it, while the tears flowed down her cheeks, and a very disreputable dog looked piteously up in her face. An old man, at the cow's head, resolutely turned his back on the scene, and an old woman, under an umbrella, looked on it unmoved. But it lasted only for a moment. At a word from his master, the collie began to circle wearily round the cow, Jeanie stroked for the last time the white star on Mailie's forehead, and turned hastily away from the soft stare of her dewy brown eyes, and the little procession moved on.

Miss Melville at her window, and Jeanie at the gate, watched it till it passed out of sight. Once Mailie looked round and gave vent to a dolorous 'moo'; more than once Lassie stood still and looked back at the weeping maiden; but the sturdy parents never turned their heads; they plodded steadily on over the muddy road, beneath the gently-falling rain, and only the desponding droop of John Scott's shoulders, and the tired trail of his wife's feet, betrayed what heavy hearts they carried with them.

When they were quite out of sight, Miss Melville finished off her tidying in her usual way.

'I must look over all these things when I have time, and put them tidily into the drawers,' she said to herself, but, for the present, she hustled them out of sight just as quickly as she

could, and hurried downstairs to ask Jeanie what was the meaning of the strange scene which she had just witnessed.

The result of her questionings filled her with surprise and uneasiness. Jeanie explained, in a very dry manner, that she had no money to give her parents ; that she had written to them to tell them so, and that they had then decided to sell their cow in order to make up the rent, which was farther behind than it had ever been before ; but no amount of questioning could draw from her any information as to what had become of the money. ‘I dinna ken,’ was the clearest statement she made on the subject, and her attempts at explanation were so mixed up with tears, mysterious regrets, and lamentations over Mailie, that Miss Melville at last gave up trying to understand the matter, and left the kitchen in a very uncomfortable state of mind.

‘Miles will be sure to say that he knew it from the very beginning,’ she said to herself, ‘though what there is to know I defy any one to make out ;’ and then she began to consider whether she ought to give Jeanie warning, and to wonder what Miss Alison Murray would say, and to strive in vain to account for the disappearance of the money.

In the midst of her cogitations a visitor was announced. This was Mr. Malcolm, the minister who lived next door. He explained that his call was intended for Jeanie, who sat in his Church, and made known his intention of ‘engaging in prayer,’ as he was accustomed to do when paying a ministerial visit. Miss Melville accordingly went to call Jeanie, whom she found drying the dinner-dishes and her eyes, time about.

‘Mr. Malcolm has called to see you, Jeanie ; and I want you to come into the dining-room because he is going to pray.’

‘What for, mem ?’ asked Jeanie, laconically.

‘Oh, I don’t know—he did not say.’

‘Weel,’ said Jeanie, very decidedly, ‘if he likes to put up a word for the coo, he’s welcome ; but I’m not going to be praying for a’ thing and everything at this time o’ day.’

When the circumstances of the case had been explained to Mr. Malcolm, he consented to remember the trials of the Scott family in his prayer, and so, without more ado, the three knelt down. But Mr. Malcolm’s prayers were wont to be extremely comprehensive, and he had scarcely got beyond the opening section, when, without the slightest warning, the door opened, and some one came into the room. The minister continued his

prayer in a loud emphatic voice, which seemed to advise that no notice should be taken of the intruder ; but Miss Melville, who always felt nervous when the front door had been left open (as she felt sure it must have been), thought herself justified in taking a sidelong glance at the new-comer. She was relieved to find that this was only Miles, who was standing just within the door, and whose further progress was effectually barred by the minister, and the chair at which he knelt. His look of surprise changed to one of utter bewilderment as Mr. Malcolm's prayer went on, and he listened to the mysterious allusions made in it to a 'valued domestic animal,' 'afflicted servants,' and 'heavy loss,' and he began to think that one of the cats must be dead, and to wonder which of them it could be. He tried in vain to gather any clear information from the prayer, for Mr. Malcolm seemed anxious to avoid any distinct statement as to its object, and became more and more vague as he proceeded. At last he closed with a sonorous 'Amen,' and immediately after took his leave.

'What in the world is the matter?' burst forth the impatient Miles. 'Have the cats taken poison, or is the cock dead, or what, in the name of wonder, is it?'

'Nothing has happened to the cats, as you may easily see,' said Miss Melville, pointing to a small basket near the fire, in which Judy, Daisy, and a white kitten lay, while Tim sat close by looking over the edge ; 'the cock is in perfect health ; for the event which has occurred, *you*, at least, will be perfectly prepared,' concluded Miss Melville, with what she believed to be crushing sarcasm.

'Resignation of the Friendly Girl ! I knew it !' cried Miles.

'Well, you are wrong for once,' interrupted his aunt, 'it is *I* who am thinking of dismissing *her*!' and then she embarked on a lengthy narration of all the events of the morning, and ended up by saying, 'Now, what do you think I ought to do, Miles ? It seems so very strange not to know what has become of nearly six pounds !'

'I think it would be a great deal queerer if she *did* know,' retorted Miles ; 'I'm sure I never know what becomes of my money—it just goes, and there's an end of it.'

'But, my dear, you should keep an account-book and note down all that you spend ; I do that, and then I add it up at the end of the month.'

'And is it always right, Aunt Marget ?'

'Well, not quite always ; but then I just put down "fowl, 3s. 6d.," or "sundries, 4s.," and that makes it come right ; it is such a comfort to know exactly what you have got for your money.'

'But if you *didn't* get the fowl ?' murmured Miles ; but Miss Melville changed the subject suddenly.

'So you think, then, that I ought to keep Jeanie ?'

Miles gave his opinion in Jeanie's favour, to his aunt's great relief, and then returned to the subject of the cow. He seemed to be much more impressed by the Friendly Girl's faith in prayer than by her carelessness in her money matters. That she should have no money did not surprise him in the least ; it was constantly his own condition ; but that she should insist on praying exactly for what she wanted, even when the object of her desires was only a red cow, struck him as being both sensible and unusual.

When Miles rose to go, Miss Melville detained him to look at Tim, who, she felt quite sure, was not very well.

'He scarcely ate any dinner, and his nose is peculiarly hot, don't you think so ?'

'Ninety degrees in the shade !' said Miles, solemnly, laying the tip of one long white finger on the end of Tim's black nose, and with these words he went away, leaving Miss Melville rather doubtful as to whether Tim's health might be considered satisfactory or no.

That day, which had seemed to Jeanie a very long one, drew, like all other days, to an end at last. When night came, she sat down on her big box, which half filled her little garret, and looked back on the events of the last few days with a sorrowful heart. Half-unconsciously she held in her hand the empty box which had contained her savings—the savings which she had counted over night after night so happily—and once or twice she opened it and looked in, as if half-hoping that it was all a mistake, and that the precious notes and silver might still be there. Everything seemed to have gone wrong with her. She had meant to do so wisely and so well, and no one had profited by her self-denial except the burglars. She had not even the consolation of thinking that her money had induced them to go away ; as things turned out, they would have gone away without it, and she did not dare to say a word to anyone about their visit. And now her kind mistress had been disappointed in her, her mother's heart was angry, and her father's sad. The tears

trembled in Jeanie's eyes, and fell heavily on her listless hands, as she pictured to herself her parents' homeward walk, the silent cottage, and the empty byre at Bowrie. And Mailie, poor Mailie, left alone with strangers, and missing the familiar voice and touch, perhaps even neglected or unkindly treated.

Eleven o'clock struck, and still Jeanie sat on, gazing straight before her with sad, wistful eyes. And straight before her hung, all gorgeous in its red and gold, Miss Melville's text.

'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God.'

Mechanically Jeanie read the tender words—read them as she had done a hundred times before. But now a Voice seemed to speak them in her ear, to her very heart; she felt for a moment the gentle presence of Him—

'Who listens to the silent tear,
For all the anthems of the boundless sky ;'

and in the sudden sweet assurance that He knew her sorrows, understood her perplexities, and watched over her dear ones 'both man and beast,' she was comforted.

(To be concluded.)

STUDIES IN THE ILIAD.

II.

ZEUS AND APOLLO.

So far we have seen Zeus only as the god of the sky, the husband of Herè, and the sovereign of all the lesser deities; we have now to consider him in his relations with men. This new aspect is in many respects strangely incongruous with the former. It is difficult to realise that the wrangling lord of Olympus is the same person as Zeus the Counsellor, the father of gods and men.

But the incongruity is easily accounted for. All that mass of crude and barbarous legend which represents Zeus as the ruthless usurper, the tyrant who by sheer brute force just manages to keep in subjection his unruly crew of gods, was naturally handed down from one generation to another as authentic and sacred, and preserved from substantial change by the reverence of the worshippers of the god. But, meanwhile, the Greeks were emerging from the savage condition of those who invented the myths; and as they gained, little by little, higher and truer notions of morality and of the nature of deity, it was inevitable that these new ideas should go first to produce some modification in the character of the supreme god. Whilst, then, the myths remained as they were, the character in which they were centred was developed and changed by the progress of thought, and so this incongruity was brought about—an incongruity which, as we know, was painfully felt by the later poets and philosophers of the ancient world, but which, in the Homeric times, had not yet advanced so far as to force itself upon men's notice. The character of Zeus is, in fact, the only one in which it is as yet perceptible.

Zeus is the great god on whose will and power the whole fabric of human society is built up. His supremacy, which in the sphere of physical nature and among the gods is sometimes all but overridden, is unquestioned here—is absolute over all the broad field of human life. Apollo may avenge his injured priest, Athene may be present to assist her favourite warriors, Aphrodite may contrive to be the guardian of her son; but their action is, after all, temporary and circumscribed. It is

Zeus whose name rises first to the lips of men, in triumph as in perplexity ; Zeus in whose hands lies the issue not of the whole war only, but of each separate combat also ; Zeus from whom come the wisdom, courage, beauty, and wealth of kings. His are the dreams and portents which foretell the future. He makes known his mind towards men by thunder, and by the flight of his eagles ; all the strange chances that fall to them, whether good or evil, are of his devising ; and their death, defeat, and misery are his appointment as well. This all-powerful will of Zeus is brought before us at the very outset of the Iliad. ‘ And so was done the will of Zeus,’ says Homer, speaking of the whole course of the action. Sooner or later it must find its fulfilment in every case.

And now to indicate briefly the main points in which men felt themselves brought into closest contact with him : We find him to be, first of all, the god of national life, and in particular the god of kings. We can trace indeed in Homer, as will be shown afterwards, the beginnings of that development which issued in the various Greek polities. But at this particular moment the whole action of each city is, in fact, concentrated in the action of its king ; he is the one prominent figure, and it is from Zeus that he derives both his pre-eminence and the wisdom to make a right use of it. His authority is in no way the authority of an irresponsible tyrant, for, along with the sceptre which is the symbol of kingship, the king receives from Zeus the ‘ laws,’ or, more properly, the ‘ customs’ (*themistes*) by which he is to govern (Il. ix. 98). He is regarded with peculiar reverence as under the special protection of the god. So, in the first book, Achilles, disputing with Agamemnon, is restrained from violence, partly indeed by the intervention of Athene, but also by his own reverence and that of the whole assembly for one whom Zeus has appointed king.

[Il. i. 276.] “ Neither do thou, son of Peleus,” says Nestor, “ take upon thee to withstand to his face a king, seeing that to no common measure of honour hath right a sceptre-bearing king to whom Zeus hath given glory. And if thou art the stronger, and a goddess was the mother that bare thee, yet is he the more honourable, seeing he ruleth over more people.”

Again, in the second book, when Odysseus is persuading the host to keep their places and not persist in flight, he says—

[Il. ii. 192.] “ . . . For thou knowest not yet clearly what is the mind of Atreus’ son ; now, indeed, doth he make trial of them, but soon will he press sore on the sons of the Achaeans. And in the council did we not all hear what thing he said. See that he wax not wroth, and work some evil on the sons of the Achaeans ; haughty is the spirit of a Zeus-nurtured king ; and of Zeus is his honour, and Zeus the Counsellor loveth him.”

It is especially in regard to kings and peoples—here naturally one or

the other of the two contending armies—that the protection of Zeus is expressed by the beautiful image of a hand outstretched above them (Il. IV. 249; IX. 420, 687).

We have Zeus, then, connected with the very centre of the polis, or city-state and of society, and probably it was a natural outcome of this idea that made him also regarded as the peculiar protector of all those persons who might be, either for the moment or in consequence of long misfortune, outside the pale of society. The beggar and the stranger were reverenced as his especial care; every house opened its doors to them; no man dared refuse them such lodging and comfort as he could afford; on the contrary, they were entertained with the greatest courtesy and respect, honoured with gifts, and if necessary helped on their journey, for there were many stories current that Zeus himself—one of whose titles is ‘god of strangers’—was wont to wander now and again as a mendicant among the children of men, that he might see with his own eyes how they were dealt with. On the other hand, Zeus also defended the rights of the master of the house; his wrath fell heavily on the guest who repaid hospitality by robbery or treachery, as Menelaus reminds the Trojans it is soon to fall on them for the wrong-doing of Paris (xiii. 620 ff.).

That Zeus is thus the god who watches over the movements and varying relations of society as a whole, is further shown by the way in which heralds are regarded. It is by their agency that intercourse is maintained between the various cities; they serve to bring together factions, and as channels of communication between enemies. So they are called the messengers not only of men but of Zeus; their persons are inviolable, and even Achilles in the fiercest moment of his wrath, when they are sent to him by Agamemnon to carry off Briseis (Il. I. 334 ff.), is constrained to behave towards them with due reverence.

Solemn oaths also, whether between man and man or between city and city, rest on Zeus for their sanction and inviolability; perjury is sin against him. It is in Zeus that a treaty is sure and a promise sacred (e.g. Oaths, bk. III.).

But the influence of Zeus on human affairs makes itself felt more directly than this. He sends men signs and warnings to guide them according to his will, and, so far as they have any knowledge of the future, it comes from him. Several times in the course of the Iliad his thunder encourages the Trojans and strikes dismay into the Greeks. This is the ordinary way in which he makes his pleasure known; but at any critical moment he gives signs which have a more definite meaning. Thus, when Hector is about to attempt to storm the wall and set fire to the ships, Zeus sends him warning that he is to fail—by the appearance of an eagle with a snake in its talons. The snake, though sorely wounded, strikes so terrible a blow at his almost vic-

torious antagonist that the eagle drops him into the midst of the host, and flies screaming away (Il. xii. 200 *ff.*).

The great sign which Zeus granted the Greeks as a pledge of their ultimate victory is recounted by Odysseus in the second book (300 *ff.*). They are inclined to abandon the war, but he encourages them to have patience for a season, reminding them how, when the ships of the Achaeans were gathered at Aulis, and they themselves were offering sacrifice, a terrible snake appeared, darting forth from under the altar of Zeus into a plane-tree where was a sparrow's nest with eight little ones in it. These he devoured, and with them the mother, making nine in all. And when this was done, Zeus wrought a marvel, and turned the snake into stone. This portent was interpreted by Calchas the seer to signify that the Greeks were to fight around Troy for the space of nine years, and at last in the tenth year were to take it.

These signs and portents are for the most part trustworthy, but not invariably so. In the second book we find Zeus sending a lying dream to Agamemnon to persuade him that the day of victory has come, and induce him to marshal his host for a final attempt upon Troy. In this Zeus is carrying out the promise he made to Thetis. Agamemnon is to expose himself to the hazards of battle, and the honour of Achilles to be vindicated by the rout of the Greeks and the triumph of Hector until reparation is made for the taking of Briseis.

The care and the rule of Zeus, however, are not merely concerned with men in nations or armies—they also extend to the life of each individual, and to the single, often trivial, events which go to make up that individual life. It is he who assigns to each man his particular station in the world, and his distinguishing gifts of valour, wisdom, personal beauty, as the case may be. He gives to Agamemnon sovereignty; to Achilles, a lower place, but the greatest prowess and fame (ix. 37); to one man he gives deeds of war, to another an understanding heart (xiii. 730). ‘Zeus,’ says Aeneas, in the twentieth book, after recounting his genealogy (242), ‘Zeus doth increase or diminish the goodness in men even as he will, for he is the strongest of all.’ Everywhere the victories, and the honour which each single hero obtains by his own individual exploits, are ascribed to Zeus, and to him too is ascribed each disaster as it befalls. This comes over and over again, and it is superfluous to illustrate it; one particularly vivid instance may, however, be mentioned. In xv. 694, when Hector is really at last pressing up to the ships, it is said that Zeus pushed him on from behind with his mighty hand and urged all the people with him.

Another thing that impresses one more the more one reads the Iliad, is the pity of Zeus. He is the only one of the gods that pities men—pities the vanquished and the dying, on whichever side they fall, just because they *are* vanquished and dying. He cannot change the doom

of Troy, but he watches the approach of ruin and the fall of Hector, in whom was the only hope of resistance, with grief and compassion. He does all that can be done to make the hard fate less terrible. ‘Ah, miserable man,’ he says, as Hector takes the armour of Achilles from the dead body of Patroclus and clothes himself in it, ‘and there is no thought of death in thy heart which verily cometh soon upon thee, but thou puttest on the immortal armour of a full great warrior whom others indeed fear exceedingly. Ay, and his gentle comrade and valiant hast thou slain, and the arms in no seemly fashion hast thou stripped off from his head and shoulders. Howbeit now at least will I put into thy hands great might, in recompense for this, that never shalt thou come home from battle and Andromache receive of thee the glorious armour of Peleus’ son’ (*Il. xvii. 201*).

But about half a hundred lines further we read that, for all his great gift of might to Hector, Zeus will not suffer the body of Patroclus to be dragged away by him.

‘But the Achaeans,’ says the story, ‘with one accord stood round Menoitiades, making a fence with their shields of bronze. And about them upon their flashing helmets the son of Kronos shed a great mist, seeing that aforetime he did nowise hate Menoitiades while being yet alive he was the squire of Aeacides ; and he would not suffer him to become a prey to the dogs of his enemies at Troy, wherefore he stirred up his comrades to defend him.’

Yes, in the nineteenth book, when Achilles, in the bitterness of his grief for Patroclus, refuses food and drink, it is Zeus who has pity on him, and sends Athene down to give him nectar and ambrosia, that no hunger may come upon him. And when Hector is dead, the same tenderness and compassion that followed his last exploits continues to watch over his body. Zeus softens the wrath of Herè and Athene towards him, and through Thetis conveys a message to Achilles, enjoining him to suffer Priam to ransom the body of his son. He commands Priam to go forth to the huts of the Greeks ; and when Hecabe, full of fear, tries to dissuade her husband from so dangerous an enterprise, he vouchsafes them a sign—an eagle flying over the city to the right—which allays their dread. And finally, as he looks down and sees the aged king with but one companion as old as himself, taking his way from the city to the huts, he sends down Hermes to lead him in safety into the presence of Achilles.

There is not space to illustrate this point more fully, but any careful reading will furnish a number of instances. They are naturally most frequent in the last half of the *Iliad*, where the doom that hangs over Troy is felt to be imminent, and where Achilles himself is moving within sight of the death which he knows he is to meet before the city.

Inadequate though it may be, it is easy to discern some grand broad

lines of truth in this conception of Zeus, in spite of the crude and grotesque way in which it is interwoven with that other conception of him which we have noticed before. The mere range of his power and the sufficiency of his will set him at once on a different level from the other deities ; and added to this we have the notion of his power as on the whole siding with the good, of his will as falling in with the dictates of instinctive morality (*e.g.* xvi. 384 *ff.*). It is true that there were stories current about Zeus which made him guilty of the most terrible crimes ; but, as we saw before, it is a mistake to criticise the characters of any of the gods from the point of view of morality, especially as morality is understood by us now. Here, in this last side of the character of Zeus, we have just the beginning, the first attempts to connect the common, half-developed ideas of right and wrong with religion ; and this attempt begins, not with arraigning the god himself at the bar of right, but with making men to a certain extent answerable for their actions to a Being who himself is irresponsible.

But fresh, joyous, and keen as life looks in the Homeric poems, the most casual reader feels here and there that men had already begun to ponder some of the deeper questions of life. The origin of evil and disaster ; the cause of those sudden mysterious swervings of men's reason from the right path, when by their own blindness they fall into strange calamities ; the possible retrieval of their happiness ; the question of what power it is with whom rests the last inexorable decision of the lot of gods and men—all this one meets with now and again in the course of the Iliad ; not set down of course in any explicit and formal way, but implied—hinted at—coming to the surface again and again in various ways, simple, sensuous, childlike perhaps, but still neither shallow nor insignificant.

What is the relation of Zeus to all this ? one naturally asks. And here we have reached the rather difficult question of the relation of Zeus to Fate. We have seen that Zeus, for all his pity, could not avert the doom of Troy. There was, then, after all, a stronger power at work overriding his will, and this power is called by the names Moira, Aisa, Ker, or, as we say, Fate, the Fates. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos are not Homeric, though the idea of the spinning occurs, as, for instance, in xx. 127, where Herè says—‘but at the last he shall endure whatsoever Aisa wove in the thread for him at his birth’ (*cf.* xxiv. 210) ; and in xxiv. 49, ‘a spirit stubborn to endure have the Fates set in man.’ This idea of spinning and the plural number alike involve a certain amount of personification ; but, though perhaps rendered clearer by the addition of epithets such as ‘deadly,’ ‘invincible,’ ‘evil,’ this personification is never carried any farther. In most cases, where we catch a glimpse of this Fate, even this little is abandoned. When Zeus lingers over the wish to save his son Sarpedon (xvi. 420), or to spare Hector

and the city of Troy (xxii. 165), Herè and Athene rebuke him for imagining a revolt against that which is destined ; but they speak of Fate rather as a decree, a fiat, than as a living power. Nor does Zeus himself find in the Moira a being with whom he can confer. When he desires to know that which must be, he takes his golden balances and weighs the lots of men or peoples in the scales, and their rise or fall instructs him. In the eighth book he weighs the lot of the Achaeans against that of the Trojans (66). In the twenty-second, again, when the hour of Hector's death has come, he weighs his lot against that of Achilles, and the lot of Hector sinks right down into the realm of Hades. It is noticeable that this 'fate' is brought into view chiefly at the moment of birth and the moment of death.

We have, then, here a power impersonal, so far as an impersonal force, whether natural or divine, was conceivable to the Greeks ; irresistible, for Zeus himself cannot withstand its decrees ; inexorable—no one thinks of praying to or against Fate ; and there is an apparent contradiction between what is said of the omnipotence of this power and what is said of the omnipotence of Zeus. The truth seems to be that Fate in the Iliad brings men into the world in a certain time and place, and again, at a certain time and place, takes them out of it. All that lies between birth and death, so that at last each man is brought to the goal appointed for him, is left in the hands of Zeus and the other gods. They may for a little space put off the fate of death, and lead a man by a slow, circuitous road to the point where he must disappear ; they may determine the means and manner of death ; they know—what is concealed from man—(III. 308) when it is that fate requires him, and, by relinquishing him at that moment, sometimes make it appear that it is they themselves who have destroyed him. This is why death is sometimes spoken of as if it were of their ordering alone. Achilles, for example, going out to find Hector, says—'and the lot of death will I receive then whensoever it pleaseth Zeus and the other immortal gods to accomplish it.' In reality, however, it is not Zeus and the other immortal gods who shall accomplish it, but the Moirai who sent him into the world who now reclaim him again. Fate, then, is the sovereign of the beginning and the end, underlying and surrounding the bright, familiar, daily life where Zeus rules, as Oceanus, the unharvested ocean-stream, surrounds the bountiful earth. The very notion of form implies limitation ; every definite figure is necessarily seen against a background which is not itself ; and fate is that mysterious distance against which the clearly-cut shapes of the Greek gods stand out before us. They may be compared to the pillars of some stately temple on the edge of a promontory. The temple arrests the eyes and takes captive the imagination, but above and around it, and between the pillars of it, is seen that illimitable sky by

whose sufferance it continues to stand, and by whose thunderbolts it yet may fall.

As for the mysteries of life which lie within the domain of the gods—evil, madness, unexpected calamity, continued suffering—these were held to depend, here and there, indeed, on the caprices of the lower gods, but in general and as a whole upon the will of Zeus. For the ruinous working of men's ignorance or foolhardiness there was a dim sort of personification in Ate, Calamity, Mischief ; and in the ninth book (499 *ff.*) there is a very beautiful bit which tells how Ate, strong and swift of foot, hastens over the earth, while Prayers, the children of Zeus, slow and crippled, move after her to undo the mischief she has done. Terrible crimes, wilfulness, and presumption were ascribed to this goddess whom Zeus let loose upon men. Sometimes, however, he himself would take away a man's wits, and strike him with blind thoughtlessness, so that he committed some rash or foolish action. There are several instances of this. One rather amusing one is in the sixth book (234). Glaucus and Diomedes have discovered that their families are united by the ties of ancient hospitality ; they agree as a sign of friendship to exchange armour.

'And there,' says Homer, 'did Zeus, son of Kronos, deprive Glaucus of his wits : who changed armour with Tydeus' son Diomedes, golden for bronze, armour worth a hundred oxen for armour worth nine' [cf. IX. 377 ; VII. 360 ; XII. 234].

But the deepest and most comprehensive saying about the dealings of Zeus with men is in the last book of the Iliad, and it may serve to bring these remarks to a fitting close.

'For two urns stand upon the floor of Zeus filled with his evil gifts, and one with blessings. To whomsoever Zeus, whose joy is in the lightning, dealeth a mingled lot, that man chanceth now upon it, and now again on good, but to whom he giveth but of the bad kind, him he bringeth to scorn, and evil famine chaseth him over the goodly earth, and he is a wanderer honoured of neither gods nor men' (Langleaf and Myers, p. 494).

In turning from Zeus to Apollo we do more than merely pass from one great god to another. Zeus, as we have seen, is the nearest approximation the Greeks ever attained to the truth of the one God, Ruler of all things, omnipotent, and all-wise. The power of Zeus is felt in every part of human life ; that of Apollo, as of all the lesser deities, is confined to one definite and particular sphere, beyond which his activities do not extend. He may be best described as the lord of the human body, the god of that glorious framework which was to the Greeks, far more than it is to us, the real and essential man. With its lower side—with the passions and appetites that lead to indolent or gross indulgence and excess—Apollo has, of course, nothing to do ; he

is master only of its swiftness and strength, its quick senses, its terrible powers of suffering, its insatiable capacities for noble enjoyment, and those dim, mysterious instincts which stretch out into what is intangible and invisible.

Hence, one of the first things that strike us in him is the vividness and beauty of outward form in which he appeared to the Greek mind. The epithets joined to his name all bring him before our eyes as one ever bright, and young, and full of vigour. He is Apollo the 'far-darter,' Apollo 'with the silver bow,' 'with the golden sword,' 'with the unshorn hair.' The most complete and beautiful picture of him is, perhaps, that in I. 44, where, with his silver bow and lidded quiver clanging at his shoulders, he comes down the mountain peaks, like night in his wrath, to punish the insolence of Agamemnon to his priest.

His part in the story of the *Iliad* is that of the protector of the Trojans, and as such we see him now and again heading the warriors and urging on Hector. But this championship is always more or less of necessity ; he must defend the people he has adopted, but he never, like Athene, takes delight for their own sakes in the rush of battle and the noise of victory. On the contrary, we have him more than once endeavouring to make peace, at least among the gods, (*e.g.* VII. *ab init.*, XXI. 460) ; and on the field he is as often busy in rescuing the wounded as in spurring on the foremost fighters (*e.g.* V. 431 ; XXI. 590 *ff.*).

Even when he does mingle in the press of battle it is not to take part in the mere bloodshedding ; and it is curious to notice how, by a touch here and there, Homer preserves the figure of the god in a certain aloofness. For instance, in the fifth book, in the passage quoted above, we have Diomedes attempting to fight with Apollo over Aeneas ; three times the god repulses the presumptuous mortal, then, at the fourth time, he gives him a high rebuke for daring to join issue with one of the immortals, and, having driven him back, he carries away the wounded Aeneas, and then sends down Ares into the field, while he himself goes to sit apart upon the height of Pergamos. The other gods more or less acquiesce, though perhaps with complaints, in a man's daring them to combat ; from Apollo, if they persist, they meet with this stern and lofty reproof. At the end of the twenty-first book and the beginning of the next, we have Achilles chasing the rout of Trojans up to the very gates of the city. Apollo takes the form of Agenor, a Trojan hero, and draws Achilles away from the general pursuit to chase him alone. Achilles, though ever so fleet of foot, cannot overtake the god, and Apollo, when his object is gained, turns round upon him and reveals himself, rebuking him as he did Diomedes for his folly. But the scene in which the figure of Apollo stands out perhaps most grandly

and delightfully of all is that storming of the Achaean wall by the Trojans, in the fifteenth book (352). The Trojans, with horse and chariot, are sweeping on towards the wall in the wake of Hector, and, in front, Phoebus Apollo, lightly with his feet overturns the banks of the deep trench, and casts them down into the midst, and lays a road for them, long and broad, as much as a spear's cast is when a man throws to make trial of his strength. The Trojans pour on in serried array, Apollo before them holding the glorious aegis ; and he overturns the Achaean wall, very easily, like a child by the seashore who makes sand houses for play, and then with hands and feet throws them all down again in confusion. ‘Even so, great Phoebus, didst thou throw down all that toil and trouble of the Achaeans.’

And now to return to Apollo as the god of the human frame. In Homer there is a separate god, Helios, for the sun, and also a sort of celestial physician, Paieon by name, who cures the wounds of Aphrodite and Ares. Later on, both these minor divinities were identified with Apollo. Even here, though the identification has not yet taken place, he stands in close relation with them. If he is not the god of the sun, he is the god of seeing. He has the unerring sight of the archer, his darts never miss their aim ; and it is from him that Pandarus among the Trojans (Il. 827), and Teucer among the Greeks, have learnt their skill with the bow (xv. 440). He is lord, too, of that other noble bodily sense—the sense of hearing. We have him in the first book (603) leading the choir of Muses at the Olympian banquet, and in l. 472, we have Odysseus and his company worshipping him and appeasing his wrath by the song and music of the pæan, in which he takes delight.

Again, he is the god who grants health or inflicts disease, and who, among men at least, is the teacher of leechcraft. We saw him, in the first book, dealing plague and death among the Greeks ; and in the fourth book (510), where he is urging the Trojans on to greater energy, Homer makes him say : ‘At them, for their flesh is not stone or iron, to withstand the cutting bronze as they are smitten.’ In the sixteenth (508), we have Glaucus, sorely wounded, appealing to him and healed by him.

It was natural that this idea should be carried further, and that Apollo should be also, in a sense, the god of death ; not of death as fate, but of death as the destruction of the body. In the Iliad there is only one allusion (xxiv. 753) to the painless shafts by which Apollo was held to inflict a sudden but happy death ; one finds more of this in the Odyssey. Here his main office is the care of the dead. It is to him Zeus entrusts the bodies both of Sarpedon and Hector. Apollo, at his father’s word, goes down the mountain ridges of Ida into the dread mellay, and straightway lifting the god-like Sarpedon out of the darts, he bears him a great way off and bathes him in the

streams of a river, and anoints him with ambrosia, and clothes him in immortal garments ; and he commits him to twin fleet convoyers, Sleep and Death, who bear him swiftly to his own home in Lycia (xvi.). He watches over Hector's corpse so that the cruel insults of Achilles may not disfigure it (xxiv. 7), and pleads to the gods for it to be restored to his people (xxiv. 30). In this last book (605) there is also an allusion to the story of Niobe, and how Apollo slew her sons with his silver bow and Artemis her daughters, because she had dared be insolent to their mother, Leto.

Apollo is also the god of prophecy. In l. 72 we are told that Calchas learned from him the art of divination. This is, perhaps, the only direct assertion of the kind in the Iliad. What the connection is between the power of prophecy and the bodily life is slightly illustrated by a verse in the seventeenth book (118), where Apollo is said to have struck the Greeks with 'divine affright.' The notion at the bottom of prophecy was possession by a god. The slender human frame was seized upon as a mouthpiece ; the little ordinary intelligence that guided its movements was, for the time, dethroned, and in such violent and frenzied expression as was alone possible to this fragile instrument the mortal voice and gestures uttered the divine will. It is curious to contrast with this the method and nature of inspiration as the Hebrews knew it. Of the two great parts which make up a man, the body and the mind, the revelation of the will of God to the Hebrews addressed itself mainly to the latter. Its outward expression, indeed, when the prophet came to record it, was by means of figures and in terms of bodily sensation, but, speaking generally, the vision was an inward vision not given through the actual bodily organs. Such exceptions as will occur to every one were, for the most part, rather for the sake of the people than of the prophet.

The religion of the Greek world, on the contrary, was far more closely connected with the human form and its faculties. The seer, with his bodily eyes, scanned the heavens, the flight of birds, the entrails of victims ; with his bodily ears he heard the thunder, and when the will of the gods was made most plain to him, it was, as we have seen, not by the illumination and purification of the inward mind that this knowledge was attained, but by a dread divine afflatus which darkened his reason, and made his outward frame the mere vehicle of its purpose.

And hence it is that the same god who had for his province all the nobler powers and senses of the body was also believed to be the giver of such knowledge of things beyond mortal sense as the Greeks of the Homeric age, and for many ages after, could discover among themselves.

STUDIES IN THE ILIAD.—II.

Questions.

MAY.

5. Give some account of any two of the following gods as they appear in the Iliad—Hera, Poseidon, Ares, Aphrodite.
 6. What details of the worship of the gods do we learn in the first six books of the Iliad?
 7. What is the attitude of Zeus towards the Trojans?
 8. What are the chief signs and portents sent by Zeus to direct the leaders of the war?
-

Intending students must send with their first set of answers 2s. 6d., as a fee for the series.

Those desiring to have their papers returned and criticised must send 5s.

A Class List and Comment will be published.

Two small prizes (in proportion to the number of entries) will be given.

Address, before the 25th of each month, Miss F. Hayllar, Harewood, Leeds.

Church History Society.

PRECURSORS OF THE REFORMATION.

HUMANISTS IN ENGLAND.

Questions for May.

17. Show how the New Learning was brought from Florence to England, defining the likeness and unlikeness between English and Italian Humanists.

18. Who were 'the Oxford Reformers,' and say shortly what each contributed to the work.

19. A Life of Dean Colet.

20. What manner of Reform was desired by these men.

Books specially recommended : Trench's *Lectures*, Seeböhm's *Oxford Reformers*, Seeböhm's *Era of the Protestant Revolution*, Miss Yonge's *Cameos from English History*, 3rd Series, and Perry's *History*.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by June 1st.

Class List for February.

Class I.

Etheldreda		Ierne	37	Λαυδία	
Papaver	{	Gooseberry	36	Gregorian	{
Honeysuckle		Water Wagtail}	35	Laura	
Trudel	Scorax	35	Fidelia	{
Hermione	Malacoda	33	Maidenhair	

Class II.

Pauline	:	27	Miss Molly	25	Aspirant	{
Veritas	:	26			Echo	

Class III.

*Stokes 18 | †Robin Redbreast . . 11 | Roseville 11

* Three answers.

† Two answers.

REMARKS.

5. The connection between Wycliffe and the Hussites is best done by *Etheldreda*, *Papaver*, *Honeysuckle*, *Trudel*, and *Laura*, who show the limits of the influence of the former over the latter, by reminding us that Reformation had already begun (as, indeed, resistance to Rome had hardly ever ceased) there, by Janow and others; also that Hus and the more

moderate party, while adopting Wycliffe's view of Dominion founded in Grace, and his desire for a more Apostolic poverty in the Church, never taught his views on the Eucharist. The extreme party exaggerated much of Wycliffe's teaching, though not apparently on Transubstantiation, as both parties united to burn Huska for denying this doctrine. All should have mentioned, as one connecting link, the scholarships at Oxford for Prague students, one of which was held by Jerome Faulfisch. It was this, beyond all, that tended to bring Wycliffe's writings to Bohemia.

6. The Agenda for the Council of Constance is most clearly put by *Etheldreda*, *Papaver*, *Honeysuckle*, and *Gooseberry*. Some members have mistaken *Agenda*, i.e. things to be done, with *Acta*, things really accomplished. Bog-Oak ventured to use the Latin word, as more expressive than 'business,' which may be past, present, or future.

7. *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Papaver*, *Ierne*, *Honeysuckle*, *Sycorax*, Λαμβδα, *Gooseberry*, *Trudel*, and *Gregorian* have described the Trial of Hus with much spirit. Λαμβδα: Milman does get into confusion with his dates. There is no doubt that Hus suffered in July, 1415, and Jerome the year after. No marks are subtracted for following Milman.

8. The death of Hus is well given by *Water Wagtail* and *Ierne*; the Hussite War best by *Etheldreda*, *Papaver*, *Honeysuckle*, and Λαμβδα. Several members say his trial was unfairly conducted, and that the insults and manner of that and of his death were due to personal hatred. But the trial seems to have been fairly conducted, according to legal customs, and except at the Session of June 5th, was free from interruption. Much patience was shown. Even his accusers, Palecz and De Causis, 'earnestly besought him to make disavowal of his errors.' Sigismund was taunted with his favour to him. D'Ailly, his enemy, urged him to abjure generally 'all his errors' without specifying them. Zabarella worked hard to frame a mild recantation that he might sign. At the very last Palecz with tears besought him to reconsider. But when in honour and conscience Hus felt obliged to stand firm, the Council, in obedience to Church Law, was obliged to burn him; but it would rather have done anything else, and nowhere but in Bohemia or Germany would anyone have been surprised at the result. It is gratifying to remember our own Bishop Hallam's voice was the one raised against the system. Bog-Oak believes the maledictions used at the taking away the vestments, etc., were not personal insults, but were the form actually used (sometimes most righteously) at the degradation of a Priest. Knowing what a holy and meek man Hus was, it all seems horrible to us, but one had rather say he was worthy of the ancient martyrs, than that anyone else was like Nero.

With regard to the Hussite War, it is one of the moral (or immoral) consequences of persecution, that the persecuted, except under unusually good guidance, imitate it, and the fires of Constance were more than avenged on defenceless monks and nuns afterwards.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABALE GROUND.

Is all that is logical necessarily practical? (Suggested by *The Muffin Man.*)

As Chelsea China never, in her young days, 'went in' for logic, this subject, like many others, is quite beyond her. Nevertheless, she is quite sensible of the aggravation, if, after you have carefully proved whether an object is white or black, your opponent answers you with remarks tending to show that red is a pretty colour! The debaters have decided that logic is *not* practical on the whole. Chelsea China would not for one moment suggest that any of them may not be practical, and she hopes they are not illogical. But it seems to her that the tendency of the papers is rather to narrow the scope of the word practical, and to confine it to very commonplace things. Surely if belief or thought gives a working hypothesis it is practical, whether in our own case it is *practicable* or not. And does not logic sometimes fail to be practical because the premises (is that the right word?) are too narrow?

Chelsea China recently heard a delightful story of a young Kindergarten mistress who was found weeping over a refractory scholar. 'I have followed *all* the rules,' she said, 'and read through all Fröebel's directions, and she *won't* be good!' This young lady had evidently constructed her problem without considering 'what a deal of human natur' there is in child.'

Papers received from *Bath Brick* (welcome back again), *Kat*, *Blackbird*, *Jon*, *Anchor*, *Smut*, *Lilium Candidum*, *Atheline*, *Hogotu Ha*. Of these *Jon* and *Blackbird* are given.

I wish I could say I thought so, for I consider that English people generally do not pay nearly enough attention to the logical aspect of things, and, personally, I find nothing more aggravating than the person who answers one's most answering arguments with, 'Yes, dear, I dare say that logically it may be just as you say, but practically I am quite sure that,' etc.. etc. I have no doubt that the lady mentioned by Herbert Spencer who economized when travelling abroad by using extra large boxes, as she considered that dresses weighed so much lighter when packed loosely, met objections to her ingenious scheme somewhat after that fashion. Still, in spite of my partiality for logic, I must admit that there are a good many things that lie outside its domain. For instance, it is asserted that all the

nutritious properties contained in other food are to be found in an onion. Consequently, *logically*, the way to live at once sufficiently and economically would be to sit down to meal after meal of onions ; but, *practically*, no one could help disliking such monotonous fare so much that it would become simply impossible to eat enough to keep one in health. To go to more serious matters, a marriage entered upon with the cordial appreciation of the friends on both sides, by people of suitable age and station, who have known each other some time, and are both sensible, amiable, and well principled, has every guarantee for happiness that reason could desire ; yet there may be just lacking that indefinable something which could make them really united in heart ; while another marriage, against which many excellent reasons could be urged, has that all-important element in full measure.

Again, to touch on a far higher subject still : is not this a weak point in modern scepticism ? Because religious people have too often ignored the questions of reason altogether, their opponents speak as if reason were the only force to be reckoned with, and ignore the emotions altogether. Covetousness, excess, impurity, hatred, have been proved by all the experience of mankind to bring so much misery with them that if reason alone were sufficient to rule the human heart, people of ordinary intelligence would strive to avoid them as systematically as they strive to avoid being run over in the street, or having their money stolen.

But I think few who really understand human nature can think this promised rule of reason a practical remedy for the ills of life, or feel that its advocates have provided any sufficient substitute for what they are seeking to take from us.

BLACKBIRD.

Surely—by no means ! The logical concerns words, the names of things (logic being the science of words from *λόγος* and *λέγειν*), the *Practical* concerns life, the things themselves. And things are greater than their names, and life is too complex to be adequately represented by words. Therefore in the mystery of life's labyrinth, the wisest must fall back on that Ariadne thread of practice, that 'rule of thumb' which they share in common with the unlearned. An ancient Father has said that it was not seen fit 'to deliver the world by logic,' and setting aside the lofty matters of which he speaks as too high a subject for discussion in the China Cupboard, we must own that even in directions of less moment the world is not 'delivered' by logic. That 'Christian paradox' of the Siege Perilous, 'If I lose myself I find myself,' is in words most illogical, but in practice how surely is it proved to be the truest truth. Nay, more. I have heard it said that he who shall undertake to prove his existence in words will have a hard task. Is not Logic to Life what Perspective is to Art, indispensable and unerring as far as it goes but incomplete ? Perspective may help us to draw the leg of a table, says Ruskin, but the curve of a mountain and the sweep of a bay can only be drawn by the eye. So the deeper and loftier problems of life and its conduct can only be solved by the eye of the soul alone, the 'single eye' of love and duty—may we not say also of good sense.

JON.

AFTER CLAPS.

From the various 'after claps' on the Waverley Novels, Chelsea China has selected parts of two contending storm-clouds. In modification of M. Taine's remarks quoted by *Blackbird*, she would say that early nineteenth-century souls were not *fin de siècle* souls, and Sir Walter Scott was not acquainted with the latter. Nor did the souls of his day express themselves as do those of ours. We certainly want more than he had to give us, but we may get something from him notwithstanding. He did *not* give us the

real middle ages ; but did he not give a great impulse to study them ? And we are not sure whether the agreeable persons mentioned by M. Taine would be better company than Locksley and the Black Knight, Saladin, and Fenella, to say nothing of the Antiquary and the Dominie. In any case fairyland must be somewhere, why not in the Middle Ages ?

As for *Noel Rae*, such refreshing enthusiasm must speak for itself, though Chelsea China cannot share it !

I think very decidedly that the modern novel gives us much that is wanting in Scott. I have just come across some remarks on his writings by M. Taine, which I will give here, as they exactly express what I feel about him. (I hate translations, but unfortunately have not the original by me.) 'Walter Scott pauses on the threshold of the soul and in the vestibule of history, selects, in the Renaissance and the Middle Age, only the fit and agreeable, blots out frank language, licentious sensuality, bestial ferocity. After all, his characters, to whatever age he transports them, are his neighbours, "cannie" farmers, vain lairds, gloved gentlemen, young marriageable ladies. All more or less common-place, that is, well-ordered by education and character, hundreds of miles away from the voluptuous fools of the Restoration, or the heroic brutes and fierce beasts of the Middle Ages.'

BLACKBIRD.

Fashions change, in books as in everything else, and I am old-fashioned ; but I cannot think otherwise than that it would be a sad day, were a generation ever to arise who should reject Sir Walter Scott's pure high-minded writings for those of his greatest successors. Meanwhile I am ready to maintain that I and many others would gladly barter most of even what we admire in modern fiction for one page more of one of the introductions to the Waverley Novels.

NOEL RAE.

Bog-Oak's observations have raised much wrath. It is most gratifying to find that besides *A Man and a Brother*, another MAN has risen to defy her, and we must endeavour to find space for his remarks. *Blackbird* also sends a rejoinder.

DEAR MADAM,—

Will you permit a man to contribute to your China Cupboard ? I was to-day struck with the letter of Bog-Oak, and as the Editor seems to have considered the argument therein to be ineffectual, I would like to ask on what grounds, other than the well-known old saws, is based the belief which Bog-Oak combats ? The statement that Civilisation rests in the last resort upon force, is surely either a truism, or at variance with the history of living beings so far as known to us. It is a truism if by force is meant that which causes a change of any kind whatever, and this is the meaning which people often have in their minds when they talk of Government by force. But such a truism throws no light. If, on the contrary, by force is meant physical force only, then the statement is a falsehood, and its falsity is demonstrated on almost every page of life's history. But this is what many people think they mean when they talk of force governing the world ; they have in their minds such expressions as 'blood and iron,' 'keep your powder dry,' 'Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions,' and so on, all ways in which people, who talked well and observed badly, expressed their contempt for the higher forces of the universe.

Putting aside, for the moment, the history of man, take that of plants. Is it always, is it even generally, superiority in physical force that enables one plant to survive when its comrades perish ? Is it not rather adaptability,

sometimes to the wants and ways of bees, sometimes to changes of climate, sometimes to one thing, sometimes to another, in innumerable and divers manners? but scarcely ever to brute strength? Sometimes it is capacity to injure others, more often it is capacity to help others and receive help in return. When we turn to animal life the conditions become increasingly complicated, and brute force recedes more and more into the background as life develops, marking out for itself somewhat special lines, as in the development of the carnivora; but the carnivora do not rule the animal kingdom, their function is more like that of the influenza among men, it is to harass and to stimulate the development of other creatures by eating those which do not improve and learn to avoid their teeth and claws.

When man appears physical force has its sphere, but it is not nearly so large a sphere as is often imagined, and it is continually diminishing while man progresses; and when the subtle forces of Intellect and Character begin to show themselves they rapidly make physical force their slave, to hew their wood, and draw their water. But the subject is a large one, and I shall soon be a bore, so I will refer any one who cares to follow it up to a delightful little essay by Miss Buckley, called 'Moral Teachings of Science,' and to some articles by Prince Krapotkin, on 'Mutual Aid among Animals and Barbarians,' now appearing in the 'Nineteenth Century.' Those who do not want facts will find an exquisite expression of the truth of the matter in the song of the second Choir of Angelicals in the 'Dream of Gerontius.'

W. M. M.

SUBJECT FOR MAY.

It is stated, That the efficacy of reproof depends entirely on the mode in which it is administered. Is this so?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before May 25th.

SECOND SHELF.

VARIETY SPECIMENS.

THIRD COMPETITION.

Definitions.

Define Happiness, Idolatry, a Holiday, Love, Tolerance. Beauty.

As is usual in the modest efforts of the China Cupboard we 'talk a great deal of prose without knowing it.' Nominalists and Realists, Platonists and Aristotelians, urge their views on all sides. Chelsea China has received a great many pretty, poetical, and suggestive *descriptions* and sundry clever *essays* on the subjects named. Also much good advice as to the way of attaining them; but she has received very few statements that can in any way be called *definitions*, and of these she thinks *Cora Langton's*, on the whole, the most complete. *Pickled Walnuts*, *N. Winkle*, and *Dame Mary* have individual answers, which Chelsea China thinks very good. *Lilium Candidum* and *Apsley* have some good definitions.

Many of the papers which Chelsea China is obliged to call in the main descriptions, contain *some* definitions, and show quite as much appreciation of the ideas as the more definite ones. *A. C. Shipton's* and *Jon's* are, per-

haps, the best of that class. All the papers are interesting and thoughtful. It is not a definition to say that 'Happiness is the sunshine of life,' or 'That which gives perfect enjoyment'; those are short descriptions of its effect.

Some few remarks occur to Chelsea China on some of the points.

Some of the writers make *Idolatry* too exclusively false belief, but one or two striking definitions have been given. 'Worship materialized, or the adoration of the substance for the reality'—*Pickled Walnuts*. 'To gild the feet of clay, knowing the clay is there'—*Lilium Candidum*. 'Clinging to the symbol when the thing symbolized has become known'—*X*.

Beside *Cora Langton's* definition of Love as 'Spiritual Magnetism,' we may set *N. Winkle's*, 'The spirit of heart expansion.'

Chelsea China does not think 'the old definition of a holiday has been improved upon'—'When it doesn't signify what you do next.' Tolerance has been in many cases identified with forbearance, and has been given by many merely a moral significance. Chelsea China quite sees what *Lilium Candidum* has in her mind by calling it 'Conscious Superiority,' but thinks she will find 'Conscious Fallibility' a better working hypothesis. Beauty is considered by some a matter of opinion, by others a revelation of the Unseen. A great many have regarded it as entirely external, and some have even identified it with personal good looks.

Twenty-nine papers received, and *Paper Knife* very good, but too late.

Happiness.—The full employment of our highest faculties.

A Holiday.—Perfect freedom.

Tolerance.—Sympathy with divergence.

Idolatry.—Misplaced worship.

Love.—Spiritual magnetism.

Beauty.—Perfect truth so represented as to suggest the ideal.

CORA LANGTON.

FIFTH COMPETITION.

So many Competitors chose 'John Inglesant' for their favourite novel that Chelsea China proposes to set for the next subject a short essay on that book. Not to exceed 500 words.

Answers to all competitions to be sent to Chelsea China before the 25th of the month, care of the Publishers.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE.

ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Harry Graham, in 'Holiday House.' By Catherine Sinclair.
2. Theodora Cowper, cousin of the poet. Southey's 'Life of Cowper.' Quoted by Theodora Martindale in 'Heartsease,' to whom half marks are given.
3. To Belinda, in 'The Rape of the Lock.'

'Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind.'

4.

'Where face to face and hand to hand
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand.'

WORDSWORTH'S 'White Doe of Rylstone.'

5. 'Lone Sahib,' in 'The Sending of Dana Da.' Rudyard Kipling.
6. In Sir E. Coke's Mansion at Stoke Pogis, in Gray's 'Long Story.'

POPE.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

C. A. B., 12; *Two Corsicans*, 18; *Wood Sorel*, 12; *L. Halliday*, 33; *Rule of Three*, 36; *Theodora*, 18; *Three Rock*, 12; *The Muffin Man*, 30; *M. R. A.*, 12; *Swanzey China*, 12; *Starling*, 12; *L. N. V.*, 12; also *L. N. V.*, 21; *K. Anstey*, 9; *Lal*, 27; *Gareloch*, 24; *Feu Follet*, 18; *Mumps*, 24; *Helga*, 12; *Paslit*, 18; *Only Herself*, 6; *Honeylands*, 6; *Helen*, 30; *Old Maid*, 30; *Nemo*, 18; *Cedar*, 21; *The Cousins*, 3; *Child of the Mist*, 12; *Greta*, 18.

Half marks allowed for the Kittens in the 'Egyptian Princess'; not for Sir Isaac Newton, his life was hardly made a burden to him. Two quite different sets of answers received, both signed *L. N. V.*

QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

1. What was the name of the 'Peruvian Princess'?
2. What lay for long ages in the 'deep-delve earth'?
3. Who 'nursed her wrath to keep it warm'?
4. Who smelt Valerian?
5. Who was a 'noticeable man with large grey eyes'?
6. Who wore oak-leaves and acorns for her bridal wreath?

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Will some one kindly tell me who wrote the 'Silver Store' mentioned in 'The Pillars of the House,' and its publisher?—DOLLY.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Any bookseller would tell you the Publisher of his poems.

Snapdragon would be much obliged if any one can tell her who built the Mont Cenis Tunnel?

Surely the French Government.

Schauspiel asks for short drawing-room plays for three girls of fifteen.

'Terra-Cotta Plays' (Innes); 'Half-Hour Plays,' by Amy Jenner (Innes); 'Ragged Robin' (Allen); 'The Doll's Drama.'

Wanted a Children's Rhyme Book with pictures, date about fifty years ago, name forgotten; one poem on Violets, another ending of verse in one of the poems

'Mamma was angry, yet she smiled,
And thus rebuked her foolish child.'

FLORA.

ANSWERS.

The lines on St. Martin's Cloak asked for are in the 'Monthly Packet' for November, 1873, called 'St. Martin's Summer.'—THEODORA.

Nemo informs *G. G. C.* that her quotation is to be found in Addison's 'Cato, Act i. Scene 2.'

In answer to *Katz*, Chelsea China says that it is not usual to reprint recent questions, and refers her to China Cupboard for dates.

A. C. I.—Hen chaffinches do not all migrate, especially in the southern counties. In the north they do, whence their scientific name *Fringilla Cælebs*, given by Linnæus to the grass-widower|males

NOTICES.

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

An admirable work is being done by *The Nurses' Missionary Association*. It was founded about two years ago to provide a fund to assist Church Missions in foreign lands in their medical work. This is done in the simplest way by furnishing existing Agencies with funds, the only stipulation being that those selected should be trained nurses, and communicants of the Church of England. Grants have already been made towards the nursing fund of the Central African Mission, the hospital at Mahanova, nursing work in Corea and Sierra Leone, and the Association furnishes the salary of a native nurse in Peking. It will be seen that the work is capable of almost infinite extension, and is one which ought to appeal to every one who knows the healing of the Physician of souls and bodies. Those who are not nurses are cordially invited, both male and female, to become members of the Association, who are anxious to obtain collectors in all the town and diocesan secretaries. The annual subscription is 1s. Miss Image is Honorary Secretary, 53, Gloucester Street, London. S.W., and will give all information. The Association are anxious to get collectors in all the towns, and are appointing diocesan secretaries where opportunities offer.

We are asked to state that *Cartref oddi Cartref*, Little Wales, 29, Broad Street, Golden Square, W., is a Home for Welsh girls in London, successfully conducted on the principles of a G. F. S. Lodge, or Home of Rest. It is, no doubt, a great advantage to girls who are practically foreigners in London, and is much in need of subscriptions.

The National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. This excellent Institution has a General Section and a Young People's Section. It is intended to promote self-improvement, and sets courses of study on various subjects, recommending books, and publishing notes by the best authorities in its Monthly Magazine. History, literature, and science are all taken in hand. There is a Welsh Section for Welsh scholars, and a Dante Section, conducted by Mr. Arthur Butler. Any five people can form a 'circle,' and connect themselves with the Union ; or a single student can join it. The Young People's Section is adaptable to the requirements of pupil teachers, institutes, or Bible classes. The Society holds a 'summer assembly,' similar to the meeting of the various University Extension Schemes, which will take place this year at Weston. All particulars can be obtained from the General Secretary.

BOOK NOTICES.

A tiny pocket manual of Daily Prayers, compiled by our correspondent *Smut*, is to be obtained from Whittaker & Williams, Printers, St. Leonards-on-Sea. It is a very nice selection.

Two admirable books for reading aloud in Cottages and to Mothers' Meetings deserve notice : Mrs. Hallett's *The Gospel in the Home* (Innes), and a much smaller one, *Mothers' Unions*, by the Hon. Mrs. Bulkeley-Owen (S.P.C.K.). We are very glad that helpful institution, the Mothers' Union, is acquiring a literature of its own.

Punchinello's Romance, by Roma White (A. D. Innes & Co.). This is a very uncommon and, we think, promising book by a young writer. It is full of poetical fancy, and yet the most striking parts of it are the highly realistic pictures of a mill and its hands. The 'Elfin Princess,' who figures as heroine, has a certain elfin strain about her, and yet her dreams are all of the elevation of her rough neighbours, her enthusiasm is the enthusiasm of humanity, her puzzles the puzzles of to-day. Punchinello himself is a vivid and pathetic sketch. Jim and his mother are excellent characters, and pictures, now of natural beauty, now of human misery, are flashed upon us with considerable power. Two criticisms occur to us—one, that the 'impressionist' style of the book is not quite so well adapted for dealing with the social and religious difficulties of the heroine, as with the actual scenes around her. There is a sense of abruptness, both in stating and in settling the problems ; the other, that a few normal human beings would, like 'the brilliant flashes of silence' of a great talker, come in with effect. Everybody is odd. But the book has style, originality, and beauty.

[The Editors of the '*Monthly Packet*' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.]

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

JUNE, 1892.

GARDENS OF PARADISE.

IN Eden was a garden set
When first the world began,
Filled with the sunshine of God's face
As first He smiled on man.
The trees at evening heard God's voice,
And a river softly ran.

The whole world knew of the garden then,
Eastward in Eden set ;
Vainly by seeking would find it again,
Vainly,—till we forget
That ever came thorns instead of flowers
From the earth our tears have wet.

Forget the meaning yew hath borne,
The place where rosemary's laid,
The fear that clingeth close about
The deadly cold night-shade ;
Forget the piteous name of rue,
Or say 'herb-grace' instead !

Wherefore, since memory cannot die,
Nor Eden ever be ours,
Each soul hath a garden in Paradise
Kept for the rearing of flowers,
Given of grace to the souls He loves
Coming to rest in His bowers.

The grass of the gardens is green like ours,
 And the daisies not one inch higher ;
 But every garden hath lilies a-row,
 Each like a silver fire,
 And every garden a bird lives in,
 And sings from a cypress spire.

No bud may blossom scentless there,
 No voiceless bird may fly,
 No tree hath ever shed a leaf
 For feeling winter nigh ;
 Nor waters have a voice of moan
 Nor winds low-breathèd sigh.

An angel showeth each soul new-come
 His own fair garden ground.
 'Behold !' he saith, 'what flower on earth
 By thee was fairest found
 Here groweth for thee, by God's good grace,
 Where all His own abound.

'Be it the rose with a heart of gold,
 Or rose with a heart of red ;
 Or lily that veileth a tender face,
 Or lily that reareth her head.
 By garden wide, or water side,
 With green great leaves outspread.

'And would'st thou know how these come here
 With odours of long ago ?
 Even as thoughts go forth abroad
 When a thinker biddeth them go ;
 Even as prayers fly up to heaven
 That housed in a heart below.

'When a deed of grace is done on earth
 In heaven a flower springs.
 Some angel marks it, and outspreads
 His tireless white wings,
 And flies abroad a messenger,—
 And ever flying sings.

“This time,” he sings, “a deed of love,
For now a rose was born !
This time, a goodly gift, by these
Blue star-flowers in the corn !
Prayer is this waft from the incense trees
And a blessing is downward drawn.”

‘Behold, oh, happy soul, heartease
Within thy borders blown !
Had’st thou not trusted Him on earth
This flower had not grown ;
Nor lilies of the vale,—thy tears
For a sorrow not thine own.

‘Nothing is lost that God hath seen.
Thyself hast half forgot
Why in the grass this meadow-queen
Grows with forget-me-not ?
By the water’s edge Herb Christopher
With honey sweet melilot ?

‘He knoweth. And none are christened anew,
From speedwell blue on the sod,
To the rosy buds of almond bloom
That covered Aaron’s rod.
Such as thou knewest have names unchanged—
And the others are all of God.’

MOIRA O’NEILL.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

A HARMONY OF CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE AND CHRISTABEL B. COLERIDGE.

'It takes all sorts to make a world.'

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. PETTIFER'S ADVICE.

'WELL,' said Miss Dorset, with her dainty afternoon tea spread under her vine-clad verandah to greet the dusty travellers.

'Well,' responded Juliet, triumphantly.

'Well,' said Miss Anne, in a composed tone, seating herself by her sister.

'Well,' said Lewis, in a tone of infinite relief, throwing himself at length on the grass.

'Well,' said Rupert, 'I should think you had had enough of snobs.'

'Well, my mannie! my jewel!' cried Selva, holding her son alternately aloft, and squeezing him to her bosom. 'Did his daddy and mammy go away and leave him? And did he cut a little white tooth while his mammy wasn't there to help him, but was gone off a-playacting among a set of ridiculous, stupid people? And is he very glad to see her again, her own, own boy—that is prettier than all she has seen put together!'

All these 'wells' were uttered simultaneously, so that Lady Willingham's flood of maternal nonsense formed the last words audible.

'Is that the general opinion?' said Aunt Marion, as she gave the cups to Rupert to hand round, while Lewis resigned his face to be clawed by his son and heir.

Agnes gave a gasp of assent, and stooped to kiss her nephew.

Rupert exclaimed ‘Emphatically.’ Aunt Nance said again, ‘Well, it was rather fun.’

‘Really,’ said Selva, ‘the old lady was rather jolly. She is a good old thing. She took me over the house the last morning, when you were all rehearsing, and showed me her hot-water pipes and smart beds and all, and got quite confidential. Don’t poke out your father’s eyes, you unnatural gossoon !’

‘And what did she tell you?’ was the cry, for owing to crowded trains and companionship, they had not been alone together since their departure.

‘Poor old lady, she grew quite affectionate when she found out that I had a baby at home, and she took me up into the great big empty nurseries—large enough to lose you in, you little varlet—and sat down in an old nursing-chair, and said how much nicer it had been when her son Vincent was little, and she had done everthing for him, whereas she was hardly allowed, by the fine lady nurse, ever to see that little youngest, and there was one that died, that she was quite sure his nurse had not done right by. She cried—oh, cried piteously, and said, “My dear, my dear, don’t let anything take you right away from your child, you’ll never get over it ;” and when I said I never went away for more than a day or two, and he had a dear good aunt, and my husband’s old nurse, she shook her head and said “it wasn’t the same thing.” And she was right, wasn’t she, my precious ? Oh, and then she was very curious, now we had grown so affectionate, to know whether I was really my lady or only Mrs. Williams, for nothing would get it out of her head or her husband’s that ours wasn’t only a theatrical name, and she knew it was the custom, but she didn’t like pretence. So I told her she had only to buy a peerage new enough, and she would find us all set down ; and then I told her how Lewis had come to guard my uncle from the moonlighters, and carried off the poor little Irish girl without a penny in her pocket, and how, when we had lost all our money, we couldn’t do anything but live by our wits. And she cried and kissed me, and then she said, “But now, my dear, wouldn’t it be ever so much better for all of you to turn to something solid. If your husband would turn his mind to a clerkship ; I’ve no doubt Pettifer would give him one. Then you could be with your baby, you see. I don’t mind a bit of acting for Vincent and Maud, all amatoor, since nothing else will serve them, though it turns the house upside down. Young folks must have their fancies, but it ain’t the same as being

professional, and that ain't the thing for two nice young ladies like your sisters. I wouldn't have it for my Maud."

'Jolly old party!' cried Rupert; 'who would have thought there was so much sense under her stunning satins? Why, Armytage has been vowing that he'd never act again among such a crew of cads except for the sake of defending Agnes from impertinence.'

'Was anybody impertinent?' asked Aunt Marion, anxiously.

'Oh, no,' said Juliet. 'Mr. Burnet took care of that.'

'But is he a gentleman?'

'He behaved as sich,' said Lewis.

'Which is more than can be said of some,' added Aunt Anne; 'though the Major took a great deal of care of us; and it was an experience!'

'It *was*,' echoed Agnes, emphatically.

'A disgusting caricature of ourselves,' said Miss Anne.

'The professional was not so bad,' said Selva, 'or one expected nothing better, and Mr. Burnet suppressed him. It was the gentlemen, as they called themselves. I declare I felt near about throwing my teacup at that insinuating fellow's head, that one whom Pettifer called the honourable Mr. Lennox!'

'Well, it would have made a sensation,' said Lewis, laughing, 'and passed off as the "wild Irishwoman's manners."'

'Manners, 'tis little they had of that,' said Selva.

'Manners they have none, and customs very beastly,' quoted her husband.

'Buckley didn't think so,' said Rupert, significantly.

'George Buckley is an ass!' returned Lewis.

'He was very blue at being only Bobby No. 2,' added Rupert. 'If we do that Irish thing again, I wish you would make him heir, or agent, or something.'

'Can't look like it!' said Juliet. 'There is a shade more acting in him than in the old giant of Egypt, but he's always thinking about himself.'

'H'm!' said Rupert.

'And it is easier to deal with him,' said Lewis, 'because he goes shares with us, while Armytage will accept nothing.'

'Besides,' added Rupert, 'they did not seem to care in the slightest degree about Emley being a bit of a hero.'

'Dense of them!' said Agnes, 'but I think their homage would have been worse.'

'And how did the Major get on?' asked Miss Dorset.

'He was very huffy at first,' said Selva, 'could not get over being taken for a professional; but he was mollified by the compliments we Irish got after "Murther in Irish," though none of us were fit to hold a candle to Dolph.'

'Yes, Dolph's the real genius,' said Lewis; 'he died like an Irish edition of Mercutio, and set old Mrs. Pettifer—yes, and all the old people, off crying and sobbing.'

'The old and the children,' said Aunt Anne; 'the young were above such weakness.'

'Mr. Burnet was very much struck with him,' added Juliet; 'he longs to have the training of him.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Miss Dorset.

'Falling into prejudices, Aunt Minnie,' said Lewis. 'I suppose it is as good a trade as any other, and will put that boy a peg or two higher in life.'

'He is a very good boy still,' said Agnes; 'he got four or five pounds altogether in presents, and he brought it all to me, to put into the savings' bank; but I should be very sorry for him to go again into such a set of servants. They jeered at his blue ribbon, "just as one reads in books, ma'am," he told me; "and they has champagne at the housekeeper's table."

There was more laughter than Agnes thought quite called for at her tone of horror, but she was relieved by hearing Lewis say, as the party began to disperse, 'Well! we made a good thing of it as far as the tin goes, but catch me going to a house I don't know more about another time—I've another notion.'

It was a stroke, however, to Agnes that Rupert, who had walked down from the station, said, as he followed her towards the door, 'I met Ripley, and he says that poor chap that you gave the sack to has been desperately ill—inflammation of the lungs—obliged to strike work, and so on.'

'No!' said Agnes, turning round with a face of dismay.

'Come!' said Rupert, 'you need not take it so to heart, you know. People don't have love in their lungs. If he went and got wet through in that thunderstorm, it was not your doing.'

Nevertheless, Agnes did take it to heart, and went through a great deal in her own room, between doubts whether she had really trifled with him at Coalham, whether she had been improperly harsh and ungrateful in her rejection, and whether after all it might not be foolish conceit that made her reproach herself with his illness. More than once she took out paper to write to either Alice Wharton or Elizabeth Merrifield to enquire, but a

sort of shame always hindered her, even while she longed to tell all, and obtain a really trustworthy opinion whether she were to blame for consenting to the career which was more unpleasant to her than ever.

Conscientious and self-conscious persons have to suffer a good deal more than their neighbours if involved in a doubtful undertaking.

Aunt Anne, having no self-consciousness, did not suffer half so much, when, in the spirit of her childhood, she confessed her Sunday rehearsal to her elder sister, who was greatly concerned.

'Oh, Anne, I did not think you could have consented! When the young ones stood out so bravely too!'

'Well, I wanted to save them from being pressed, and I knew that our scenes would occupy all the time. Besides, it seemed due to our hosts not to disgust them and upset all their plans.'

Miss Dorset shook her head. Like many of her generation, she was much more strict as to Sunday than as to any amount of amusements in the week. 'Such an example,' she said, 'for all of them. Why, if you had all shown a brave front, how good it would have been for these people themselves, and they had no right to insist.'

'So Mr. Burnet said, and I was sorry afterwards that I had given in when I saw what underbred people they were; but it was the first day, and it seemed wrong to be disobliging and overthrow all their arrangements. However, it will not happen again, Lewis has promised.'

'Thanks to good little Selva.'

'He says he will never go to a private house again without knowing more about the family.'

'Humph! Picking and choosing is not the way to make the affair answer!'

'I heard him promise Ernley Armytage. I doubt whether Ernley would hold to us after this if it were not for Agnes.'

'Oh—h—I never thought so! Why, they have known one another all their lives.'

'True, but the attempt of that unlucky clergy boy, as Juliet calls him, seems to have waked the slumbering fire; and I don't know that it is desirable. I'm talking stage, I declare.'

'He will not be badly off,' said Miss Anne, 'and poor Agnes has nothing!'

'But her face!' ejaculated Miss Marian. 'And if she did not

take up with him when he came home fresh with his wounds and his exploits, I should not think she ever would.'

Wherewith the sisters laughed at their own scheming.

When Lewis thought himself in duty bound to walk down to the office and see how affairs were going on, he met on the way young George Buckley, who immediately addressed him. 'Going down to the shop?—I say, you must soft sawder the old boss a bit. He's turned rusty. Wants to pin me down, says he wants me, and so forth; just as I am getting my hand in too. I believe it is all jealousy of the girls at my getting a cut above them in society.'

'Oh! If you take that for good society you are much mistaken!' said Lewis, surveying him with some scorn, mixed with vexation as he heard this sudden change of language from the correctness of speech that George used to affect.

'Eh! What? Old Pettifer was nobody, but there were plenty of swells; and one picked up a thing or two. Only stop his jaw, Willingham! I'll never desert you, and you may count on me to withstand any opposition.'

Lewis went on his way to the little den, where the remains of the business had been transferred from their old office, and where he found old Mr. Buckley in the midst of his ledgers. Things were on the mend here, and since the crash, had begun to look up a little. There had been a strike at the harbour which had injured them; vessels were coming back, and it was not in human nature not to rejoice, but Mr. Buckley, an intensely respectable grey-haired man of business, still looked grave and worn, and presently began—

'There's enough to do here now for George to be needed.'

'I am glad of it! You know he is never called upon for more than a night or two at a time.'

'Yes, and comes home with money in his pocket to take him down to the billiard-room!'

'Indeed!' said Lewis, more sorry than surprised, though not convinced that young Buckley's visits to the billiard-room were not begun long previously.

'You see,' said the old gentleman, who had known the young baronet from a boy; 'I had no objection to all your theatricals and tomfoolery as long as it was all among friends. It gave the lad something to do, studying his part in the evening, and kept him out of mischief; and when you thought of making it a paying business—well, I wouldn't stand in your way, after all

that is come and gone, but I did not expect to have him come home to vex his mother with smoking all over the house, and asking for brandy and water at all sorts of times, telling us it is the thing, just despising us at home, as if his mother could not give him a dinner fit to eat, and running off to the billiard-room at Jones's because we are so dull! Is that what your fashionable society has put him up to?

'I am afraid they were a shady lot—some of them,' said Lewis. 'I had no notion what it would be like, or I should never have gone to Hildon. I will take care to know my ground better another time.'

'Umph! But if this kind of thing is to go on, you must reckon on doing without George.'

'I have some notion of taking a little theatre for a few weeks. Then it would all be in my own hands.'

'Umph! Regularly on the stage! I say, Lewis, what would your father have said to all this?'

'Oh! he would not have minded,' said Lewis, rather off-hand. 'He always promoted theatricals among the officers.'

However, Lewis was glad to have the further discussion cut short by the entrance of a skipper.

His next measure was to betake himself to Miss Dorset, and ask her consent to inviting Mr. Burnet for a day or two, to talk over matters and arrangements. She gave it, the less unwillingly, since, as she said, 'I shall get some better notion what the thing is like!'

CHAPTER XIV.

'I HEAR A VOICE YOU CANNOT HEAR.'

'Now then, Clarence, I want to hear all about the "splendid and noteworthy festivities," and "the somewhat ambitious, but highly creditable dramatic performance" at which you have been assisting. Here's half a page about it all in "Fact."

So spoke Alaric Lambourne, about an hour or so after his cousin's arrival, as they sat smoking together in the shady corner of the terrace at Monk's Warren Park. There were little tables, comfortable chairs, and gay, soft rugs near at hand, great trees and green undulating slopes in the foreground, and a wide stretch of purple heather in the distance. It was a pleasant place to lounge away a summer afternoon, and its owner, a tall,

slender young man, was lying lazily back in a long straw chair, looking at his cousin who sat opposite to him.

'What does the thing say?' asked Clarence.

'Describes the company and the gardens and the entertainment, makes civil remarks about Mr. Clarence Burnet, gushing ones about the talented amateurs, and pats the Wills o' the Wisp kindly on the back.'

'Let me see,' said Clarence, taking the paper and reading—
“promising little actress, *espiègle* and engaging, may make a Rosalind after twelve months' study; the Celia must disabuse herself of the idea that it is enough to look handsome. Mr. Vincent Pettifer, manly and straightforward as Orlando. Honourable Charles Lennox made the most of the small part of Oliver, one of our most noted amateurs”—insolent brute!'

'That's not in the paper,' said Alaric.

Clarence here expressed his opinion of Mr. Lennox and others of the Hildon Castle company with much force and energy.

'Why,' said Alaric, 'I thought Willingham was a very decent sort of fellow.'

'Willingham? Oh, yes. The Wills are quite another sort.'

'And can they act?'

'Some of them can. Sir Lewis is not bad, in his own line. They have a lad belonging to them, the cleverest little imp you ever saw, and—yes—the young lady who played Rosalind has a good deal of talent.'

'I was asking, because Emily and I have been at Rotherwood, and Lady Rotherwood wanted to know if I thought this new company would be a good speculation for some festivities in the autumn. I don't know if she had an eye to you.'

'And is Rotherwood a good style of place?' said Clarence, anxiously. 'Would there be the same sort of thing as at Hildon?'

Alaric opened his dark eyes wide, and called to a lady who came out of the drawing-room window. 'Emily! Clarence wants to know if Rotherwood is a correct house, and fit for him to go to.'

'Really, Alaric!' exclaimed Clarence, 'I never said—I did not mean—but the Wills of the Wisp—'

'Oh, do tell me about the Wills of the Wisp,' said Mrs. Lambourne, as she sat down on one of the vacant chairs. 'Rotherwood is about the correctest great house in England.'

Are the Wills very correct? That's what Lady Rotherwood was asking, as it seems rather an odd move to go about as strolling players.'

'Like the Vincent Crummles,' said Alaric. 'Does the clever imp, or the engaging Rosalind represent the Infant Phenomenon?'

'I thought you knew them,' said Clarence, gruffly.

'No,' said Mrs. Lambourne. 'I believe Alaric met Sir Lewis once. But it does seem rather funny to go about in that way—with his wife, too. That sort of thing is all very well for girls, but I do think a woman should give it up when she is married.'

'He is a scatter-brained kind of fellow, not fit to take care of them. But I don't see how they can go on long. The younger brother—he's a nice boy, but a perfect stick—is going back to Oxford; and the aunt, Miss Dorset, their first old woman, seems to belong to some other company which has claims upon her time.'

'Another dramatic company? How very odd!' said Emily.

'Perhaps they provide amusements for parishes, or something of that sort,' said Clarence, 'for she seemed to think she ought not to rehearse on Sunday. The G.F.S. Society, she called it.'

Alaric and his wife went off into fits of laughter.

'It's an excellent institution, Clarence; looks after young women. It's patronized by all the swells. But there's a spice of trade's unionism at the bottom of it, though the good ladies don't know it. Give him one of your pink magazines, Emily; he might get the Miss Willinghams to join, and be a link with the stage, you know. Such a chance!'

Alaric intended to tease his wife, who only remarked, happily—

'Clarence knows how much nonsense you can talk, Alaric.' But he saw, to his astonishment, that his cousin looked solemn, and said,

'Well, then, if it is a thing that Emily belongs to, you see that Miss Dorset and her nieces are—are—you see the kind of people they must be. Of course, probably, I shall never meet them again; but to act for Lady Rotherwood would be exactly the kind of thing they lay themselves out for.'

'What are you going to do till the Planet reopens?'

'Why, you see, I had almost promised to go to the States with a man I know something of, who was taking out a company. That fell through and put me out. Clarke wants to get up a

tour. I might go to him. But the *Planet* piece wants a great deal of study. Raymond Rivers is a big part.'

'Stay here and study him, then.'

'Yes, do,' chimed in Emily, 'and keep Alaric in order. He has worried himself into two bad headaches this week already, about things that are not his fault. You know, hot weather never suits him. But he will have his own way.' She laid her hand on her husband's shoulder and looked down at him with a sweet grave smile, then added, 'I must go and see Mrs. Leslie, yes, about the Girls' Friendly Society, Clarence. And I shall ask all your people to come up to-morrow to tea in the garden. Dick is there, you know, and they will be delighted to come and see you.'

'Thank you, you are too kind always,' said Clarence, as she moved away. 'But what's amiss, Alaric? I thought you looked tired.'

Alaric looked at him with something of the expression that Juliet had compared to that of an animal which wanted to speak. 'Can't you tell me?' said Clarence, answering the look.

'Wills of the Wisp,' said Alaric, smiling.

'What?'

'Oh, not Sir Lewis Willingham and his dramatic company—all the Jack o' Lanthorns, corpse-candles, stars in the east, that dance before my eyes, and lead me into quicksands and quagmires! Visions that I can't see, dreams that I can't interpret; or, perhaps, it's only the ancestral gipsy urging me to go off on the tramp.'

'You were always cracked on the gipsy,' said Clarence.

'Well, I had my "Wanderjahre" once; but I think I want one about every seven years—a metaphorical spree, anyhow.'

'You had better come round with the "Wills of the Wisp" in good earnest.'

'There's some originality in their notion; but it won't work. Miss What's-her-name, your first old lady, is an allegory of the irreconcilability of life. Don't you think I make a much better squire than might have been expected, Clarence?'

'As I once told you, if they were all like you, there'd be no chance of a sounder system ever coming about.'

'Ay, exactly, but you don't know how easily I could be a better one still! I've come to love it all—my grandfather couldn't have loved it more—and to think of my duty to my son, and my stake in the country. And it's a grand, sturdy old type

that's done a great work for the race. Even old Manningham here, and men in the position of Rotherwood and Ormersfield—I meet him there—wonder if he ever saw any Jack o' Lanthorns in his youth! And the thing wants thoroughly carrying out from one point of view—an amateur squire is no better than an amateur actor. I could go in for it and do it all right enough.'

'Well,' said Clarence, 'you are cast for the part.'

'Ay,' said Alaric, 'or I should never play it! It's just the old story—neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring! The squire's coat doesn't fit, and the magistrate's chair's like a strait-waistcoat! But then, alas! the red cap and red shirt don't strike me as becoming garments either.'

'How about the mask and buskins?' said Clarence, watching him as he spoke.

Alaric flung away his cigarette and sat upright.

'Clarence, now and then I get a crazy fit. I want to let myself out—give out what's in me—though Heaven only knows what it is. Claude Melnotte wasn't quite an ideal form of self-expression, and I haven't any other. The gilt soon gets knocked off that gingerbread. But—but I'm such a fool, Clarence, that I find myself looking forward all the week to the chance of spouting to the fellows at the club. As if one could set the world to rights in that way!'

'Is the world especially wrong at present?' asked Clarence.

'Yes. You know the contract for the new church was given to a London man, and now he has got that for enlarging the station. Of course he brought a great many strange workmen down with him, besides employing some of our own fellows. They mostly lodge in that new district out on the heath; and the nearest way to their work is across the park, and through the big copse. Unluckily there's just one bit of wood that belongs to Oakfield, and now Sir James says he'll lock it up—so many fellows going through disturb the game. Perhaps; but it means a couple of extra miles for them. He wants me to lock my gates too. I shall not.'

'Why, even your grandfather never did so.'

'No; but till this new settlement on the heath, and all this building, it made very little difference. Besides, he didn't preserve as the Manningshams do. They might except that outlying copse; but Sir James says it's a principle.'

'You won't be bullied into giving it to him?'

'No; but it does seem confoundedly unneighbourly, especially

as I don't shoot myself. Rather the act of an outsider, you know, to go against all their traditions. The Manningshams think I'm currying favour against the next election. I'm trying to persuade the old boy to let it be—as it always has been. I don't believe the workmen do any mischief; of course they might. Some of them are among the lights of my club. There's a north country lad—— By-the-way, his parson, Mr. Merrifield, preaches here on the church-opening in September. He's clever, and we talk things out. Wanted to know last night how I justified myself in holding landed property. I talked to him like a true-blue old Tory—felt like one, too. But I don't know how I could, if I kept it for my own selfish enjoyments, or stood upon my more selfish rights. But what will little Alaric say to me by-and-by?—that is, if there's any landed property left in his time. I hope there will be. I like to think of his coming after his forefathers. So much for consistency!'

'Well,' said Clarence with a smile, 'you do very well for me. If you hadn't been what you call inconsistent, either you would never have made friends with me, or you would have been just such another as myself. You see more, not less than other people.'

'Oh,' said Alaric, 'if I quite knew what I do see! I may grumble now and again; but when a man's lot has been cast like mine in an earthly Paradise, he can't help thinking of all the others who are shut out, and feeling ashamed of himself.'

'Well,' said Clarence again, 'if every one felt that, I don't suppose it would signify much what side they took in politics. There wouldn't need to be any.'

Alaric laughed.

'That would be kingdom come, indeed,' he said, 'a world without politics. You have the luck to have one thing to do, and to do it, and you won't want anything incompatible with it.'

'If I do, I know I sha'n't get it,' said Clarence, grimly. 'What's this, the second post?' Clarence took a letter addressed to himself, while Alaric turned over his own share, and he read, much to his surprise—

'The Wharf House, Ousehaven.
' Aug. 23rd.

'DEAR BURNET,—

'I have just heard from an acquaintance at Clarebridge that the theatre there is in rather low water from trying to maintain a stock company unequal to the demands upon them.

Now the lessee wants to engage travelling companies. I have come to two conclusions—first, that the Wills would feel far more independent on their own hook than in other people's houses ; and secondly, that we cannot depend on helpers with other claims on their time. I hear that Clarebridge is a lively place, where high-class plays would be popular. I thought, by way of experiment, of taking it for the month of October, and producing "As You Like It," and "Romeo and Juliet," besides some comedies. If you are still free, will you come to me for that time, play the leading parts, and help me to produce the pieces ? I believe we can recruit from the late stock company. I am very hopeful as to the success of the Wills, but I am not such a fool as not to feel our deficiencies, and failure now would be disastrous to us. If you see your way to this plan, write to me naming terms, and giving your ideas on the point. We have one or two small manageable engagements in the neighbourhood in September ; but if you could come to Ousehaven we could arrange matters, and then go to Clarebridge and get our company together for rehearsal. Yours truly,

'LEWIS WILLINGHAM.'

Clarence flushed a deep red as he read this letter through, but before he had turned the page he knew what he should answer. 'What matter,' he thought, 'if he laid up future trouble for himself? And, besides, reality would be a corrective of foolish dreams. Yes—he would do it.'

He tossed the letter to Alaric and said, as indifferently as he could,

'I have nothing better to do ; I may as well undertake it. They'll know their ground in a month, and get into a more compact shape.'

'But—is it worth your while to connect yourself with such an inferior sort of affair ?' said Alaric, surprised.

'Oh, they have merits. It's a unique sort of thing, you know. This is a holiday time. I should like to play Romeo again. I like Sir Lewis. I think I'll go in for it. I shall be tied for so long to one part at the Planet.'

'Clarebridge is in the Rotherwood country. It's a good-sized place,' said Alaric. 'I've heard that there's a nice little theatre. But I shouldn't have thought the Wills were up to much from your description.'

'It all gives experience,' said Clarence, perhaps not very sorry

to see Mrs. Lambourne returning with a little dark-eyed girl and a plump fair boy beside her.

'What do you think Dick says?' said Emily, as Alaric seized on his little girl and set her on the table, 'to say her verses to Cousin Clarence.' 'It seems that one of your "Wills of the Wisp" visits at Coalham, where his curacy is, one of the young ladies, and there has been a great excitement at her taking to the stage. She seems to be a deluding light, for she has broken the heart of the curate of one of the other churches, and Dick owns to having considered her handsome. The poor young man has broken a blood-vessel or something, all for love of Miss Agnes Willingham, who threw him over in a heartless manner.'

Eh, Clarence?' said Alaric, 'take care of the bogs. The "Wills of the Wisp" are dangerous. If one young man takes to his bed and another is deluded into amateur theatricals by their treacherous magic, the case is serious. You'll see I shall have to come and pull you out of the quagmire. Now then, Martina, see how you can surprise Cousin Clarence.'

'Alaric spoils her,' said Emily, after the little brown-faced girl had repeated a piece of baby-poetry with the funniest dramatic tone and gesture, winning applause and kisses from father and cousin. 'I don't want her to be a "Will of the Wisp."'

Alaric only laughed, and tried vainly to coax the shy boy to a similar display.

'Or to follow one,' he said. 'Quite right, Al.; don't have anything to do with the marsh-fires. There are enough of them already to plague mother.'

Emily smiled at him a little anxiously, and as he moved away with the children, roused Clarence from dreamland, by an entreaty to him not to let Alaric worry himself with impossible ideas which would only disappoint him if he carried them out.

Alaric came back in a moment, having opened his last letter.

'Sir James will lock his gates this day week,' he said, briefly.

'There won't be much good, will there, then, in leaving ours open?' said his wife, a little timidly.

'No, dear,' said Alaric. 'But I can't shut them.'

He gave a long sigh and added, 'I wish I could!'

(*To be continued.*)

LATOUR: ARTIST-PSYCHOLOGIST AND PASTELIST.

BY ESMÈ STUART.

OF the many English visitors to Paris who as a matter of course yearly visit the famous picture gallery of the Louvre, very few ever find time or have sufficient interest, as they ascend the principal staircase, to turn to the left instead of the right, in order to feast their eyes on the beautiful collection of framed drawings by master hands there to be found, drawings which would teach them far more, if they are humble followers of art, than the great masterpieces in oil belonging to a sphere very far removed from the ordinary artist. Once seen, however, these drawings will remain a very precious recollection, for here we shall find something to suit all tastes and all capacities, and the greater our knowledge the more shall we admire those productions given to us by famous artists of all times and from all art countries. If we are ignorant, we may be inclined to pass some of them by as 'only slight drawings ;' but art is a science as well as an inheritance, and the more we study it the more we shall be able to appreciate these note-books of artists ; the more we meditate upon them, the more will these drawings become to us, not 'only slight drawings,' but living words and deep thoughts, thoughts just as clearly expressed as those we find in printed books. Indeed there is in them something more than this, for a portrait-painter can express not only his own thoughts, but with a few touches he is able to reveal to us the ideas, the aims, the aspirations, of the face he has drawn.

He will give us, if he is a great artist, the characteristics of his own generation, and, if he is a great man as well as a great artist, he will go yet deeper, and he will make clear to us the touch Divine of his age—and what age is without it?—as well as the superficial tendencies of the men and women of his day. He leaves out in his portrait no part of man's threefold nature so forcibly drawn in that wonderful passage of Browning's 'Death in the Desert :'

'How divers persons witness in each man

What Does, what Knows, what Is :

Three souls, one man.'

On the other hand if the artist is a great artist, but lacks the noblest instincts of art, he will, it is true, be able to show us the man and woman of his day as he saw them, truly, individually, and yet merely psychologically, not sympathetically. He will place his hand very surely on the plague-spot of his age, but he will be unable to go deeper, or to show that even in the most corrupt time there is a ray of light to be seen, that 'even in things evil there is a soul of good,' that for every destructive poison there is a spiritual antidote.

Such an Art-psychologist was Maurice Latour, the most famous pastelist of France, the man who was the fashion with the Court of Louis XV., the man whom a Pompadour patronised, and who, in return for fame and fortune, impressed upon paper, and with such slight fleeting material as pastel, the spirit of his age, telling us what these people thought, how they lived and loved, how they played at learning and diplomacy, and how many of them enunciated, if somewhat superficially, moral maxims—and lived immoral lives.

Latour was a psychologist, but when we stand before his pictures in the Louvre we see plainly he was that, and *that* only ; that every touch he puts in has a meaning ; but that, piercing through the outer man a certain way, he yet stops short of the whole truth, and because of this, he scorns him, and having fixed his knowledge and his scorn upon paper, he merely tells us, 'Such was this man, and such was this woman, and there is nothing more to say about them.'

To those who care to read these art note-books, this is the lesson to be learnt from Latour's limitation,—that a great *knowledge* of poor humanity is worth nothing in comparison to a great *love* of humanity ; or, as a modern writer has remarked about this same artist, 'He had not the love of the soul ; such men ignore that the only human commentary really worthy of the name is the fervent prayer which is inspired by love. To observe, to take notes, and to catalogue them, all this chill intuitive knowledge of cause and effect does not carry us as far on our road to truth as five minutes of pure love.'

Of such love for his age Maurice Latour was incapable, and yet, looking at a mere chalk sketch of his, called 'Une préparation,' for some finished portrait, Gérard exclaimed, 'If they

pounded us all in a mortar, Gros, Girodet, Guérin and myself, all the G's in fact, they could not draw out such a thing as this.'

Maurice Latour was born at St. Quentin in Picardy in 1704. His father was a musician, and his childhood was of course much like that of other precocious child-artists. At school his exercise books were covered with caricatures of his masters and school-fellows. Of course, too, his father wished him to be anything rather than an artist, and naturally the boy declared he would be an artist or nothing, and the usual result followed—at fifteen years old young Maurice ran away to Paris. He had no means, knew no one, and for all introduction he had a letter from Tardieu the engraver, to whom he had written, having seen his name on a print.

But Latour wished to be a painter, not an engraver, and the kind man mentions him to several artists, who all refuse to have anything to do with him except Spoëde, a second-rate painter who takes him in and teaches him, till the pupil becomes dissatisfied with his master. A few years after, we find Latour at Rheims, painting portraits on his own account during the Congress of Cambrai in 1724. Here the young man made a certain name for catching likeness, resulting in an invitation from our own English ambassador to come to London and paint portraits.

Latour was one of those men whom fortune always favours, or rather, whose keen wits take advantage of every turn of the tide in popular fashion. From the first he succeeded, and the struggle with fortune was short. Leaving England, he returned to Paris and announced himself as an English artist, Englishmen being just then in fashion, and having been obliged from delicate health to give up oil-painting, he was fortunate in his attempt to bring back the public taste of the eighteenth century to the crayon portraits of the sixteenth. One of his biographers thinks it was the visit of the Venetian artist Rosalba Carriera to Paris in 1720, whose famous pastel portraits were so much sought after, which suggested to him this new method. Be this as it may, in a very short time Maurice Latour had made a name in that city, so famous for its art and for its critical taste.

But the artist had plunged into money-making insufficiently equipped with art knowledge—a mistake two-thirds of those commit who have the misfortune to be born with more genius than perseverance. Happily for him the Court painter Louis Boulogne, having seen some of his work, and having at once recognised its merit and its defect, is said to have given him

this advice, 'Young man, draw, draw for a long time.' These words saved Latour from being merely a clever portrait-painter, and enabled him to win true and lasting fame. He threw up his commissions and his money-making, and for two years he shut himself up and drew continuously, with occasional advice from Largillière, nicknamed the French Vandyke, and De Restout, a Court painter, whose paintings can still be seen at Fontainebleau, and for whose advice Latour was really grateful. At the end of those two years he had made himself what we have already called him, the great psychologist of art. He had mastered with mere pastel a technique which has not been surpassed, raising this feeble pigment into a medium which no artist could after him afford to despise, and the truth of this was shown by the sudden wave of jealousy which swept over the artists who worked in oils. 'M. Latour,' says a contemporary, 'has carried pastel to such a pitch, that it is to be feared people will no longer care for painting.'

Latour begun to exhibit in 1737, and from the first public opinion was not mistaken. The series of portraits then begun, and which was to go on almost uninterruptedly till the end of the artist's life, carried society by storm; though at first the artist is mentioned and his work alluded to in this way, as if it were a new thing to talk seriously of pastels, 'On peint actuellement Mme. de Mailly en pastel. *C'est un nommé Latour.*' After this it is amusing to see how 'a man of the name of Latour' grows in fame and importance.

In 1740 he has three much admired pastels in the Salon, and the year following there is a crowd round his wonderful picture of 'Le President Rieux,' in red and black robes. De Rieux is shown to us in his own study, seated in an armchair of black *cramoisié*. Behind him is a screen, and on his right a table covered with blue velvet. Every adjunct is painted in a masterly fashion; the wig, the face, the fine linen, all these details are drawn with delicacy and vigour, and no texture seems too difficult for that cunning pencil to represent. By the year 1745 the rage for Latour has reached the Court, for the pictures of the King and the Dauphin are exhibited, and very soon the doors of Versailles will be opened to the artist by the fair hands of the ladies; but he will then have become full academician, for every honour was to be his portion. In 1748 his ambition can reach no higher, for that year he paints the portraits of the King, the Queen, the Dauphin, the Duke de Belle Isle, the famous

Maréchal de Saxe, the artist Dumont le Romain, and several of these portraits are in his best and purest style.

One might have thought the famous artist could now be satisfied with his honours, but success is often as dangerous to the character as failure. There was but one portrait-painter who could be said to approach him ; this was Perroneau, and Latour sought by a trick to silence this rivalry. He entreated him to paint his portrait, then painting his own, persuaded Chardin to hang them side by side at the Salon. There was no doubt about Perroneau's discomfiture ; but in spite of his rival's meanness he courageously went on and won a small circle of admirers, and perhaps Latour in this manner conferred immortality upon him, a result he little expected ; anyhow the portrait remains at St. Quentin to prove to us that Latour had certainly cause to dread this competitor.

But Latour's sitters were mostly men famous by right of birth or of talent. Jean Jacques Rousseau, in spite of his fine sentiments about simplicity, was not above having his picture taken by Latour for one of his aristocratic lady friends. In the art gallery of Geneva we shall find one of these, and we shall get from it a wonderful idea of the man, whose fine face could captivate the fair sex ; who could in his own person unite simplicity and affectation ; who could be high-souled and snobbish, mean and generous, and Latour writes down his character with a firm touch and unerring judgment.

But this picture is drawn in his second style, for he had two which were distinct. He reserved his masterpieces of finish for the critical public, who could so well judge of the difference between silk and satin ; but Latour, being a true artist, knew well enough that the artist, pure and simple, looks far beyond finish ; that he, and perhaps he alone, can grasp his fellow-artist's first inspiration, and delights most in the greatest amount of thought expressed in the shortest manner. This shorthand of art, if we may so call it, Latour possessed in an eminent manner, but reserved it for his art friends, men who could admire what the less educated public would have called unfinished. For these last he exhibited the mellow colours, the high finish, the masterly blending of tones ; but for the artist, the bold strokes, the firm line of undisguised hatching, and the concentrated power of expression.

We have often read of neglected genius, of some great masters such as Millet, the painter of the 'Angelus,' who have died poor

and but barely recognised, so it is with satisfaction that we pause to contemplate Latour's life at the height of his fame, for to know him and his friends was to be well acquainted with the most celebrated Frenchmen and women of the period. He raises for us the veil which has now long since fallen over the gay, clever society of the eighteenth-century Paris, before the dark cloud of revolution enveloped all that was splendid and hollow of that brilliant concourse. Latour, the simple citizen of St. Quentin, is to be found at Madame Geoffrin's Monday dinners, where among the wits, he meets Mariette, the artist and art collector. He is familiar with Orry, the wise minister of finance, and with all the savants and the literary people of the day, so that at his studio in the Louvre he receives all those worthy of being remembered. Here came the conqueror of Fontenoy, Marshal Saxe ; the naturalist Buffon, the literary and scientific D'Alembert, the learned and critical Diderot. Of course all the artists come here ; among them the portrait-painter Vanloo ; the sculptor Pigalle ; Vernet, who had to paint all the ports of France by royal command, and whose son and grandson were still more famous in art than himself ; and, lastly, poor Greuze, who lived to find himself despised.

In the evening Latour would go off to enjoy his life among the notables of the stage, and to spend pleasant hours with the celebrated Mademoiselle Fell, the object of his long passion, the silver tones of whose exquisite voice and charm of person gained for her many lovers, one of whom, a poet, was to die for love for her—an exhibition of feeling quite out fashion in our own day. In the St. Quentin Museum, the charming portrait of this lady can still be seen with its large, dark soft eyes, which for most men to love was to court sorrow ; but sorrow was not to be the portion of Latour. His own picture shows us a face full of character and of self-satisfaction, and quite contented with life as he found it. His blue eyes express merely happiness, and his lips are smiling with good-humoured irony at men and things. We see him as he was, a happy cynic, a disbeliever in a higher creed than that which he professed !

The picture of Madame de Pompadour which he exhibited in 1755 is at the Louvre. We can easily study it for ourselves, and see her such as she was, and such as the people of her own day saw her. She is dressed in white satin and silver brocade, adorned with gold work and flowers. One can almost hear the soft rustle of the rich lace against the stiffer material; and as she

raises one foot we catch sight of the small high-heeled shoe and lace petticoat which tenderly touches the Beauvais armchair in which she is seated. Her arms are folded ; one well-shaped hand rests against some music ; but she is not looking at it, or at the guitar which is near to her ; the half smile that plays round her lips has some other motive, and she seems to be listening for a well-known step. Some exquisitely bound volumes from the Elzevir press of the seventeenth century are at hand, and we can read their titles : 'Pastor Fido,' 'The Henriade.' Besides, 'L'esprit des Lois' and one volume of the 'Encyclopédie' are also there, for Latour wished to show us the Court favourite as a clever woman who patronised the arts, and whose mind had played as great a part as her personal beauty in attaining and keeping her position.

Never before had portrait-painters placed their sitters among their every-day occupation ; indeed, so new was the idea, that the people said Latour had drawn Madame de Pompadour too much the philosopher and too little the woman ; for where were the cupids, the emblems, the mottoes ? The artist laughed them to scorn ; he wanted to show men and women as they were, and not surrounded by a mythological court.

By this time he had assumed all the airs of a great man, and amusing anecdotes are told of his behaviour at Court. One day Madame de Pompadour had bidden him come to take her picture ; but *he* too was a favourite, and he could afford to make it a favour to go to Versailles, indeed he only consented on condition that he might be quite undisturbed whilst he drew. Arrived at the palace, the artist proceeded to make himself comfortable by taking off his wig, his collar and his garters. Hardly had he begun work, however, when in walked the King. The irate artist turning to his sitter said, 'Madam, you had promised I should be undisturbed.' Louis XV. could not help laughing at Latour's strange deshabille and at his bold remark, and kindly bade him continue.

'I cannot obey your Majesty !' he replied ; and gathering up his wig, his collar, and his garters, he went off to another room to put them on again.

When it was the King himself who was the sitter, he met with no greater consideration, for one day Latour being shown into a room lighted from all sides, the indignant artist, regardless of the presence of royalty, exclaimed, 'What do you expect me to do in such a lantern as this, when I require but one gleam of

light?' The King meekly answered that he had chosen it on purpose, as here he could be sure of remaining undisturbed.

'I did not know, sire, that you were not master in your own house,' was the scornful reply. As for Mesdames of France, their pictures were simply left unfinished because they dared to change the place of their sittings.

'My talent is my own,' he would proudly say, whilst making his own conditions, and to offend him was to lose the chance of being immortalized by his pencil; but in so doing he was avenging the miseries of many portrait-painters of all times, often forced to paint portraits which please the sitters, but which do not satisfy the requirements of likeness or of art.

An amusing story is told of the rich M. Reynière. Latour, not satisfied with his picture, asked for one more sitting; but the financier sent word by his servant that he had not time to come. Latour was at once up in arms. 'Your master is a fool whom I should never have painted,' he said to the laquais; 'now sit down yourself, you have an intelligent face and I will draw you instead of your master.' The poor man was horrified.

'Indeed I must not stay,' he stammered; 'it is as much as my place is worth.'

'Then I will find you another. Sit down, I tell you.'

The portrait was done, and, as he had expected, the servant lost his place; but when the picture was exhibited, the story got about, and the laquais had immediately a large choice of eligible situations!

It must be owned that, unlike Watteau, Latour was of a very grasping disposition, and required very high prices, even from his friends. He fell out with Madame de Pompadour about the money to be paid him for her famous picture; but, on the other hand, he could be most generous—founding three art prizes of considerable worth, and lavish in his gifts and benefactions to his native city. Original, eccentric, he was, doing everything in his own manner, thinking so highly of his art that he would never allow it to be patronized in his own person; indeed, believing so truly in his own patent of nobility that he refused the cross of St. Michael, which would have conferred rank upon him, thereby showing that his was a true pride and no sham.

As we have already said, Latour can be well studied at Paris, for there thirteen pastels represent him. Foremost is the picture of the Pompadour, then his own, the King, the Dauphin, the Maréchal de Saxe and a delightful one of Marie Leczinska,

which one is never weary of looking at, so delightful here is the lightness of touch and the depth of colour and expression. In his flesh tints he was unrivalled, as we see in the picture of the Dauphine de Saxe, which must be seen to be fully appreciated. Neither must Latour's hands be overlooked. We must note the exquisite modelling, the light and shade, and the reflected light and the delicate finger-nails ; it is all true inspiration—life is not wanting there.

But when the Louvre pastels have been studied, and we have learnt the touch of the master-hand, we shall, if possible, make the journey to St. Quentin, where Latour can be seen in all his glory, for there eighty-six pictures in various stages of completion are exhibited. It is not merely Latour's work, it is his brilliant age which surrounds us. It is the man as he lived and the people he lived amongst ; it is, in fact, the reign of Louis XV. Among them there is Breteuil, the Minister of State ; Rousseau ; Reynière, who was too rich to have time to sit ; the famous dancer, Camargo ; the great minister, D'Argenson ; Favert the singer, Manelli the fool, Xavier de Saxe, and many others. The eighteenth century speaks, looks, moves and has its being here, and that because of the magic touch of one pair of hands and one clever brain. The person who cares to study life and history has here enough food for his imagination ; but so has the artist who craves for more knowledge about light and shade, of that ever-present difficulty of backgrounds, that is, how a head is to be enough detached from the flat surface without looking as if it were cut out ; how, in fact, atmosphere is to appear to surround the sitter, and how every fold, every drapery, each minute accessory may make or mar the whole ; how consummate skill *must* enter into every inch of a picture if the artist is to become a famous portrait-painter, for such a one must study every department of human life, and every science of his art.

The picture of the Abbé Hubert shows this greatness to perfection ; in Latour's hands the fragile pastel has worked miracles, and humble though the medium is, the result touches the skirts of a Rembrandt.

Here, too, at St. Quentin may be seen many of Latour's 'Préparations,' as he called them, these emanations of genius lightly fixed on paper. Here are strokes which, careless as they appear, can express such infinite thought, notably in this artist's drawing of the mouth. Every one who has drawn or tried to draw a portrait knows well the difficulty of the mouth, often.

indeed, success appears to proceed rather from inspiration than from drawing. Look at a second-rate portrait ; you may find eyes that will satisfy you, but never a mouth expressed with genius.

Latour fully recognised his talent—which, if we may say so, is a talent in itself—for many have failed to produce good work for want of knowing their own power. He would say of his models : ‘They think I am drawing their features, they do not know that I look right down into their characters, *et je les remporte tout entier*,’ which I would fain translate by, ‘*I lay them bare !*’ Here is the secret of his power, and here, too, is where we shall find help and encouragement. This is true art. It is not enough to reproduce superficial nature, whether in landscape or in portraiture. You must go deeper down into the heart of things ; you must see the ideal, the spiritual power of everything whether animate or inanimate. We are almost tempted to say that there is no such thing as inanimate nature ; that *still-life*, as it is called, has in truth a life of its own. Let us go further and say that a common pitcher has life, and is not *still-life*, that is, that before drawing it, you must galvanise it with life ; you must make it live by the power within yourself ; you must be its Pygmalion ; then you must sit down and reproduce it and the life which you have given to it. If this is so with inanimate nature—and all artists, we think, will agree with us—then in how much greater a degree will it be difficult to reproduce that which has life in itself, how much greater knowledge must it require to translate accurately this threefold life, the inherent life, the acquired life, and the life you have breathed into it ?

This trinity of talent makes a genius, and such a genius was Latour. But let us quote his own words :

‘Nothing in nature, and therefore nothing in art, is idle. All have suffered more or less from the effect of their special calling, therefore on all the impress of this weariness remains. The first point for an artist is to seize this special impress, whether you are painting a king, a general, a minister, a priest, or a philosopher, each must be in the picture what he is in life ; neither must the man be merely a king or priest, but over and above this he must be himself, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet.’

Here is deep thought from the artist-psychologist, and go to the Louvre if you cannot go to St. Quentin, and you will find that as he spoke so he performed. He gave you the man, the

spirit of that man and his outward condition. He gave you the trinity of art.

If we are teachers we may also learn something from that point of view. Latour recognised the immense difficulty of teaching art, and the many pitfalls experienced by those who teach the young either slavishly to copy nature, thus forcing them to remain eternally cold, because they have never breathed into their work their own life, or else, to excite too early the imaginative faculty, so that when nature has to be copied, the pupil finds the feat irksome and impossible. 'And so at last,' he adds, 'one comes to lean more and more on nature, so that it is the impossibility of copying her that forces one into an art translation.'

I have somewhat paraphrased his thoughts, but this, I think, is his meaning, and Diderot tells how Latour himself painted. 'He never hurries, and does not vex himself or torment himself; his soul gives birth to his subject, then passes to his brain, and from his brain to his canvas.' Note these words, for all art is understood here. Let Psyche inspire the brain power, and let what appears on the canvas be but the result of this spiritual insight.

Thus it was only when his spirit lost its creative power that Latour began to worry himself over his work and to fail in producing his former beautiful portraits. As old age crept on, he began to retouch his pastels, always a fatal sign, but especially with this medium.

By the time his hand had lost its cunning, the fire of his soul was dying down, and the old man was painfully conscious of the sad truth. 'Poets and musicians,' he says, 'return to their original inspiration when correction has put out the fire which had produced the sublime.' And here is another piece of advice he gives a pupil: 'Do not worry your tints when they are right; pass your finger lightly over them, use little colour and preserve your paper clean by strong layers, then you will work with more light.'

When his fingers no longer obeyed the true motive power, the artist was still able to become enthusiastic over book learning, and as Diderot put it, 'he forsook the art he excelled in to throw himself into the study of metaphysics, *qui achèvent de lui déranger la tête.*'

When old age had really been reached, the enfeebled artist left the Louvre and retired to Auteuil, where his noble sitters

remembered him, even the King never driving by without sending to ask how he was ; and when he had long passed the allotted threescore years and ten, his mind goes back to his birthplace, or perhaps his birthplace a little selfishly specially desired his presence. On the 21st of June, 1784, the old man re-enters St. Quentin, his citizens receive him with a salute of cannon and the bells are set ringing from the ancient belfries, whilst a crown of oak-leaves is given to the veteran artist whose benefactions to his town have been so princely and who has shed such lustre upon his native town.

And now we read how childishness overtakes him ; how he wanders about in a kind of ecstasy ; how the genius that had put life into all nature now imagines that palpable, visible life was there, so that he would speak to the trees and tell them that winter was coming, and that then they would soon be made use of for warming the poor.

On the 17th of February of the year 1788, he whom the keen and clever Diderot had called 'A Magician,' passed gently away and was buried in the Church of St. Remy. Out of the dust of the earth he had created a whole generation, who from their black frames seem to speak and think and have their being, for the magician had touched them and they had lived again. Original and eccentric he certainly was, but in many ways beyond the spirit of his time. In one of his deeds of benefaction he says, 'I look upon all men equally as brothers and the work of the Creator, and difference of creed should never be a motive for expulsion . . . I beg of you, sir, to convince the deserving poor that help comes to them from God, to whom they should render thanks in order to please Him, and that they should pray for him whom God has made use of, to succour them.'

Probably by this time the poor have forgotten their benefactor, perhaps the Revolution has even swept away the benefactions, but his pictures remain, his art remains, and

'What is art
But life upon the larger scale, the higher?
* * * * *

It pushes towards the intense significance
Of all things, hungry for the Infinite.
Art's life,—and where we live, we suffer and we toil.'

A GRENVILLE OF WIVELISCOTE.

A STORY FROM THE ANNALS OF A VANISHED HOUSE.

'I do perceive here a divided duty.'

I COULD not bring myself to join in the general shriek of indignation that rang through the country five years ago when it became known that Mr. Skinner, the retired soap-boiler, had determined to pull down Wiveliscote House, and build himself a modern mansion on the old site. Indeed, I may say that on hearing of his intention I was conscious of a sense of ineffable relief. The House had in my eyes a peculiarly sacred value, in consequence of the intimate friendship which I had been privileged to enjoy with the last member of the old family, and that this loud vulgar man should stride about the rooms which had been hallowed by her presence seemed to me little short of a blasphemy. The extraordinary thing is that he should not have preferred to live in the old house, taking it on, as so many of his class do, with a sort of vague belief that he thereby inherited the traditions and prestige of the late owners. I can only suppose that Mr. Skinner's essential coarseness of mind forbade him even to rise to an appreciation of the motives that would have governed almost any other man in his position. Not even the Park has he preserved intact. A railway-cutting traverses the Queen's Pleasance, villa residences have sprung up in clearings ruthlessly made among the fir-groves, a tall column of glaring whiteness and flamboyant design is rising from the highest point of the ridge that looks towards Salisbury, and to the west, within a mile of the new house (to be known as 'Skinner's Hall,' for even the old name seems to have offended him), every sense is nauseated by the result of his discovery that a rich vein of coal underlies his estate. Conventional antiquarianism has howled itself hoarse over this 'vandal profanity,' but it seems to me infinitely less terrible than what I had dreaded would follow

upon Mr. Skinner's purchase of the property from the distant cousin into whose hands it had passed upon the death of Miss Grenville. Better, far better, that the old domain should vanish with the extinction of the old family than that, polluted and outraged, it should preserve its outward aspect when the spirit which had inspired and dominated it for more than three hundred years was gone for ever. In this regard it would seem that the new owner's malignant spite has over-reached itself, for, if the common rumour is to be trusted, he bought the place with the wanton intention of lacerating the feelings of those who regarded the House and its family with a respect that amounted almost to reverence. As it is, there has been one sharp pang, and no more. Had he chosen to take up his residence in the old house, it would have been an abiding horror to all who had known it in the days of the Grenvilles.

A grossly dull visitor must he have been who could escape the strange fascination of Wiveliscote. Indeed, to one of sensitive temperament the impression of old-world romance on first entering the domain came almost as a shock. No sooner had the great gates of the Park closed behind him than he fell under the influence of the place, and within an hour after his reception at the House he seemed transported back in spirit to that noble Age of enterprise and adventure on which our minds love to dwell as the proudest and most romantic epoch in our national history. For miles stretched the Park through undulating country, rich in stately glades and pasture-land, and on a gentle eminence above the lake rose the House, one of those sumptuous mansions from the designs of John of Padua, in which the turrets and bow-windows of the fading Tudor style surmount the pilasters and cornices of the Renaissance. Within, its broad deep rooms, its long galleries, its profusion of heavy though picturesque ornamentation, and its general air of homeliness and comfort, seemed to breathe the very spirit of Elizabethan England. Even the domestics of the house had fallen under the spell, and adapted their carriage and behaviour to the quaint costume, savouring somewhat of that age, which was traditionally worn throughout the establishment, and which became so admirably the graceful dignity of my hostess. Of Miss Grenville I will not in this place attempt a portrait—suffice it that she was the most tender and gracious lady upon whom my eyes ever rested. I had been tutor thirty years before to the son of the house, whose death in an Afghan defile at the age of twenty-six had left his sister the sole surviving represen-

tative of the Grenvilles of Wiveliscote. She had never married, and the sense that with her the family would die out and the estate pass to an unsympathetic heir had suffused her whole life with an atmosphere of gentle melancholy. She lived mainly in the past, and received few visitors besides myself, to whom she had always shown herself a kind friend in consequence of the affection which I had felt for my pupil. Naturally proud and reserved, she would talk freely to me, and I believe that few who saw her had any idea of the ardent spirit that underlay that ordinarily stately mien. She loved to rehearse to me the legends of the House, and a noble pride would flash across her face at the narration of the great deeds of her ancestors. For most had lived lives of excitement, many of romance, and, knowing that she had in me a truly sympathetic listener, she would tell me these tales with eager eyes and natural gesture, as we sat together in the old Dining-Hall, with its black rafters hazy in the gloom, or on the Terrace overlooking the Queen's Pleasance—so named by Thomas Grenville's royal mistress, who had hunted the lordly deer across these slopes on the occasion of a visit to Wiveliscote.

But through all these stories there seemed to run one peculiar dominant tone. Whether it was merely that the sound of her voice gave them in my ears a common character, or whether the spirit of the Grenvilles had indeed preserved its ancient traditions unaffected through the passing centuries, the tale of their achievements, by land or sea, in the camp or the council-chamber, in the field or the closet, rang always to the same proud and lofty note. Was it romantic devotion on the disastrous field of Naseby, or patient endurance in the thankless service of the exiled Charles, was it the successful conduct of a delicate diplomatic mission to China, or the quiet resolution that repressed a rising in an isolated station on our Indian Frontier,—through all there shone the imperial splendour of that Golden Age, which seemed to have been stereotyped within the walls of that goodly House.

One warm summer evening in the early days of our friendship, we were sitting in the great Gallery, and the sun, soon to fall behind the Somerset hills, was casting a warm radiance over the long line of portraits, giving them a strange life-like appearance. Just above us as we sat were ranged the Grenvilles of Elizabeth's day ; Thomas, the entertainer of his Sovereign, gazed thoughtfully at us from the canvas of Sir Antony More ; next

to him was Marc Gheeradt's portrait of his son, Sir Nicholas, Her Grace's Ambassador to the Court of Muscovy, whose vigorous intelligence and quiet gravity shone through the somewhat stiff workmanship of the painter ; and below him, by an unknown hand, was his brother, a young man of not more than three and twenty, with a pale, almost seraphic face, and a tender yearning look in his eyes which harmonised strangely with the firm contour of his lips. I may mention that the Grenville type of face was singularly persistent—throughout the long series of portraits, extending over a range of three hundred and fifty years, by whatever hand, Holbein or Vandyke, Honthorst, Huysmans, or Lawrence, there were the same fine delicate features, and the same expression of mingled tenderness and vigour ; and in this young man, with his beardless face, the likeness to my hostess was most striking. Over the centre of the frame was a wreath of green laurel newly placed, and Miss Grenville, noticing that I looked wonderingly at it, said—‘To-day is an anniversary. Every year, on the nineteenth of June, I replace last year’s wreath by a new one.’ She then told me the story of this young man’s career.

I remember now how distant her eyes looked as she spoke—very softly and gently, for Robert’s was no tale of prudent statecraft or tempestuous campaign. The influence of the House was upon me that evening more than ever, and, as we sat together in the darkening twilight under those noble faces, that goodly Age seemed to have come back with all its buoyancy and hopefulness and heroism, and I felt that I too knew the secret that dominated the statesmen and warriors, the poets and adventurers, that clustered round their lion-hearted Queen, and have handed down the memory of that Era to be a glorious heritage for their sons.

Robert Grenville had at the age of twenty-one, while on a visit to friends in another part of the country, fallen under the influence of the Jesuits, and had thrown himself heart and soul into the cause which they well knew how to render attractive to his generous heart. The overthrow of the triumphant and tyrannous heretics and the restoration of the pure Faith were represented to him as the most glorious cause to which a man could devote his life, and he was received into that Communion. Implicit and unquestioning obedience was demanded from him, and this his new enthusiasm rendered readily. He was forbidden to make known his conversion to his family, with whom he was to remain, sharing the ordinary life of Wiveliscote,

until such time as his services should be required. Affectionate as he was as son and brother, the new purpose to which he had dedicated his life was the first in his love, and he waited patiently, though often with an aching heart, for the summons that should give him the opportunity of showing what he would do for his Faith.

At last it came. Tales had from time to time reached our shores of torture inflicted on English subjects and insults offered to the English flag by the Spanish adventurers in the South American seas. Burning with a righteous thirst for revenge, and possessed by the restless impetuous energy of that time, a band of young nobles had fitted out a private expedition which should teach these haughty rovers that England could hold her own even in waters which the Pope had consecrated to the service and advancement of Spain. The preparations were made with the utmost secrecy, for the two countries were nominally at peace in this year 1564, but the Jesuits had word of it, and sent an order to Robert to join the expedition. This he was able to do without arousing suspicion, as his brother William was one of the moving spirits of the scheme. He was instructed carefully to conceal his real character, to enter heartily into the life of his companions, and to take his full share in whatever adventures might befall. On reaching the mouth of the Essequibo, which had been fixed upon as the head-quarters of the expedition, and where they would be joined by another and a larger vessel, he was to report himself to the local authorities of his Order, from whom he would receive further commands.

So these adventurous spirits set forth, confident in their strength and in the righteousness of their cause, and determined to give the galleons of the Inquisition a lesson in English prowess that should somewhat abate their boastful attitude, and render the name of England more terrible upon those seas.

Shortly before their arrival at their destination they fell in with a Spanish vessel returning home with a cargo of gold. To her, with scant respect for the pacific character of the relations officially existing between the two countries, they gave chase, and, having boarded her, put every man to the sword ; then, transferring to their own vessel as much of the valuable freight as they could conveniently take, they set fire to the hulk, and proceeded merrily on their way.

On reaching the mouth of the river, the expected consort being nowhere in sight, they coasted up and down for three

days, after which they determined to land and await her arrival on shore. This was accordingly done, and a rough camp was established in an open glade on the borders of a tropical forest.

It had been a hard day's work, getting themselves and their goods ashore and preparing their encampment, and the whole party were utterly exhausted. Robert had the additional anxiety of knowing that he must now soon part from his comrades, and fell asleep while meditating with mixed emotions over the problem how he should effect his escape and make his way to the authorities to whom he was to report himself.

Shortly before dawn a band of Spaniards, who must have been watching them from the shore as they sailed along the coast, came suddenly upon them from the forest, and, surprising the sentries, who had been betrayed into a sense of security by the apparently deserted character of the spot, surrounded the camp, and took the whole party alive.

Robert and his companions had little doubt what would be their fate. A long series of mutual outrages and reprisals had aggravated the national and religious enmity between the two peoples in those parts to a pitch bordering on fury, and neither side was in the habit of admitting into its counsels considerations of clemency or humanity. In this case the captors were specially exasperated by the destruction of the vessel that had just left the shores of Guyana for Spain, which exploit the English captain boldly avowed to have been the work of his party. The officer in command pronounced upon them sentence of death in a peculiarly horrible form, according to which only one man was to suffer at a time, and that before the eyes of his comrades, who were ranged in a ring round a stake in the centre, at which the execution was to take place. The customary offer of life was, however, made to whoever might come forward and profess himself willing to become a member of the true Church.

On hearing this condition Robert started. In the excitement of the last few minutes he had lost sight of everything except the extremity of the danger that threatened himself and his companions, but now it flashed upon him that his life was not at his own disposal—his services had been promised to the authorities of his new Faith. He was plainly called upon to speak, and save his life for the cause that lay so dear to his heart. His first duty was to obey, and he had no right to sacrifice a devoted life for the sake of a mere point of secular honour.

And yet, as he looked round him, and saw each one of his companions quietly but firmly reject the insult—splendid men, instinct with youthful vigour and energy, to whom during their adventurous comradeship of the last two months his heart had gone out in full love and pride,—when he saw each of these men, in whom the love of life was so intensely vivid, accept with calmness the horrible death from which a word would save him, how could he disgrace them all before their malicious foes, and step out alone to what must seem to them a shameful purchase of release?

Still he was a Catholic, and a true Catholic, in heart and soul. What was his miserable human pride, his earthly love for these men, compared to his vow? Should he deny his Faith, to save his honour in their eyes? Surely, to go to his death at the hands of those true Soldiers of the Cross rather than speak out and preserve his life for the service of the Order to which it had been consecrated, merely that he might retain the good opinion of a band of heretics—surely, this would be as mean and cowardly as if one of them was to accept the proffered condition, and profess himself a convert to save his body from pain. No—he must state his true character boldly, as a faithful servant of his Master but not yet.

At daybreak the order was given to commence the execution.

The first man selected was a low-bred sulky fellow who had been attached to the expedition at the last moment to fill a sudden vacancy by death; he was not one who would have been selected on his merits, but time had pressed, and it was considered that his immense personal strength and skill in navigation might compensate for his disagreeable temper and general dulness and unamiability. No sooner had the appointed officers laid hold of him to carry him to the stake, than he burst into a torrent of agonised incoherence, and begged to be allowed to profess his conversion. A grim smile rose to the faces of the Spaniards, and the wretch was with much pomp and ceremony received into the Holy Communion before the very stake at which it had been purposed that he should seal his martyrdom.

The spectacle was too much for Robert, and his English heart boiled with indignation at this exhibition of grovelling cowardice. He was the next upon whom the eye of the officer fell, and he determined to show these Spaniards how an Englishman could die. The voice within him, urging him to stand true to his oath and not to shame his Faith, he hastily crushed down, persuading

himself that it was merely a craven love of life assuming the specious guise of a tender conscience. He was an Englishman after all, and his present circumstances bound him the closer to his fellows in danger. He looked at them as they sat round—flaxen-haired, ruddy of cheek, leonine—and felt that to forfeit their respect and appear to them to purchase his life by a lie at the hands of these sallow, spiteful demons—it was too much. Let them take him and torture him to their utmost—he would at least leave the world as became his birth.

And yet to die in this shameful manner—a recreant—with a lie upon his lips, and wantonly depriving himself of the last offices of his Church—

But he looked again on the fearless eyes of his comrades, and remembered his birthright as an Englishman. No—he would die.

And yet—

A curious thought struck him. Addressing the presiding officer, who seemed to be a priest of his Order, he requested him in a courteous tone to allow him for a few moments the use of pen and paper. The priest stared at him in astonishment. Seeing his suspicion, Robert explained that he only wished to write a dozen words, which should be immediately placed in the president's hands, on condition that the latter would promise not to read what was written until the writer had received his death-blow. Partly from curiosity, partly from the strange fascination of the young man's eye, the priest granted his request, and swore upon his crucifix that he would observe the condition. A few seconds sufficed for the writing of the message, and, by the prisoner's request, the paper was then placed on the ground in front of him, that he might see it to the last.

Then the priest gave the signal to proceed with the execution.

A great gladness sprang into Robert's eyes and flushed his brow, as he looked his last farewell into the faces around him.

* * * * *

What was that? Something at the outposts? Half-a-dozen shots—a scuffle inwards—orders issued in a clear English voice—a ringing cheer—helpless and surprised the Spaniards are cut down on all sides.

The consort had arrived a few miles down the coast, and her crew were making their way on foot northwards to the rendezvous, when, guided by the cries of the first selected victim, they suddenly found themselves close upon the horrible scene.

Grim and ghastly was that slaughter. Not one escaped. Not one was taken prisoner. There, as each man sat or rose to make individual resistance, was he despatched.

Then the prisoners were unbound. All were safe but two.

One was the wretch who had purchased his life with his honour ; he, sitting among the Spaniards, had been cut down unrecognised by the rescuing party.

The other had fallen at the foot of the stake. They raised him, but he was dead. The first stroke of his executioner had been carelessly aimed, and had pierced a vital part when it had only been meant to wound. His face bore a strange smile, as of unutterable content.

A search was made for the paper, the request for which had naturally aroused intense curiosity among his fellow-prisoners.

It was found where it had been placed, though some violent heel had driven it into the earth, and the young man's blood, winding like a fiery snake along the ground, had traversed it in form of a cross. The writing, however, was still legible.—

Miss Grenville rose and unlocked a small box of black cedar-wood that hung against the wall below the portrait. From this she reverently took the paper, and placed it in my hands.

There, in the Wiveliscote Gallery, by the light of the last rays that made their way through the window from the fading west, I read the parting words of Robert Grenville :—

¶ Fide Catholica eram. Orate, fratres, pro anima mea.

PERCY M. WALLACE.

NOTE.—The noble close must not prevent me from saying that he was like the ‘private of the Buffs.’ It scarcely condoned the treachery to Church, family, and country in which he had lived.—C. M. YONGE.

REFLECTED LIGHTS.

BY ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.

III.—BEHIND THE SCENES.

POPULAR novelists and writers of sentimental essays are naturally fond of depicting the life of an actor behind the scenes, and contrasting it with what he appears to be on the stage. Shakspere had this thought in his mind when he exclaimed, in the person of Macbeth,

‘Out, out, brief candle !
Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ;’

and he illustrated it by his pathetic sonnet (CX.),

‘Alas, ’tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored * mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new . . .’

and the still more pathetic CXI. about ‘the public means which public manners breeds.’

Since his day, this favourite theme has been treated in a variety of ways. We have had the clown cutting his jokes, with a broad grin on his face, while his child is dying ; we have had endless novels about actors and actresses who create a *furore* by their assumption of an imaginary part, while their own hearts are breaking (this is on the novelist’s authority) in consequence of some private sorrow ; we have the biographies and auto-biographies of real actors ; and the impression left on most of our minds is that what goes on behind the scenes is ‘real,’ while

* ‘Gored mine own thoughts’ is a rather difficult phrase, but I am inclined to think Shakspere (with the image of the motley in his mind) was fancying his thoughts cut up into triangular strips, or *gores*, for patchwork—cheap adaptations of what deserved more reverential usage.

all that goes on upon the stage is what the children call 'pretence.'

The present pages will be devoted to discussing this subject, the writer's own conviction being (it may be said in advance), if not diametrically opposed to this popular notion, yet largely corrective of it. For while it is quite true that a noble and serious nature, like that of Macready, Mrs. Siddons and others, often revolts at the absurdities and trifles which it has to utter on the stage, yet taking the thing as a whole, there is no question that the dramatic instinct tends to elevate and not to lower humanity, and that the greatness of a nation, if not accurately measurable by the loftiness of its drama, is often reflected in it. It is not true that every great nation has a great drama (the Jews had none, and the Romans but little), but no great drama could ever be produced but by a great nation at its greatest epoch (witness Athens and Elizabethan England). When Shakspere spoke of 'his verse growing with this growing age,' he gave us the key of the whole mystery.

The greatness of the drama lies in this, that it testifies to, and helps to stimulate the *growth* of human society. Let us begin at the beginning, and see what goes on in every nursery. A child is a born actor. (The reader shall be spared the stock quotation from a well-known ode.) *Why* is he a born actor? Because he is always trying to work his way out of what he *is*, to what he wants to be. All these games that children play, are *their way of growing up*. So far from being unreal, they are aspiring towards a higher reality. When they play at nurse and doctor, they are unconsciously fitting themselves for grown-up life. Dr. Chalmers, we know, preached sermons in the nursery. Many a boy who has made a ship of the dining-room hassocks, has gained in this way a stimulus for a future life of adventure. The affections and the imagination play a large part in fitting us for our business, whatever it may be; the mere learning to love the idea of anything goes a long way towards enabling us to perform it when the time comes. This is what we mean when we speak of 'vocation.'

Children are born actors; and conversely the dramatic instinct in mankind shows that we are still children, *i.e.* beings with a future, and that the 'realities' of the butcher and baker type with which we are surrounded are not the only, or the highest or most durable realities for us. And my contention is, with regard to actors (true actors, not people who only do it to get a

living), that they are most truly and thoroughly themselves when they are on the stage. An actor is, more than the average man or woman, conscious of emotions and powers for which every-day life gives little or no scope ; of cravings for ideal beauty, for entrance into that higher kingdom of the spirit and the imagination, which though never adequately realised in this world, is always *tended to* by everything in this world that is worth having.

Every one of us feels that he is capable of living a great many lives besides his own. Many a highly-gifted man can remember distinctly the pain of the moment when he first realised that he could only be one of the many things his boyhood had dreamt of. How many a bishop has only just missed being a first-rate lawyer ! How many a surgeon has only just missed being a splendid draughtsman and artist ! How many a man of business sometimes regrets that he has not become a clergyman, or perhaps a public singer or reciter ! And when we come to the life of the affections—to the motherly women who have no children, and all the long list of persons of both sexes who *could* have loved and toiled and suffered for others in ways to which they have never been called, we feel the immense attraction the drama and the novel will always have, in enabling us thus to live in imagination what it will never be given us to live in experience.

The bearing of this remark on the question of a future state is obvious. I need scarcely say that I am not speaking here of the more degraded forms of the drama, though I should be quite willing to include in my list the best kind of *domestic* plays (which if not very highly poetical, at least show every-day life on its more imaginative and emotional side), and also *really* humorous plays. For if our imagination lifts us to an ideal world, our sense of humour does a good deal to break the trammels of conventionality, and thus give elbow-room to the imagination and the sympathetic faculties.

It must be added here that exactly in proportion as the modern drama becomes realistic it loses its hold of the highest reality. When I read of the 'get up' of 'Henry VIII.' at the Lyceum, I confess I put down the paper with a sigh. It is just like giving children dolls with 'real' hair, railway-engines that *really* run on the carpet, and the like. How ignorant we are of the very essence of childhood, that glorious dower by which it can do for itself all that we try in vain to do for it ! The child's

imagination does more for it than many Burlington Arcades ; the poet's, the dramatist's, aye, the spectator's imagination is far more worth to him than all the scenic resources of the best-mounted play* in London or in Paris. The imagination may indeed say, as was said by One infinitely higher and purer, that her kingdom is not of this world. A lower realisation invariably tends to destroy the higher. Happily for us, we cannot grasp, we cannot make our own this winged loveliness, this aërial beauty. Catch a lark or a thrush and put it into a cage. You capture the creature's body, but you do it at the expense of its *effect upon your own spirit*. The function of a song-bird is to have something of mystery about it. You think you get closer to it by holding it in your hand ; you are in reality a great deal further from it. It is no longer its best, its most precious self. You might as well think you saw a picture better by almost brushing the canvas with your eyelashes. In a certain sense a man would be speaking the truth who said, when we really got close to the San Sisto Madonna, it was only great coarse smudges of paint. That is what *he* would be pleased to call 'reality.' But he is only a parable of most of us ; of those who read biographies of celebrated men, and feel they have got to the real truth about them when they know all the foolish trifles that can be raked together about their private lives—who buy a photograph of a public character, and see on which side he parts his hair, or the lace with which her dress is trimmed—who patronise Society papers where the 'interviewer' chatters, truly or falsely, of the study-table of a hero or the wall-paper of a lady's boudoir—and who in more sacred matters think a close acquaintance with the topography or natural history of Palestine is of more importance than the spiritual ideas which the Bible sets before us—or who in any department of religious life, lose sight of the thing signified in the sign.

Let us look at the subject from another point of view. How difficult it is, at any one moment in life, to feel its full significance ! Had we no other evidence that the present state of our being was a temporary and provisional one, we might find it perhaps in this. Take such a moment as that of the Queen's Jubilee. Who that was then present in Westminster Abbey could have appreciated to

* I understand that very successful performances of Shakspere have been given in the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, by Mr. Benson and his company in ordinary morning dress, and with no scenery or accessories. Such representations are an important test both of the real worth of a drama, and the skill and training of the actor.

the full the significance—all that was meant, all that was recalled, all that was symbolised by the venerable building, the crowd of gorgeous figures, the throng of enthusiastic spectators, and the ‘little old lady’—so a matter-of-fact person might with perfect truth (?) have called her—who was the centre of it all? Where was the reality of the Jubilee? Not in the stones of the Abbey, not in the air vibrating with music, not in the clothes, not in the bodies inside them, not in the tick of the Abbey clock as it counted the expiring hours. You could not put your finger upon it. You could not point to anything and say, ‘*Here* is the Jubilee.’ It was nowhere. Even the actual sensations of those present, if you came to analyse them, would be found in many cases to have been largely of a physical or semi-physical kind—sensations perhaps of heat, crowding, headache, faintness, tight shoes or clothes, hunger, fatigue, and the like. These were ‘real’ enough (in a way). Still the Jubilee was the real thing, only *where* was it, and *when* did one experience it? One can tell where and when one’s shoe pinches easily enough.

Have not many of us known the same thing in private life? Have not many of us felt the beauty of Tennyson’s stanza,

‘Or that the Past will sometimes win
A glory from its being far,
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein’?

Supposing we have gone through a stirring time, a love-affair, a wedding, a great friendship first dawning on us, a time of bereavement, or whatever it may be, can we fix on any one moment in which the *thing* in all its fulness, in all its bearings, was wholly present with us? Take even a mountain walk. The beauty and delight of it all was strangely mingled at the time with minor physical sensations, and with an under-current of very common-place thoughts. Perhaps three months after, looking over a sketch-book, or even taking out an old coat or gown not worn since those days, will bring the expedition *as a whole* more vividly before us than anything else could do. In a word, it seems as if Reality were never what some people call real.

Most of our lives are spent in the green-room, and behind the scenes, and are but a preparation for those few moments of vivid bliss which are granted to some of us, and which may be (if we will) granted to all of us. Or, to return to our original illus-

tration. Human nature is still in its childhood. It is still working its way gradually up to the reception of, and the power to deal with, great ideas. People say, sometimes, ‘*Why* is it God’s pleasure that we should have to go such a very roundabout way to the acquisition of the true reality?’ We seem to have to burn up a great log of wood which has taken years to grow, to produce a flame which lasts for half an hour. The inspired moments of life are few, the prosy ones are innumerable. Why does it take children so long to grow up? Why do they play at things for so many years before they are allowed seriously to do them? Why is the historical progress of human nature so slow? Why are we not taught it all by intuition? The answer to this question is altogether beyond us, though it is important to observe that as in childhood the mind and the body develop together, so in the life of nations and of humanity our ideas seem to develop themselves *pari passu* with our mechanical power of making use of them.

The Greek language and life had to exist before Plato could wield the one to express, and use the other to illustrate, his thoughts; while on the other hand our Authorised Version, our Shakspere, our Bunyan, were all ready written and deeply treasured in the heart of our English-speaking race before it spread to America and the colonies. Had it been otherwise, how great our loss would have been! We cannot tell *why* human progress should have been so gradual; but, speaking practically and experimentally, it is surely very remarkable that when the world was first taught Christianity, which did arrive rapidly and, as it were, intuitively at some of the very results which mature and perfect Humanity might be expected in the far future to attain, it was only the few here and there, the choice, the elect souls, who seemed able to rise to its teaching. If we may reverently use such a phrase, it would seem as if the entrance of Christianity into the world were that of a mature, perfect, full-grown man into a nursery or schoolroom full of children. They are feeling their way towards Him. At times they reflect some portion of His life. They echo one or two of His sayings (perhaps the words, sometimes, without the ideas). They would *like* to resemble Him more. He does in reality what they have been tentatively acting over and trying to perform by guess-work. He *is* what they have been dreaming they would like to be. They do not half comprehend Him; but they long to do so. They see the wonderful results of His working, and would fain be taught the Worker’s method! Now they behold Him, they

seem to have the tendencies of their own nature explained to them. They understand why they are growing, and how they are intended to develop. Is it not good for children to see, to look up to, to admire, grown-up people? Is not their 'play,' that imaginative life of theirs, tending to a realisation of their best and truest selves? And what manner of education is best for children? That in which they are kept constantly with their coevals, and never allowed even to dream of being grown-up; or that in which the shadows of their future selves are ever flung in front of them, in which a noble ideal is ever before their eyes, and in which their very playthings and daily furniture are metamorphosed by the wondrous light of the Imagination, or by the still more potent ministry of Faith, into the theatre where they may rehearse what will some day be their *real* parts, and thus grow to a higher stature, and the measure of a perfected fulness?

Is not this just what a great dramatic poet, a great actor, does in a lesser way for us all? He lifts us for a moment on to a different plane. He is, in his own limited and imperfect sphere, an evangelist. Portia and Antigone in their own degree are, to every-day life, what converse with grown-up people ought to be with children. Their heads are higher up, they can see over the wall. They know more of the true relations of things, of the real laws, as contrasted with the conventional rules, by which Life is governed. Perhaps we could not live with them always; we are not ripe for it yet, but even when we are conscious of the strain and of the effort, we would not be without it. We know that they belong to the immortal order of things, that they are ministerial to somewhat higher than themselves: we would grow gradually fitter for their world; to know that it exists, is something, to know that we have within us that which (however feebly and fitfully) responds to it, is even more.

A SUMMER SCHOOL OF ART AND SCIENCE.

'It is to the advantage of all that there should be no impassable gulf between those who know and those who are ignorant.'

'It is well to sacrifice much if we may thereby help to diffuse the best things that are known and thought in the world, and make the scientific attitude, even more than scientific results, a common possession.'

* * * * *

{ 'It has become one of the chief tasks of science to attain unity.'

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

DEAR —

You ask me to give you some account of the 'Summer School' in Edinburgh, and our doings there, and I fancy that this can best be done by my sending you some extracts from my diary.

But to make them intelligible, I must first give you a little idea of the place which has been our home for a month, and of the scope and object of the lectures.

On the left hand of the Lawn market as you go up towards the Castle, one of the most typical of the old courts (so characteristic of Edinburgh) which fringe the High street, bears the name of Riddle's Close.

Here Hume wrote the opening chapters of his History. Here lived a certain worthy Bailie Macmorran of civic fame, (whose name the close formerly bore) in a fine old sixteenth-century house where once royalty feasted in the persons of James I. of England and his Queen. This house is now 'University Hall,'—during term time the centre of a corporate student-life more nearly resembling that of an English college than is usually the case in Scottish universities—and this, during the long vacation, is the home of the ladies who come to Edinburgh to attend the August Science classes.

All round the Court rise tall ancient houses, somewhat gaunt and grim—too often dingy and squalid, and yet possessing a

certain charm and picturesqueness of their own. Within the Hall, the bright home-like rooms, simple and refined, artistic and still old-fashioned, contrast curiously with the 'slumminess' you leave outside.

How far, one wonders, do the slipshod, squalid men and women who stand about the outer archway, realise or comprehend the higher tone, the cultured life present in what they call 'G——'s place?' This name, which at first strikes one as rather amusing, is a well-chosen one after all; for both this Hall and that on the other side of the High street where the male members of the Classes are accommodated, owe their existence to Professor G——, the originator and moving spirit of the 'Summer School.'

You ask me to give you an idea of the kind of students who attend the classes. Well, here we are a mixed multitude, composed partly of High school and other teachers, who prefer 'change of work' to resting during their holidays; partly of more idle members of society, to whom the life of a community with its varied interests and wholesome excitements comes as a delightful change from ordinary home life. Other ladies attending the lectures are Edinburgh residents, young and elderly, married and single, while among the thirty or forty men who come from University Hall and elsewhere, the teacher, the doctor, the school inspector, the undergraduate and the clergyman are all represented.

Now for a typical day's work. Breakfast in the stately old panelled dining-room at eight. At nine, the Sociology lecture—the most popular—judging by the large attendance—of all, and after this a quarter of an hour's interval, which affords an opportunity for enjoying fresh air and the glorious views from the Castle ramparts.

At 10.30 the Biology lecture, followed usually by an hour in one of the museums—while those who are not taking this subject are busy in the studio or seminary, elaborating the notes of the previous lecture, working at historical charts and graphics (sometimes discussing gooseberries as well as Gibbon), or making abstracts from books bearing upon the Sociological course.

From 12.30 to 1.30 lunch is going on—a simple and informal meal followed for some by the Botany lecture, for others by the Zoology class held on the shore or in the Marine House down at Granton. The lecture is over at 2.30, and from this point it is difficult to generalise, for the programme becomes a more

varied one. Sometimes the botanists go down to the beautiful Botanical Gardens to study plants at home. Sometimes a party, under the Professor's guidance, wanders through the old town studying the various styles of architecture—tall and stately, fantastic and quaint, in which this northern city is so rich—or from the vantage ground of Arthur's seat study, now the wonderful geological formations at their feet, now the magnificent panorama stretched before them—the countless spires and towers of Edinburgh, 'the city made of one pearl,' with her hills standing round about her, and the lights and shadows fleeting over the silver Forth, and the blue hills of Fife beyond.

Back again to dinner, and for most the work of the day is over ; but for the more energetic spirits there are opportunities for more wandering in the long northern twilight, till the lights flash out in Prince's Street, and begin to glimmer forth more soberly in the old town opposite, and night settles down upon the city. Sometimes, too, there are evening gatherings, which are not the least pleasant feature of the life here ; but I think it is time now to cease from general descriptions, and to give you one or two 'specimen days.'

* * * * *

August 8.—To-day being Saturday, there have been no lectures, and we started off directly after breakfast for a whole day's excursion into the 'Kingdom of Fife.'

Unfortunately, the morning was wet, and it was an umbrellaed and macintoshed multitude—some fifty or sixty strong—which assembled in the Waverley station, and took the train to Kirkcaldy. Our worst fears as to the weather were confirmed when it was discovered that the two meteorologists of the party—after assisting to get tickets and find seats for the rest—were prudently retiring, and declining the expedition. Sure enough, the rain persevered steadily, but, rain and mist notwithstanding, we managed to get a lovely view of pearly stretches of water and the broken red roofs of bright little Queensferry as we went over the Bridge—many of us for the first time.

Kirkcaldy, which we reached about eleven o'clock, is a quaint, old-world little town, mainly consisting of one long straggling street, and chiefly interesting as Adam Smith's native place, and the home of Edward Irving's early manhood. There is the school in which he taught, and on the opposite side of the road is the old church (its rugged tower is said to be a survival of an ancient Chaldee settlement), in which, as he was preaching, the

gallery fell with terrible loss of life—a tragedy which is thought to have left its traces on his after-life.

From Kirkcaldy we walked on along the shore to Dysart—now upon the wet brown sand, now over steep slippery rocks, where the walk became a scramble.

Dysart, where we had lunch, and West Wemyss, to which some of the more energetic walkers went on in the afternoon, are both thoroughly characteristic types of the Fife fishing village. Picturesque and quaint, with their irregular streets and red-tiled roofs, they seem to belong wholly to the seventeenth century. The tide of civilisation and progress has ebbed away from them and left them on this quiet shore just what they were two hundred years ago—still doing their little trade with ‘Norroway o'er the faem’—untouched and untroubled by the nineteenth century unrest—the pulse of modern life which throbs on the other side of the Firth.

Back again, under slightly clearer skies, beneath which the sea gradually puts on those soft silvery and opal tints which characterise the Forth. A merry, though rather damp and draggled party—some laden with flowers, others brandishing in triumph gigantic teasels, gathered in an old deserted garden on the shore. We regain Kirkcaldy, catch the evening train for Edinburgh, and reach home at seven o'clock, all the better for our twelve-mile ramble in the ‘Kingdom of Fife.’

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August 13.—This morning, after the first lecture, we were all marshalled into the quadrangle of the Free Church Assembly Hall and grouped, or rather left to group ourselves, for the taking of an extensive photograph.

The usual thing followed; the men got into difficulties with their feet and their hats ('coming out' notwithstanding, better than the more easily arranged lady-sitters)—as usual there was much laughter and many despairing appeals from the photographer, who seemed to find his seventy or eighty sitters considerably too much for him.

After six trials, we were allowed to disperse and return to the Biology lecture, after hearing, with some excitement, that we were to expect a visit that afternoon from the members of the Royal Archæological Association, now visiting Edinburgh.

We were to go over the Castle with them, after which they were to be shown over Riddle's Court and given afternoon tea. ‘How many might we expect?’ we asked, and upon the

Professor's replying with cheerful vagueness, 'Oh, sixty, or seventy, or a hundred !' we deemed it our duty to get home as early as possible and prepare for our visitors by cutting bread and butter, tidying all the rooms, and disposing the flowers, with which the community happened fortunately to be well supplied, to the best advantage.

At three o'clock we assembled in the Castle-yard. A little later, and we were engulfed and swept away by a mighty stream of archæologists, comprising a couple of bishops, and architects and antiquaries without number, under the guidance of M. Hippolyte Blanc, the architect by whom the recent alterations in the Castle have been carried out.

We poured into the beautiful old Parliament Hall—not seen of the casual tripper—lately rescued from dust and oblivion, and finely restored. We trickled by ones and twos into St. Margaret's Chapel, a tiny dark place, which claims to be the oldest building in Edinburgh. We surged backwards and forwards within the Castle precincts, and after regalia, dungeons, and the rest had all been duly inspected, and we had looked down upon the burial-place of the regimental pets—a wee graveyard nestling in an angle of the fortifications where good doggies sleep their last sleep, their little graves bright with marigolds and chrysanthemums—we finally flowed down to Riddle's Close, where tea and compliments became the order of the day.

Tea from us, compliments from the archæologists, who were so delighted with the dear old court, and (they said) with the hospitality shown them, that they forthwith invited us all to their conversazione, held the same evening in the National Portrait Gallery.

Some of us accepted the invitation, and enjoyed a very pleasant evening ; but as mine was spent elsewhere I can give no details as to this part of the proceedings.

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August 14.—Not having had enough of visitors yesterday, to-day we have been giving the evening party which we have felt to be our duty ever since we went to the 'At home' given by the men in University Hall, Mound Place.

'All members of all classes,' were bidden (with a special invitation to the professors and their wives), and as we expected fifty or sixty to avail themselves of the invitation, yesterday's preparations had to be repeated, and accordingly no excursion was arranged for this afternoon. As I was returning home after

the Botany lecture with a view to beginning to prepare for the evening, I came upon two or three tourists standing in the entrance of the Court, and listening open-mouthed to one of the city guides who tell you so much that is interesting (and original) about the various sights of the old town.

I paused for information, but when the climax (which I had been previously warned to expect) arrived, and the old man pointed to the bust of Socrates above the doorway, with the words, 'That, ladies and gentlemen, is the bust of Bailie Mac-Morran, who built the Close!'—I thought it time to retire, lest I should laugh and wound the good man's feelings.

Our preparations gave us a busy afternoon. The long tables had to be moved out of the Common room, and their places supplied with all the chairs we could beg or borrow; while the piano we moved from its position against the wall and placed across a corner, draping the backs thereof as artistically as might be with a peacock-blue serge counterpane.

Flowers we had in profusion, thanks to our friends (to M. E—, one of the French professors, we owed some lovely roses), and with these and some fairy lights judiciously disposed amongst the foliage, the fine old hall made a beautiful drawing-room.

Then two other rooms on the same floor had to be arranged, one as a refreshment room, the other as a supplementary drawing-room; and by the time this was done, and the (very simple) refreshments arranged, we found that it was nearly eight o'clock, and our guests soon began to arrive.

Our programme began with some Gaelic readings from a friendly archæologist (one of yesterday's visitors); a little music, a little reading, a little dancing and a great deal of conversation completed it.

A reel was attempted, and awaited with great interest by us benighted Southrons; but I grieve to say that it was somewhat of a failure, as even among so many Scots there were not more than two or three capable of doing justice to it. More success attended the performance of 'Sir Roger' and a set of Lancers; but best of all, so it seemed to me, was the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne,' for which all formed into a great circle and stood round the room arm in arm, while I discovered that one should stand between two enthusiastic Scotch lads to appreciate the 'right gude willie-waucht.'

'Auld Lang Syne,' like 'God save the Queen,' is usually

accepted as final, and we prudently started it while the night was yet young. We had already found that late hours at night were not compatible with lectures at 9.15 in the morning, and after our guests departed, there still remained a good deal for us to do before bedtime. From the Court below there floated up snatches of student part-songs sung by our retreating visitors, and to the accompaniment of this impromptu serenade, we dismantled the rooms and made them resume their everyday aspect—replaced the furniture, packed up the china which had been hired to supplement the resources of the Hall, and finally set the table for to-morrow's breakfast.

Now, at twelve o'clock, the 'lights are fled, the garlands dead'—or some of them—and all the guests departed, even those good friends who remained behind to help us 'get things straight,' (after previously helping in the afternoon preparations)—and it is time for my light too to be extinguished.

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August 15.—We have just returned, tired but happy, after a long day at S. Andrews.

Again we started by an early train and crossed the Forth into Fife, and this time fortunately we had no rain, but bright blue sky, west wind and sunshine.

Falkland Castle, lying on our left, was pointed out and proposed as a desirable object for some future excursion; then we passed through Cupar (without gaining any fresh light on the proverb, or discovering *why* 'he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar'), and reached St. Andrews at eleven o'clock.

There are now only two colleges,—St. Mary's, which we went to first of all, and which recalls some of the Oxford colleges, with its quaint grey old-world look—and the United, which was formed by the Union of St. Leonard's and St. Salvator's.

Leaving St. Mary's we turned into the parish church, which is quite satisfactory in the complete consistency of its unadulterated ugliness (a large monument to Archbishop Sharp is one of its most characteristic features).

A sharp contrast to this whitewashed and red-cushioned abomination we found in the ruined cathedral which stands out grandly against the sea, roofless and desolate, but most beautiful still. One longs to see it as it must have been three hundred years ago, before the roof—owing to some inherent weakness in the design—began to give way, and the walls came to be

regarded as convenient quarries from which to procure stone for the building of the breakwater hard by.

From a tower at the east end, which formed part of a far older church (said to date from Roman times) and which, still intact, seems to look down with pitying contempt upon the ruins of a later growth, we had a view well worth the long climb up a steep and age-worn staircase.

The spires and towers of St. Andrews lay at our feet, a mass of confused and picturesque detail; and on the other side, looking seawards, the eye rested on a glorious purple blue, very unlike (though not more beautiful than) the delicate greys of the Forth.

We tore ourselves away at last and sat upon a bank and ate our lunch—a nondescript meal consisting partly of sandwiches (which on these occasions were usually carried in the vasculum of some would-be botaniser), partly of gooseberries purchased in St. Andrews.

This over, we started for an hour's walk along the cliff to see the 'Spindle Rock,' a curious volcanic rock shaped like a wheel, and well worth seeing. Here we sat down to rest on short dry grass, and would fain have lingered indefinitely, but the Professor had to remind his straggling flock that we had still much to see before the six o'clock tea which had been ordered at the hotel. So we turned our faces towards the town, and went back along the sunny, windy cliff-path, with ripening, rustling yellow corn on the left hand, and the sea on the right.

Then to the Archbishop's palace—another fine ruin on a promontory overhanging the sea, with stretches of exquisite turf within the walls which called forth a flippant suggestion of lawn-tennis.

The sight *par excellence* of the place is the 'bottle dungeon'—a gruesome black-hole, the opening of which narrows into a 'neck'—hence the name. Here they were wont to imprison the Covenanters; so the old guide informed us, and we looked down into the cavernous depths, and ceased to wonder at the fate of Archbishop Sharp.

Thence we went on to United College, where the most interesting thing we saw was the collection of silver medals presented by the winners of the champion silver arrow—the archery prize of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—which reads like a page of history.

For instance, one medal was the gift of Montrose; another

hanging near it was presented by his enemy the Duke of Argyll.

Some are really beautiful as works of art ; but it is curious to notice how they became larger and larger as each donor thought it incumbent upon him to outdo his predecessor, until at last it was found necessary to limit the weight of silver to one ounce, since the poorer students declined to compete for fear of winning the arrow and having to provide a medal the size of a dinner-plate.

By this time we were all tired out and ready for tea, after which, however, we found that we had recovered sufficient energy to go and see the golf-links—now such a distinguishing feature of St. Andrews.

'Wide, wild and open to the air,' they stretch on and on, in reality for some four or five miles, but apparently away to Dundee, and, standing on the short springy grass with the fresh sea breezes about one, the fascination of golf becomes less incomprehensible.

By this time the sunset glow was everywhere—making the hills like fairyland, blue and purple in the distance, while nearer, the yellow corn-fields and emerald meadows were flecked with golden light—over the short brown turf and the sea, and as we looked and thought of 'the light that never was on sea or land,' the flame colour softened into rose pink, the gold into daffodil and tenderest green, and lo ! it was time to turn our faces stationwards.

The trains were late and the homeward journey a long one, affording opportunity for a lengthy conversation with Professor E——, who is anxious to collect as much information as possible (even of the most miscellaneous kind) regarding the object and scope of the classes. In fact it is chiefly for this reason that he came on behalf of the French education department.

Why girls who are not teaching should care to attend the lectures seemed to puzzle him not a little, and when we got further afield and began to discuss the contrast between French and English girls—the greater liberty of the latter, and the fundamental differences between our marriage system and that of France, it was worse still, for he seemed to find the English standpoint hopelessly unintelligible.

However, a little mutual misunderstanding may be ascribed to his imperfect English and my faulty French.

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August 28.—Everything to-day has been, alas! for the last time. The last Sociology and Biology lectures in the morning, the last expedition in the afternoon, and in the evening the Tableaux which, from the beginning, have been destined to conclude the month's course.

To make *tableaux vivants* illustrative of the subjects with which the month's lectures have been dealing was a difficult, not to say impossible task, and what added to the difficulties of getting them up was the fact that our stage manager—a lady with a fine autocratic talent for dealing with an unruly *corps dramatique*—did not appear upon the scene until the end of last week. Since then she has been busy arranging the grouping of the scenes, the dresses, etc., while for the last two or three days the attention of 'our artist' has been transferred from scientific and anthropological diagrams to scene-painting, the result being some really beautiful scenes which show little trace of the breathless haste with which they were executed.

At six o'clock we met in the Waverley Hall (the scene of a rather vague and turbulent rehearsal last night), and soon the work of dressing, grouping and arguing was in full swing.

At eight o'clock the hall was full, and the curtain rose upon the first scene, which represented 'Modern Palmistry' (a reminiscence of *Punch*), in a nineteenth-century drawing-room.

In the little programmes which had been written out for the benefit (and enlightenment) of the spectators, the tableaux had been described as 'looking backwards'; as someone else expressed it, it was an attempt to 'take off one by one the layers of civilisation'—a rather too ambitious experiment, it was thought, in the 'unification of Art and Science.'

Accordingly the next scene went back a century and showed two fox-hunting squires, 'John Peel's descendants,' sitting over their wine and toasting a shy, indignant maiden, 'Now angry'—so ran the quotation from Austin Dobson on the programme—

‘When slow tongues grew free
‘Twixt sport and port—and Dorothy.’

The next step took one back farther still—to a mediæval knight being armed for battle, his lovely dark-haired wife kneeling beside him and buckling on his sword, while his little child played with his helmet upon the old carved table.

Next on the programme came No. 4, '*Non Angli sed Angeli*', preparing the spectators for the Saxon children in the Roman

market-place. This was really a good scene—the pretty group of fair-haired children, the tall monkish figures and brightly-dressed Romans stood out so well against a beautifully painted background.

After this had been loudly applauded, an audible whisper was heard of 'What does the next mean?' for the uninitiated were not able to make much out of No. 5, 'In paths untrodden—*A vay inkos* (Hail to our chief).'

Those who were behind the scenes, arraying themselves or being arrayed in the tiny dressing-rooms, could have enlightened them, for a good deal had to be gone through before the curtain rose on a Kafir chief (personated by the Professor of Anthropology), surrounded by his three wives, all attired with the utmost simplicity in blankets and red paint (the latter laid on with a magnificent contempt of consequences), while a highly realistic wigwam—I beg its pardon, a Kafir hut—gave an air of *vraisemblance* to the scene.

This, judging by the applause it evoked, was the most popular tableau of all, but I only had time for a hasty glance, before going to get ready to appear in the sixth and last. Behind the curtain, which had just fallen amidst deafening acclamations, I found confusion worse confounded.

The unfortunate squaws (so called) were enduring agonies in their attempts to resume the garb of civilisation, whilst from the gentlemen's dressing-room came frantic appeals for help from the Anthropologist, who, it afterwards transpired, had been left to his own resources clad in little besides paint, with no means at hand of getting that off, and with a train—the last that night—to catch!

The Autocrat stood calmly in the middle of the stage, while 'Time and his children' appeared one by one, to be arranged in their places for the final tableau. 'It's no good the man calling *me*,' she remarked, composedly; 'I can't go,' and I believe the wretched Anthropologist would be there now if it had not been for one of the ubiquitous boys, who were at every one's beck and call on emergencies, and who came to me in despair. 'Please *can* you get me a towel? Professor H—— is using dreadful language in the gentlemen's dressing-room!'

Time with his scythe and hour-glass, and his children, Day and Night and the four Seasons, were at last grouped as picturesquely as might be. Then came a few seconds, during which we were conscious of a blinding glare on our faces—and happily, a gulf of black nothingness beyond, where we expected to see a sea of

faces—a volley of clapping—calls for the Autocrat and the artist, and it was all over.

Then followed a *mauvais quart d'heure* in the ladies' dressing-room. Red paint covered the floor to a depth apparently of some inches—a city crossing after a thaw is the only thing I can compare with it—hairpins and garments were mislaid or missing ; but that too came to an end at last, and after saying of many farewells we went home, feeling that whatever other people had thought of them, our tableaux had been to us, at any rate, an amusing ending to a very happy month.

* * * * *

I dare not increase the risk of boring you by giving you any further extracts, or I should like to tell you of other days—not less pleasurable than those I have described : of expeditions to Rosslyn, to Dumfermline and Stirling—glorious Stirling, looking down upon the Forth from its rocky height, guarded by the Highland hills behind—of a delightful day spent upon the bonny Pentland Hills, etc., etc. But after all, life is short, there is a limit to human patience, and all I can say is, come next year and see for yourself!

I am a little afraid that to you, with your thirst for improving knowledge, our time may seem to have been too much devoted to frivolity. But after all you could not expect me, in spite of some note-taking, to give you the substance of all the lectures ; and you must remember that, though I have not said much about them, still we *did* go to three lectures a day, and that those so disposed could, in addition to this, do as much private ‘reading up’ as they wished, or join the workers in the historical seminary, and assist in the manufacture of the charts and diagrams which, I must say, tempted me considerably.

In one respect it seems to me the Edinburgh course possesses a decided advantage over the Oxford one, and that is that the lectures are continuous.

After attending twenty-four lectures on one subject, even any one as ignorant as I was at the beginning, must feel that he has learnt *something*, and thus the danger of scrappiness and superficiality is minimised.

I have not spoken of the zoology lectures, as I did not go to any of them myself, but the Marine House where they were held, and which I *did* see in the course of a pleasant afternoon down at Granton, is a fascinating place, with its tanks and aquaria and wealth of sea beasts, living and dead.

It has lately been the temporary abode of a distinguished visitor in the person of an owl, who usually resides in Riddle's Court, but whom his master was afraid to leave to our tender mercies. Thus the zoologists have had the privilege of feeding him every afternoon after lecture. Altogether the zoology lectures appealed to me strongly, and I feel tempted to go in for them another time, even at the risk of being called upon to dissect a blackbeetle !

One thing I must add in conclusion, and that is that one of the chief pleasures of life in the Court has been the friendly intercourse, the comfortable *camaraderie* we have enjoyed. We have proved that fifteen women *can* live in close companionship for a month without quarrelling or worrying one another, and I hope and think that we are the better for it, as well as for the other new experiences.

New lights and new knowledge—glimpses into the 'fairyland of Science,' hitherto a *terra incognita* for so many of us—daily life in the midst of one of the most beautiful and interesting cities of the world—daily intercourse with clever and cultivated people, of one of whom at least it may be said that to know him is a liberal education ; if one is not the better for all these things it is one's own fault.

Yours affectionately,

NORA.

P.S.—In case you, or any of your friends, should wish to 'go and see for yourself,' I may add that all particulars regarding the classes to be held in August 1892, may be obtained from

Mr. J. ARTHUR THOMSON,
30, Royal Circus, Edinburgh.

IN THE FRAGRANT SOUTH.

BY FANNY L. GREEN.

BUT few of the visitors who stream to the Riviera in search of health or pleasure realise the importance commercially of Grasse and Cannes, of Nîmes and Nice. This district of Southern France, like sunny Surrey and the southern slope of the Balkans, is a land of flower farms, the exhaustless hunting-ground of the distiller and perfumer. Many hundreds of people are employed in tending the farms, and in the perfumeries of the district. Cannes is the busy centre of the cultivation of the rose, tuberose, cassie, jasmine, and orange ; Nice, of the mignonette, narcissus, and violet ; while Nîmes, like Mitcham and Wallington, lays claim to the title of lavender land. In Tuscan Italy, the flower farmer's crops are iris and bergamot, and more than a hundred Roumelian and Bulgarian villages are dependent for their prosperity on rose growing.

There are no roses of Shiraz now. The gardens of Ispahan are filled with European rose trees. But it was in Persia that first when

‘Some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone,
A dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.’

The story goes that the mother of the Shah Nour-Djihan in honour of her son in the year 1612, held a fête in the royal gardens. A canal cut through the grounds was filled with rose water, and on this odorous stream the royal barge floated for a summer day. A small moss-like body was seen by the queen-mother clinging to the bows of the boat. She stretched out her hand for it carelessly, and was astonished at the delicious odour it exhaled. It was a mass of rose-petals to which clung drops of attar of roses distilled by the heat from the stream. However this may be, it is certain that in 1684 the distilleries of Shiraz were in full swing.

The rose of commerce is grown for the manufacture of the

attar, for the distillation of rose-water, and for the preparation of conserve of roses. It is one of the products cultivated at Mitcham and Wallington, but in this country the rose is a chemist's not a perfumer's product. The best rose water—the only kind used in perfumery—and the fragrant attar of roses come to us from abroad. It is, however, a pretty sight to see the women and girls on the Surrey flower farms gathering the pink Provence roses in the bud before the dew is off them. They are sent to London in sacks, and immediately on their arrival are spread out on a cool floor, for no flower heats more quickly than the rose. If left in heaps, they would be completely spoilt in the course of two or three hours. To preserve the petals for distillation, they are stripped from their flower stalks, and a pound of common salt is rubbed in every bushel of the flowers. The water contained in the petals thus becomes brine, and the fragrant pulpy mass obtained by this mixture is stored away in casks. For making conserve of roses, the petals are used in a fresh state beaten up with sugar. They are cut off just before expansion near the base, leaving the paler claws attached to the calyx, and are gently sifted to remove any loose stamens there may be among them. The petals then adhere together loosely in the form of little cones, which have a velvety surface of an intense purplish crimson, a delicious rosy odour, and a mildly astringent taste. An infusion of red rose petals, acidulated and slightly sweetened, is a common vehicle for other medicines.

In Provence, the rose is cultivated chiefly for the manufacture of rose pomade, from which the extract of roses which forms the staple rose scent is obtained by distillation. The peasant proprietors of Grasse, Cannes, Nice and the Valois cultivate hedges of *Rosa centifolia*, and sell the flowers to the perfumers of the towns. They gather the flowers towards the end of April. Their rose-harvest lasts from three weeks to a month. Only a very small quantity of attar of roses is distilled in Provence, but it is of the most exquisite quality.

The most important centre of the production of attar of roses is round the villages on the southern slopes of the Balkan. The red damask rose, *Rosa damascena*, is the kind cultivated, but *Rosa alba* is used as a dividing line between the different plantations, and is also grown at the end of each plot so as to prevent the raids of passers-by on the more valuable red rose. Between each plot of roses space is left for a cart to pass along to further the collection of the blossoms. The rose trees bear in their

second year, and though they will live more than twenty years, at ten years of age they are usually cut down level with the ground, new branches and even flowers appearing the next year. Towards the end of May the flowers begin to expand, and they are collected daily till the middle of June. The collection begins at dawn, for an opening flower bud left till next day will then have lost its fragrance and its colour. The rose harvest is a time of rejoicing—of songs and dances. The small proprietors collect their own flowers. Larger growers employ women and youths for this purpose. As the blossoms are gathered, they are placed in a basket carried on the left arm, or in the apron. Gradually the fingers of the workers become hardened to the spines till their pricking is hardly felt, but their hands at the end of the day are covered with a kind of blackish resin. This substance they scrape off and roll into little balls which are kept for smoking in cigarettes. It is said to give a delicious odour to the tobacco in which it is inserted. The contents of the gatherers' baskets are weighed in the field and paid for by the dealers. These men live in the towns, and although they sometimes buy the flowers and distil the oil, they rarely cultivate them on their own account. When paid for, the baskets are emptied into sacks which are carried at once to the distillery. The copper stills are heated in a rather curious manner. Long logs of wood lighted at one end are placed under the still, and when the process of distillation is completed, the burning logs are withdrawn. The Turkish attar of roses is generally adulterated by the admixture of oil of rose geranium which is distilled from the leaves of *Pelargonium capitatum*, a species of geranium largely grown in France and Turkey for this purpose.

At Ghazipour in India the white damask rose has for many years been under cultivation. More than two thousand acres of fields round the town are devoted to its growth. Indian attar of roses in commerce is always mixed with sandal. The pure attar is very rare, and is literally worth its weight in gold.

The rose harvest at Cannes is followed by that of the jasmine and the tuberose. In the months of July and August, the jasmine fields are alive with women, old and young, and children. Each worker has a little basket at her side which is suspended by a strap across her shoulders, so that both hands may be free for picking the flowers and filling the baskets, which are then carried to the shaded laboratory and there weighed. *Jasmin grandiflora*, the species grown, is a small bush, not a creeper, like the

British jasmine. The plants are grown in rows, and horizontal poles are thrust between them in and out of which the branches are woven. Each blossom is as large as a shilling, and yields an intense fragrance. In Turkey the jasmine is cultivated for quite another purpose. By reserving only a single axis to each stalk, the beautiful straight stems are obtained which are used in the manufacture of pipe stems. Moore has celebrated

‘The tuberose with her silv’ry light,
That in the garden of Malay
Is called the mistress of the night,
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun’s away.’

These delicate bulbs need more care than any other flower of the farm, but their exquisite fragrance amply repays the cultivator for his trouble. A good plantation will last from seven to eight years.

‘Cassie, sweet to smell,’ forms the flower-farmer’s latest crop. It is obtained in November and December from a species of acacia, and must not be confused with the cinnamon-smelling cassia yielded by a plant of the laurel tribe. Cassie has rather a sickly smell, when used alone, but is of great service in the composition of the best bouquets. As its blossoms are successive, some being ready for plucking while others are not yet formed, it constitutes a very important flower crop.

The orange flower is one of the most important flowers producing essences or attars. The neroli obtained from it is the chief essence produced in the district between the Var and the Italian frontier. It is obtained from the sweet Portugal orange by distillation in May and June, and is used in enormous quantities in the manufacture of Eau de Cologne and Hungary water. The fruit of the bitter Bigaradier orange yields an attar which is procured in December and January by the process of expression. An *écuelle*, or metal cup covered with spikes, used to be employed for this purpose, the fruit being rolled by hand over and over the spikes till the essential oil collected in the hollow handle, from which it was poured into a vessel. Machinery has now almost supplanted the *écuelle*. The rinds are put into a powerful iron press which is provided with a false bottom and an aperture to allow the expressed oil to escape for collection. When the screw is turned and the little sacs containing the oil are burst, water escapes with the oil, but the latter being the lighter, floats

to the top and is easily separated. After the attar has been expressed from the fruit, the fruit is cut up, mixed with bran, and given to the cows. They are exceedingly fond of this food, and when thus fed yield very fine milk.

Very early in the year, in February, the flower-farms of Nice are fragrant with the odour of the Parma violet. 'Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,' they are planted under the thick shade of orange and lemon trees, or close to walls and houses. Their tufts, or clumps, have about a foot of space left all round each of them, so that the growers can gather the blossoms without any fear of treading on them. Good extract of violet is of a beautiful green colour. Like the extracts of jonquil and mignonette, whose manufacture immediately follows on that of the violet extract, this perfume is obtained by the *enfleurage* or absorption system, a process also used for cassie, jasmine, and tuberoses. Sheets of glass, about two feet square, are framed in wood. On both sides of these trays, a layer of pure, inodorous lard is spread, which is then covered with flower petals. Some forty or fifty of the trays are then piled upon one another, and the flowers are changed every twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four hours, according to circumstances, till the lard is sufficiently charged with perfume. Jasmine and tuberose are frequently changed as often as fifty times before the lard is considered to be sufficiently impregnated, cassie and violets from thirty to forty times, and jonquils only about twenty times. The fat thus obtained is *pommade*, and when packed in air-tight tins is exported to all parts of the world for the preparation of the perfumer's *extraits*.

Two other processes are also used for extracting the delicate aroma of these choice flowers—the oil process and the nyrogene. In the former, coarse cotton cloths are soaked in the finest olive or almond oil and laid on a frame of wire gauze. Fresh flowers are thrown on the saturated cloths, and renewed at intervals till the required strength of odour is obtained. The latter process is far more poetical. Freshly gathered flowers are placed in a sort of sieve beneath which is a receptacle. Prepared alcohol is then dropped on the flowers from a great height, and soaks through them into the receptacle. After this alcoholic shower has passed a few times through several fresh layers of flowers, it becomes delightfully fragrant.

In the case of less delicate odours, the *pommades* of commerce are obtained by what is known as the hot process, or maceration.

A quantity of inodorous lard is put in a copper vessel with a fourth of its weight of flowers, and melted over a slow fire. The contents are well stirred and boiled for ten minutes. Then the vessel is put on one side for several hours to cool. The flowers are then strained from the fat, a fresh supply is added, and the compound is again subjected to heat. This process is repeated again and again till the fat has absorbed the required strength of perfume. The hot liquid is then poured through a sieve, and the greasy flower-paste that remains is subjected to hydraulic pressure.

The *extraits* of the perfumer are obtained from these *pommades* by heating them with grain spirit, or spirits of wine, the perfume being conveyed from the *pommade* into the alcohol by means of a steam perfumery churn, or *batteuse à extraits*.

The harvest of 'lavender land' takes place during August, both in Surrey and the South of France. The bushes are grown in sunny, open fields, and require a long course of cultivation. Slips from well-established plants, having been struck under hand-lights, are placed in the autumn in carefully prepared beds, where they must remain twelve months. To strengthen them, they undergo a course of clipping. When they are a year old, the young plants are planted out in the fields in rows four feet apart, a space of three feet being left from bush to bush. Still, for a time the bushes are not allowed to flower. They are kept clipped and short, and manure and superphosphate of lime are put to the roots. When they are four years old, lavender-bushes are at the height of their productiveness, and every fourth year it is usual at Mitcham to take up the old plants and change the crop to potatoes, or some other vegetable. The lavender stalks are cut very carefully in August by men who seem jealous of the office. Two or three stalks are taken in the hand, and severed with a small sickle. Women bind them in sheaves, and lay them carefully on the tops of the bushes, so as not to scatter the blossom. They are then put on carts and removed to the distilling shed, where the stills, furnaces, and receptacles for the oil have been looked over and put in order. The stills are made of copper, and are raised above the floor of the shed. To charge them, a man enters each through an aperture at the top. He carefully fills the still with the sheaves, which have been previously unloaded from the carts on to a stage, level with the top of the still, and there untied. When the still is full, its contents are pressed down and covered with distilled water, and the still-head is linted

down with linseed, so that the joint is vapour-tight. It is then connected with a condensing-worm, or coil of copper pipe contained in a tank of cold water. A fire is now lighted under the still, and in about three hours' time attar of lavender and vapour of water distil over, are condensed in the worm, and pass out into a receiver. The oil forms a golden yellow layer on the top of the water from which it is easily removed. The whole process of distillation occupies about eight hours. When the still has cooled its head is removed, and the exhausted stalks, which have the appearance of faded rushes, are spread out to dry. They are used for manure and as litter in stables. The process of distillation is employed for the obtaining of all volatile essences or essential oils, such as the attars of roses, neroli, geranium, lavender, rosemary, peppermint, and eucalyptus. Though a large quantity of lavender is grown in Southern France, French lavender compared with the English product is strong and rank, and yields a much inferior attar, which is usually adulterated with fat oils and resin. This adulteration is easily detected. If the pure attar is dropped on paper and exposed to heat, it will wholly evaporate leaving no sign of its presence, while impure attar thus treated leaves a translucent stain. The finest lavender-water is made by the distillation of pure English oil with the finest rectified spirit and rose-water, and is perfectly colourless however great its age.

The iris (*Iris florentina*) is the chief plant cultivated on the Tuscan flower-farms. Its flowers are of a very pale blue colour, but it is grown not for their sake but for its rhizome which yields the orris of the perfumer. The harvest of the plant takes place every third year early in the spring. These flags are dug up before they move for the next year's growth, then they are cut back and replanted. The rhizomes are spread out to dry in the open air before being trimmed for the market. In the form of powder, orris root is largely used for filling sachets, but the extract used in the composition of jockey club and other bouquets is obtained by fermentation. Another Italian product, bergamot, obtained from the peel of the fruit of a species of citron, is the chief ingredient in Ess Bouquet.

But few people share the aversion of Anne of Austria for the rose. Yet of attar of roses and the other 'meikle rare perfumes' which have formed the subject of this paper it must be confessed that in quantities they have a cloying sweetness. Few are as wholesome and invigorating as 'sweet lavender.'

THESE THREE.

FRONT the Life-struggle, loving, faithful, hoping ;
Faint not for fear, fail not for lack of heart—
Life brings no ills that are not worth the coping ;
Scorn thou the coward's part.

Hope,—not as one whose hope is but a vision,
Who dreams of triumph, yet not scorns to yield ;
But with the hope wherein lives strong decision
To win the hard-fought field.

Be faithful—not with faith that dares no doubting,
That fain would rest on Power untried, unproved ;
But with a faith heart-felt, all treason scouting,
By fiercest shocks unmoved.

Love—not with love that only dies in dreaming,
Lost in a languid pity, selfish still ;
But strong to work and do—True love, not seeming,
Defying every ill.

Love, faith, and hope—in these is Strength unbending ;
Hope, faith, and love—in these is Liberty ;
Faith, hope, and love—in these is Life unending ;
These spell Eternity.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BY C. M. YONGE.

JUNE.

THE leafy month of June! Well, it is the crown of the year, and all the leaves are fully out, but they have lost the tender light colour of growth, and the white petals of the blossoming trees come down like snow.

Perhaps it is the best augury when their fall is hastened by showers, for an over-dry late May and early June are apt to result in a break up during the haying and harvest time. Roaming in the meadows is pretty well over. They have been bush-harrowed, namely, a construction of branches of hazel and thorn has been dragged over them, and then the gates are mended and fastened up with elaborate twists of withs, and woe to the trespasser tempted by the pink, white, and yellow heads that rise above the grass.

The borderlands are, however, very charming. Here is the river walk in full perfection. The way thither is along a lane, in the hedge of which towered, a year or two ago, a gigantic teasel (*Dipsacus sylvestris*), the daily delight of my eyes, till some barbarous boy, only bent on destruction, smote off its head, vainly armed with pointed spears. Who has realised the beauty of the teasel, or its perfect symmetry? This one was at least four feet high, and a perfect example of what Ruskin calls the secret of beauty, the combination of curve, straight line, and angle. The parts are all in pairs, and divide by two, the less common rule in flowers. There is a tall, straight, perpendicular stem, ribbed and garnished with hooks, fair and white. Thence, at regular intervals, spring pairs of arms, opposite to one another and curving upwards. At their base are two long leaves, pointed, following their curve, and joined together at the base, so as to form a deep cup around the stem, capable of holding water. In

fine plants, such as my friend of the lane, the lower branches each send forth a secondary pair on a smaller still, preserving the same perfect order and regularity. Each branch, and especially the main stem, is crowned with a marvellous head. First there are four long, narrow-toothed involucre leaves, from which springs an egg-shaped head, compounded of circle upon circle of tiny flowers, every one within a stiff, chaffy calyx, terminated by a long bristle. Observe the wonderful design. Each of these bristles, *before it grew*, was so arranged and so supplied with sap, as to come to the exact length which would serve to form the outline of the prickly head, not one breaking out beyond or falling below the shapely oval, which is more pointed, like the smaller end of the egg, in the central one, the monarch as it were, than in its attendants. Moreover, the flowers, all of one petal, four divided, with two thready stamens and one pistil, are delicate pale purple, and are so arranged as to bloom in successive circles, so that the head is wreathed continually with a band of soft light purple—like a fillet on its crown of summer glory, moving gradually downwards.

After this lovely garland fades, and with it the leaves, the stiff heads, stems, and scales still remain, as sceptres to be touched with silver for the winter king, till storms, and the growth of their successors, push them aside. They vary much in size. I know an upland field, left fallow under the depression of farming, perfectly covered with small teasels little more than half-a-yard high, as if intentionally sown, so that one longs to make them of use, but the really valuable Fullers' teasel, *Dipsacus fullonum*, has hooks at the end of its bristles, so that no invention of mechanism has ever succeeded in so efficiently raising the nap on cloth. Three teasel heads are, therefore, the arms of the Cloth-workers' Company.

We have been a long time getting past the teasel, and here is more temptation to linger at the wreaths of dog-rose that stretch out overhead—bearing their delicately rosy buds. Like the tulip and the hyacinth, the rose loses its grace under the gardener's hands ; it is allowed no arching wreaths, clad with sprays where the buds blush within the slender exquisitely formed calyx of the five brethren, two bearded, two unbearded, one bearded on one side only, as in the old Latin riddle. Here is a bush growing just enough out of reach over a deep ditch or water-carriage to escape the eager hands of children, and to show its soft pink flowers in lavish beauty. This is the true *Rosa canina*; but

there is also much in the hedges of its trailing brother, *Rosa arvensis*, which is quite white, with darker stamens, and less graceful in growth. I know also of a bush or two of true sweet briar, *Rosa rubiginosa*, growing wild, betraying its neighbourhood by its scent, and bearing blossoms and buds of the softest deep pink.

Every ditch and waterway is bordered with forget-me-not. In sentimental art the poor thing is hackneyed to death ; but who can withstand the charm of the real blue flower, on that curving foot stalk, which always presents a pair of full-blown blue flowers, the buds beyond them more or less pink. If we carry home a sheaf of it, and put it in a soup-plate or small bowl, it will live a long time, but the outcoming flowers will be less and less blue, more and more pale pink. This one is *Myosotis palustris*, the head of the genus, which numbers many more, generally looking like starved varieties. The name is Greek—mouse ear—probably from the curling corymb, and the English name by which no one ever calls it, Scorpion grass, is no doubt from the very innocent little bristles that clothe the plant. In common with all its congeners of the great and beautiful *Boraginaceæ*, it has these rough stems and leaves. These plants all have five stamens in one five-lobed petal, and their colours go through the whole scale of blues, purples, and reds.

Here is another of them, the *Symphytum officinalis*, or comfrey, a large plant with handsome leaves and bell-shaped blossoms. Before our walk is over, we may collect specimens of every tint, from the darkest crimson down to white, not blue, but the scale is made up by the *Symphytum aspernum*, a prickly comfrey which was brought from the Caucasus under the impression that it would serve for fodder. Horses and cows really like it, but it never has made its way, perhaps because it is not of continuous growth, and there is no 'cut and come again.' A plant that we obtained has remained a shrubby ornament, with brilliant blue bells, heading circling processions of deep pink buds.

Well, in spite of lingering, we have reached the river at last. The walk is by a canal along a towing path, and there is the real river meandering about, sometimes close to the path, sometimes leaving a space between. Once the said canal was the means of conveying coal, but since railway times, it is chiefly serviceable as a means of watering those bright green meadows, and it is the happy hunting-ground of fishermen. Between the two rivers

lies a quaking space, sometimes fit to tread on, sometimes not, but always alluring, for here grows the big purple *Orchis latifolia*, here the hoary cotton grass, here the odd red calyxed *Geum rivale*, called by the village children Granny's night-caps ; and there are the three colours of lovely milkwort, and best of all the handsome trefoil leaves of the bog-bean, *Menyanthes trifoliata*. See what an unrivalled flower it is, the buds tipped with rose, the five curving petals of each open blossom covered with pure snowy fibres, out of which look the little black anthers. Once, amid the red rattle, *Pedicularis palustris*, with its rose-coloured labiate flowers and dark fern-like leaves, we used to have the charming violet-like purple butterwort with its long spur, and rosette of pale yellowish-green leaves, *Pinguicula vulgaris*, our especial pride, but

‘ Now a Giant, plump and tall,
Called High-farming, stalks o'er all,’

and his tread has effaced alike the purple butterwort from here, and *P. Lusitanica*, the pale lilac one from another bog, so that they cannot be found nearer than the New Forest. Here is consolation in our charming nosegay, further illuminated by the bright divided petals of well-named Ragged Robin, *Lychnis flos-cuculi*.

Probably the fishermen are heartily wishing us further off, as they stand armed, for

‘ Here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.’

The trout are in all their season and beauty of red-spotted sides, and the grayling is in his robe of glittering silver scales. They are feeding to the full on the May fly, which was named in the days of Old Style, and is really a June fly. The air is full of it ; aye, and towards the evening, the water too ; *Ephemeris*, the creature of a day, it has fulfilled its destiny, drops, and is carried away by the stream. But it has had a long previous existence as a six-legged larva in a hole in the mud bank, and then as a pupa, whence it emerges as a very handsome fly, the larger species as large as a Daddy-longlegs, with a pale yellow body marked with dark brown, four lace-like wings, also spotted with brown, and their special ornament, three long whiskers by way of tail. There is a smaller species, no larger, though much more elegant, than the bluebottle fly ; and it is on these that I have

watched the further changes, to me the most astonishing thing I have noted among the many insect marvels. These creatures have a last change which brings them to an absolute perfection of their frame, which is so minute and exquisite, yet for so brief a period. Twice it has chanced to me to walk to the river with a companion wearing a crape mantle. It was quickly covered with hosts of these small white May flies (*Ephemera albipennis*). In a moment each seemed to have doubled ; then away flew one of the pair, leaving behind it what proved to be an empty white skin, covering wings and all, but left like a glove, while the late owner came out more finished and more beautiful than ever, leaving much longer and more delicate whisks than before. All the *Ephemeræ* do this, the large one becoming more polished after this last change. And all this for one day of dancing ecstasy, with no food as far as appears ; only this sublimated glory, to end in a few hours. Is it to give us a glimpse of how mortal bodies can be refined ; though like other pure and beauteous emblems, their perfection is so short lived ?

Of course the rough stems and leaves of the sedges are the natural holdfasts of these May flies, as they are of their relations the Dragon-flies (*Libellulæ*). Magnificent creatures they are, after having emerged from their very ugly fierce-looking water-loving pupæ. Indeed, they continue fierce, though not deserving the dread with which they are regarded by the village people, who call them horse-stingers, for they have no sting, and are terrible only to the insect race, whom they ruthlessly devour. See the intensely shining blue, long, pointed forms flitting about ; and in the track of a fisherman we may pick up the wings which the cruel man has pulled off before using the brilliant blue body for bait. We must take refuge in the assurance that an insect is not constructed to feel pain, and those wings are worth picking up to examine the wonderful web of nerves on which the transparent membrane is stretched, and the round spot which looks black, but which proves to be the deepest, darkest of blues. The eyes of the dragon-fly look large and fierce ; they have immovable facets, so as to see all ways at once, and are one of the favourite marvels of the microscope.

This grand dark-blue *Aeshna varia* is the most frequent here, but there are also green ones, and orange without the dark spot ; also the loveliest of all, the demoiselle, rather smaller, and of the most perfect turquoise-blue picked out with shining black. It is really the damoiseau who bears these sky-blue colours in full

splendour ; his lady is black, only sparsely banded with his blue. As we turn and take the upward course of the river, we must note the sedges, the friends of the emerging insect, who clings to their saw-like edges. They border the stream with their angular stems and saw-edged harsh leaves ; their roots are creeping and matted, and they are very useful in holding together the loose earth of banks. The species are innumerable on bog, moor, and mountain, but the ornamental one before our eyes is *Carex stricta*, which has three spikes of blossom, of rich black or very dark brown scales, from the uppermost of which protrude in contrast, cream-coloured stamens, from the lower, threads of styles. Mixed with it is the handsome *Sparganium ramosum*, or bur reed, often with balls of blossom, the uppermost a round puff of small anthers, the lower fruit bearing, and for all the world like that terrible weapon of old, the morning star.

If ever you heard a bird in a passion, here he is chatter, chatter, scold, scold, emphatically. It is Blethering Jock, as the Scottish shepherd boys call that little sedge warbler, who bursts out of the reed bed, doing anything but warble. He is in fear for his nest, though quite needlessly, we could not get at it over the quaking bog, and if we wish to see the cradle suspended on the reeds that rock it, we must go to that delightful place, the South Kensington Museum. We may, however, see the scarlet headed moor hen, and the ridiculous little dab-chick lead forth their fleets, and all suddenly dive the very moment their little black eyes are aware of our approach ; or the water rat, or rather vole, swim across and disappear in a bank, or even a kingfisher dart across with a gleam of blue and russet.

However, we must turn from the river, to chalky banks, and a disused chalkpit, in whose depths has been found a bee orchis, the real *Ophrys apifera*, lilac winged, velvet tailed of brown and yellow marbled together, just the colouring of a bee, though stingless. There is no security of finding it a second year in the same place, for it is very capricious as to blossoming. It will not bear transplantation, and in a place liable to marauders the best way to save its life is to gather it !

In the borders of the copse above we may find the butterfly orchis ; why butterfly there is no knowing ; honeysuckle orchis was a much more sensible name for the long thin-spurred and long-lipped, deliciously scented spike. It is not allowed to be an orchis any longer, but has become a *Habenaria bifolia*.

Indeed, I once met with an all too scientific novel, in which the lover presents his lady with a *Habenaria* as a token. Did it by that name smell as sweet?

We pass a path overhung with hazels, and showing below the little pearls and sweet-scented whorls of Woodruff (*Asperula odorata*), and under the stumps, and in the hedge banks, the tender and lovely wood sorrels, otherwise *Oxalis acetosella*, with a coral scaly creeping stem, purple footstalks, purple backs to the drooping trefoil leaves, and delicate purple streaks in the slender graceful bud, and cuplike blossom, the most dainty and delicate of English flowers. It is disputed whether these complete trefoils are not the true shamrock; but it is not likely, though everywhere in Europe they are the Alleluia plant specially dedicated to Trinity Sunday.

All the *Oxalis* tribe, which is very numerous, is full of acid juice. Children who care for their palate more than their eyes bite the stems, and in some places a preserve is made of the leaves. I am glad there is not enough here to tempt anyone.

There's the cuckoo—

‘In June
He altereth his tune,’

and he is stammering with repeated cuck—cuck—cuck—cuck before he can bring out the final cuckoo. Some people think these are the imperfect efforts of the young cuckoos learning to sing, but they are hardly out of the nest so early. I suspect the hesitation to be caused by anger, for I have once seen a couple of quarrelsome cuckoos defying one another in broken language, or it may be from fright, when the bird is mobbed by the smaller fry, more probably because of its likeness to a hawk, than because of the misdeeds of its youth towards their offspring.

It has been proved that it carries the egg in its mouth, which it bestows upon the hedge-sparrow, or water wagtail. I have watched one such awkward nursling alone in a nest in a heap of large flints, a gowk in a dishwasher's nest, as it was announced to us. We saw the little birds feeding it, and one evening they were trying to entice it out by holding a grub a little way off. The next morning it was gone, so probably they had succeeded. Another young cuckoo, which was carried across the road, and placed in a cage in an open window, was regularly fed by its faithful foster-parents, who had traced it thither. How curious it is that though the American cuckoo has a nest of her own,

and brings up her family like a respectable housewife, the cow bird acts the fashionable mother like the English cuckoo.

We emerge from the wood to see fields with ripples of wind passing over their full-blossomed grass, making strange lights and shades between the varied heads of brownish green, while ox-eyes and buttercups crop up between. To the confusion of the poor corncrakes, early fields are beginning already, and, it is hoped, may avoid the thunderstorms which are too apt to break up the weather in the last fortnight of June. When will it be cut?

The swish of the scythe in the dewy morning is seldom to be heard in these days. It has given place to the squeak and cough of the engine, and the long rows of women in sun-bonnets to the claws of the monster hay-maker. Haycocks we still have ; but the pictures of children tumbling in delight in the hay, are, except on lawns on gala days, a pleasing delusion. Farmers and farming men consider children as their natural enemies. A kind Rector, who used to give a happy day in the hay to his school-children, found that though the parish was full of meadows, the most part had never been in a hayfield in their lives. I have made nests in the hay in my time, and carried on a warfare from haycock to haycock, but under angry protest from our old farming man, who considered us to be spoiling *his* hay, how, I never could understand ; but I believe that besides upsetting the neat haycock, we were supposed to tread out the fragrance.

And the hay-carrying is always a pleasant sight, picturesque even now, and delightful to man and beast, as the big horses enjoy themselves during the loading ; and though one is sorry to lose the cocks that made such long shadows in the dewy sunrise of the dear, bright long days, still, anxiety is off our minds, and we are thankful.

Everybody goes after some club festival or other at Whitsuntide, so our flower-service, a modern institution, has to be either on 'St. Barnaby bright,' or on Midsummer Day, when it is grand to see the altar steps heaped with nosegays of every kind, filling ten or eleven boxes for London hospitals, tiny little children led up to deposit their offerings in the great brass tray held down to them. The bouquet that lives most in my memory was entirely of red campion, seen through a lace work of the lovely delicate umbelliferous flower of the pig-nut. This was made by some farmer's daughters, whose brother had been in a London hospital, and tenderly remembered the flowers there. They used

to make up some of their offerings as 'button-holes,' he having said that these were specially available.

Another hint is that bunches of grasses in blossom are greatly valued for their long duration, and they are often valued by nursing Sisterhoods used to decorate mortuaries.

The 'May Queen' remembers

'The oat grass and the sword grass,
And the bulrush in the pool,'

with all Tennyson's wonderful exactness to the details of Nature.

The bulrush is not the grand reed mace which we are apt to call by that name, and which is a later production, but the humble rush, *Funcus conglomeratus*, one long single, leafless, pointed, bending, tapering spike, with a tuft of brown, six-stamened blossoms near the top, a delightful toy of childhood which makes it into green baskets and helmets, and learns plaiting upon it. And, again, its soft white pith is by our young folks twisted into the semblance of white roses, and set among ivy leaves.

It had a greater value once in the days of domestic manufactures, when duly peeled of its shining green coat, it served for the wicks of candles. Even at the beginning of the century, Miss Edgeworth conducts her Frank to see the making of these candles by successive dips of the pith-made wick into a caldron of properly melted and compounded mutton fat.

And till the days of the lucifer match and little fat solid night-light did the rushlight survive, to beguile the night watches, enshrined in a tall, circular temple, about a quarter of a yard high, and pierced with numerous holes of about the size of a sixpence. There was a mysterious awe in the sight of the circle of light on the ceiling, surrounded by the lesser rounds, which gradually changed their places, till at last there was a dread sound of hissing and fizzing, and all was dark, as the slender rushlight burnt down, and was extinct in the pan of water ready to receive it. The little woodrush, or *Luzula*, makes a dainty foil to the pink campion and its relative, the garden white pink, whereof I rejoice in a thick border that reminds me of the sea shore, the blue-green foliage being the waves, the overflowing white flowers the foam. It is the earliest of the Pink kind—a delightful race, named from their pinked or indented edges, and giving their name to the lovely colour which the good little tracts of the early years of the century held as emblematic of vanity as the tulip or the peacock!

Dianthus caryophyllus, with two delicately curved styles, is the parent of all our garden pinks and carnations, white, red, and yellow, including that most deliciously scented of flowers, the deep crimson clove gillyflower. It warns me, however, by its very name, that it belongs to next month ; but June must not pass over her Midsummer men, properly known as Orpine, a crimson-flowered plant with ten stamens, three styles, fleshy leaves, and stems, ranked with the starry stone-crops as *Sedum telephium*, though it grows not on rocks but on mossy banks. It is a plant of augury. I have known an old woman, who had duly, on St. John's Eve, laid out nine pairs of Orpines, naming them after the couples thought to be courting. The pairs that kept together betokened a happy marriage, those that fell apart boded no good to the love affairs !

The jenneting-tree, under which some of Jane Taylor's little heroines sit, is really the June-eating apple-tree. Very funny work did old gardeners make of fine names of flowers and fruits. The *Quatre saisons* rose might very fairly become the Quarter Sessions rose ; but the great pear known as the *Duchesse d'Angoulême* became on their lips, 'Duchess Dangle'em,' and the list of plums in a catalogue was corrected by an old Cornish gardener from *drap d'or* into 'trap-door,' the other being evidently to his mind a misprint.

The schoolmaster has destroyed much diversion in rural bills. We never had the celebrated

	s.
'Won Wooden Barrer as woodnt soot	10
Won Wooden Barrer as wood soot	10'

but 'Jams' (i.e. James) has sent us in a bill for a Sally Mander, and likewise for mending a three-legged Jonathan, which we concluded to be a trivet for hanging on a grate to hold a fender.

The name Frederick was quite past our farming man, who entered it as Frikit ; but most notable was a shoe bill in the penny club,

	s. d.
' 1 Gurl hideous boots	7 6
1 Gurl hideous boots	5 6'

Whether the adjective was intended to apply to the boots or to the girls was doubtful ; but it proved that a family was meant of the name of Hedges. As the cobbler no doubt pronounced hideous as 'hidjus,' he thought this the correct designation, though, as it happened, the damsels were the very reverse of hideous.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCXCVII.

1743.

THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

THOUGH Prussia had for the time retired from the contest, England and France were equally determined to continue the war. George II., with the Duke of Cumberland, crossed over to Hanover on the 21st of April, 1743, to take the command of the army, which they found encamped at Aschaffenberg, on the river Main, in a very unsatisfactory condition, owing to the blunders of Lord Stair, and his quarrels with the Austrian general, Aremberg.

The numbers were 37,000, and these, both men and horses, were nearly starved, and were cooped up in a narrow valley, along the Main, about eight miles long, between the town of Aschaffenberg and the village of Dettingen. A force of Russians and Hanoverians, whom the general had intended to join them, had advanced as far as Hanau, but could get no further, and Marshal de Noailles, with a very considerable army, hitherto much better handled than the English, was in sight on the opposite bank of the Main.

The King decided on falling back on Hanau, for provisions had entirely failed. On the 27th of June, at midnight, he broke up the camp and marched, and the French immediately sent a body across the river to occupy Aschaffenberg. In full security of victory, Noailles sent his nephew, the Duke of Grammont, to occupy Dettingen, through which the English must pass on the way to Hanau, so that he expected to have them shut in and forced to surrender. His artillery on his own bank was ready to play on them.

There was a stream and a marsh between the English and Dettingen, and there seemed no hope for them ; they were in as bad a condition as the starving soldiers before Agincourt, and

they had not a Henry V. at their head, but still they were in good spirits and ready to fight.

Just then the Marshal de Noailles crossed to the other side of the river to give some orders, and in his absence, Grammont, presuming on an easy victory, instead of waiting at his post, guarding the little beck or stream of Dettingen, charged across it, thus giving up all his advantage of ground, and the Duke of Harcourt, with all the gentlemen of the King's household followed his example.

At sight of them, King George's horse ran away, and had nearly carried him into the midst of the enemy before it was stopped. He dismounted, and drawing his sword, waved it crying out, 'Now, boys, now for the honour of England. Fire and behave bravely, and the French will soon run.'

The charge of the French was, however, so furious, that the English wavered a little, but were rallied by their King and the Duke of Cumberland, who, though wounded in the leg, refused to leave the field. Marshal de Noailles was in consternation at the imprudent movement of his nephew. He had to stop his batteries which were doing as much harm to his own troops as to the British, and he hastened across the river to take the command, and retrieve the mischief his nephew's impetuosity had done.

By this time it was too late. The King had drawn up his troops in a compact body, and was charging the enemy, who gave way, and the slaughter was dreadful. De Noailles gave the word for retreat across the river, but his retreat became a rout; the bridges over the Main were overcrowded and broke down, the fugitives were many of them drowned, and others captured while trying to escape up the mountains. 6000 men altogether were lost on the French side, only half the number on the English.

Lord Stair wanted to follow up the success by attacking the French in their entrenchments, but as quite half their army were quite fresh and had never been engaged at all, King George judged this imprudent with his exhausted troops, who had neither victuals, drink, nor tents, and he, therefore, after a brief rest, continued his march to Hanau. A letter was sent to Noailles requesting him to let the English wounded be taken care of, and this was generously done. Indeed, on the English side, the Duke of Cumberland had refused to let his wound be attended to, till after a more severely hurt prisoner had been dressed.

Frederick II., who hated King George, thought proper to

describe his conduct thus : ‘ All through the battle he stood before his Hanoverian battalion, his left foot drawn back, sword in hand, his arm extended, like a fencing-master about to give a stroke *en carte*, showing courage, but giving no orders.’

This was plainly malice, for George did exactly the right thing under the circumstances, and kept up the English steadiness which won the day against French vivacity. Stair wished to cross the Maine, and pursue the French, who were retreating to Speyerbach, but the jealousies of the German Princes and his own unconciliating temper rendered this impossible.

Maria Theresa was in great delight. She entered Vienna in triumph, and had a solemn ‘ Te Deum ’ in the cathedral. The French armies were fairly driven out of Germany, and Marshal de Broglie visited the unfortunate Emperor, Charles VII., at Frankfort to advise him to make peace, so as to save Bavaria, since he must reckon on no more assistance from France.

He answered indignantly that he was not to learn how to make peace from those who shewed themselves ignorant how to make war ; but he did sign a contract of neutrality for his own hereditary states, and tried to obtain a peace by the mediation of George II. and the Prince of Orange ; but Maria Theresa was not easy to deal with, insisting that she should keep Bavaria unless he resigned the title of Emperor.

Prince Charles of Lorraine, who was betrothed to the Queen of Hungary’s sister, was in command on the Rhine. Noailles tried to persuade Louis XV. to confide the defence of Alsace to Count Maurice de Saxe, as he was called in France, the ablest of the French generals ; but this the king refused, on the grounds that the Count was careless, that he was a Protestant, and that he chiefly cared for recovering his Duchy of Courland.

Hungarian troops under Colonel Mentzel were on the banks of the Rhine, and a proclamation was put forth to the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine that if they did not accept the most gracious Queen of Hungary as their sovereign, they would be treated as rebels, the villages burnt, and the peasants hung or mutilated.

King George and Prince Charles had both crossed the Rhine, and an invasion of France was imminent ; but this was prevented by quarrels in the English camp. English and Hanoverians could not agree, there were bitter jealousies ; Lord Stair delivered a memorial to the King full of complaints, and in such disrespectful language, that the resignation it threatened was at

once accepted, whereupon many other officers of rank threw up their commissions, and as it was now late in the year, the King was obliged to give up his intended campaign and return to England, while the army was quartered in Flanders.

A skit in the form of a French dialogue was handed about in the army, and supposed to be written by Lord Stair himself :

'Que donne-t'on aux officiers qui ne se sont pas trouvés à la bataille ?'

'On leur donne le cordon rouge.'

'Et que donne-t'on au Général en chef qui a gagné la victoire ?'

'Sa congé.'

'Qui a soin des blessés ?'

'L'ennemi.'

The victory had not conciliated the English towards what they looked on as a mere war on behalf of Hanover, and when Parliament met, there was a great outcry against Lord Carteret as the 'Hanoverian troop minister'; measures for disbanding, or for refusing payment to Hanoverian soldiers were reiterated, toasts were drunk to 'No Hanoverian King,' and the Jacobites began to gather confidence.

For once, however, Walpole, though above all a peace minister, perceiving in his retirement that to cripple the King's resources at this juncture would derogate from the honour and influence of England, came forth, and though he had once said that he had left his tongue in the House of Commons, he came forward in the House of Lords, and made a powerful speech which enabled the King to triumph over the opposition, and indeed he continually assisted with his advice the First Lord of the Treasury, Henry Pelham.

So came in 1744, with the war in full operation, Louis XV. stirred into action by a favourite lady, Madame de Châteauroux; Frederick of Prussia forming an alliance with him and ready to renew the war, and Charles Edward Stewart taking hope from the enmity between France and England, and preparing for an attack on the unpopular Hanoverian sovereign. Lord Orford's last speech was made upon the intelligence respecting this danger, and was full of all his old fire and intelligence, though he was in constant suffering from the disease which the next year put an end to his life.

He might well warn the English. Actually in January, eighteen ships of the line were collected at Brest under Admiral Roquemore, and sailed for the Isle of Wight with 7000 troops,

and on board, Charles Edward himself, and Count Maurice of Saxe, the ablest general in Europe.

The English fleet, under Sir John Morris, had been at Spithead, but had steered to the Downs, where they were joined by vessels which raised their numbers to twenty-one. The French fleet came to anchor off Dungeness, and the two lay opposite to each other. Morris intended to fight in the morning when the tide would be in his favour, but behold, by the late dawn the French-fleet had gone ! Roqueline, seeing the English superiority of forces, had retreated to his own harbours, and a heavy storm which raged for several days, made pursuit impossible. Again had wind and storm defended the English coast.

The attempt at invasion was abandoned, but there was a formal declaration of war, and Maurice was made a Field-Marshal and sent to command the army in Flanders.

JEANIE: A 'FRIENDLY' GIRL.

BY CATHERINE PONTON GRANT.

CHAPTER VI.

'In snow or shine, from bed to bed she runs,
Her mitten hands that always give, or pray,
Bearing a sheaf of tracts, a bag of buns ;
All twinkling smiles and texts and pious tales,
A wee old maid that sweeps the Bridegroom's way,
Strong in a cheerful trust that never fails.'

AMONG the visitors at the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh not one was better known nor better liked than Miss Marget Melville. For years past her straight little figure, her 'prim stuffs and puritanic shawls,' her big black bonnet, and the gentle face and soft white curls which it surrounded, had been familiar objects in the wards of that great institution. Doctors, patients, staff-nurses, probationers—all knew Miss Marget Melville, and nearly all had served, at one time or another, to rescue her from weary wanderings through endless passages, and to guide her in safety to the ward for which she was steering. For Miss Melville, although she had visited patients in almost every part of the Royal Infirmary, had never really mastered its geography, and often turned up in the most unexpected places. She had been found in the chapel, the laundry, the out-houses, and even in the theatre, which up to that time she had believed to be a place of amusement, and had strongly condemned as a very unnecessary expense. Sometimes she suddenly found herself in one of the men's wards, which, in general, she carefully avoided, and she even averted her eyes when she passed the tennis-lawn where the young house-doctors were wont to disport themselves in all the glory of white flannels and gaily-striped jackets, being under the impression that they were convalescents *en déshabille*, taking a game at 'the ball,' as she called it, for exercise.

It would be difficult to say what was the secret of Miss Melville's popularity among the sick folk, old and young, who found help and healing in the Royal Infirmary. She could not sing hymns to them, as some ladies did ; neither could she read aloud ; she was far too shy to offer them spiritual consolation unasked, and looked with hopeless envy at the Sisters whom she often encountered in the wards, and who, with their black gowns and enormous crosses, seemed so able and willing to be 'ministers and mair.' She could only sympathise with the sick in their suffering, and rejoice with them when they recovered, and pray for them in secret, and bring them nice things to eat, which last act of charity may indeed have had a good deal to do with her popularity, for to stop the weary wailing of a home-sick child, or the grumblings of a discontented woman, were benefits which a whole ward could appreciate.

Wednesday was Miss Melville's visiting-day at the Royal Infirmary, and it was on a Tuesday in the month of September that Miles Barrington called at Rose Cottage with a special message for his aunt. He found her in the garden, the cats in close attendance, the hens, who had strayed from their own quarters, drawn up in an expectant semi-circle in front of her, and Jeanie struggling with a great bush of veronica which her mistress had elected to transplant.

'Miles, my dear, could you dig a good big hole for this ?' asked Miss Melville, pointing to the veronica, and tendering to Miles the enormous spade with which she was laden.

Miles seized the spade and was beginning vigorously on what he thought a nice, smooth, empty-looking part of the border, when a sudden shriek from his aunt arrested him.

'Oh, not there, Miles ! Don't you remember we buried the black hen there last week ? The one that choked, poor thing !'

Miles hastily smoothed over the earth, crossed the lawn, and began his work again ; but he had scarcely commenced when Miss Melville implored him to stop, and, after an anxious consultation with Jeanie, decided that that was the very spot in which two of Judy's kittens had been buried not very long since.

'You see she looks quite interested,' said Miss Melville, pointing to Judy, who had seated herself on the warm earth close to the spade, and was winking her slanting, yellow eyes with a most hypocritical air.

'Much she cares, the old heathen Chinee !' was Miles's dis-

respectful comment, and he walked off to try his luck elsewhere. At last a suitable place was found, quite free from relics of any kind, the veronica was planted, and Miss Melville and her nephew went towards the house.

'Aunt Peggy, I want you to go to see a friend of mine in the Infirmary,' Miles began ; but Miss Melville did not hear, she was trying to remember where she had put a letter which she had received that morning from Miles's mother, and which she was longing to read to him, but as he 'respectfully but firmly' declined to hear it, it mattered the less that it was nowhere to be found.

'It was such a nice letter,' lamented Miss Melville. 'Your mother tells me that Mrs. Smith has had spasms again, and the weather in London is wretched, and somebody's baby (I couldn't quite make out the name) has got three teeth, and—and— Oh, yes ; your mother says she can't think why you don't go to the Highlands for a fortnight as usual. She says that you ought to have plenty of money.'

Here Miss Melville paused, with an interrogative air, and Miles, seizing his advantage, instantly plunged into the story of his sick friend. The substance of it was this :

About three weeks before, a young man had been brought to one of the wards of the Infirmary in a dying state. He had made an attempt to commit suicide by throwing himself into the water at Leith Docks, but had been observed and rescued by a sailor, whose kind attentions he had never ceased to curse until he found that he was not to be baulked of his desire, for the shock had been too much for a feeble constitution, and he was dying fast. Miles had seen him several times, and, struck by his utter disregard for suffering and his passionate longing for death, had become much interested in him. The sick man—Duncan Ross by name—was equally attracted by Miles, and watched eagerly for his visits, although he spoke very little, and least of all about himself. On one subject, however, he had shown great concern ; he was very anxious that a little packet which had been found in his coat-pocket, and which he kept constantly under his pillow, should be safely delivered to the person to whom it was directed, after his death. This Miles had faithfully promised to do, and with his promise the sick man seemed content.

'And now, Aunt Peggy, you will go to see him to-morrow, won't you ?' asked Miles, when his story was ended, 'and you will take him some of your delicious jelly ?'

But Aunt Peggy was not at all inclined for the task ; she never could think of anything to say to men, and she did not approve of people who tried to commit suicide, and how was she to find a ward she had never been in before ? But Miles over-ruled all her objections, and she consented at last, although with many misgivings.

Jeanie stood at the gate looking after her mistress as she set out on her errand to the Infirmary. Six months had passed since the attempted burglary, and not a word had been said by either mistress or maid on the subject of the loss of Jeanie's money. Not that they did not, both of them, think a good deal about it. Miss Melville had an uneasy feeling that there was a mystery somewhere, and a conviction that Miss Alison Murray would certainly blame her for not having tried harder to get to the bottom of it. Jeanie, on her part, felt that Miss Melville's perfect confidence in her was shaken, and was deeply hurt when her mistress insisted on her putting her money into the Post Office Savings Bank, instead of into the shell-box which had been her treasury.

'I ken fine that I'll never see the money again,' she said, almost crying, when she returned home after making her first deposit, and even the sight of the yellow bank-book, inscribed with 'Jeanie Scott, Domestic Servant,' in her own laborious hand-writing, was quite powerless to convey to her any sense of possession.

It was a long way from Rose Cottage to the Infirmary, but Miss Melville was a brisk walker and soon reached the special block of buildings to which Miles had directed her. She mounted the long, wide staircase and turned into the corridor to which it led, but she had scarcely gone half-way along it, when she was seized with a painful uncertainty as to the number of the ward for which she was bound. She stopped for a moment to consider, and was relieved to hear a light step behind her, and to find one of the house-surgeons close at hand. She knew him well by sight—a small, slightly-made man, with watchful eyes and courteous manner, 'bland as a Jesuit, sober as a hymn,'—and he knew Miss Melville, and proceeded at once to escort her on her way.

'I have seen the man of whom you are in search,' he said, as they went along ; 'he is such a character as we are more likely to meet with in our prisons than in our hospitals ;' then, as he caught Miss Melville's look of dismay, he added, with a gracious

smile : 'I do not doubt, however, that he will gladly receive a visit from you,' and with a wave of the hand towards an open door, he left Miss Melville to make her entrance alone.

All the wards in the great Infirmary of Edinburgh are pretty much alike. All are large and lofty, spotlessly clean, and plentifully lighted ; each has its row of beds on either side, and its share of decoration in the form of something green and growing ; each has its patients, alike at least in helplessness and suffering ; and each its proper complement of well-trained nurses. Of these last, Miss Melville stood in great awe. They seemed to her such exalted beings—so calm, so wise, so capable of giving,

'As one who understands
Draught, counsel, diagnosis, exhortation—'

that not even the very greatest of the professors impressed her half so forcibly with a sense of their superiority.

A youthful Probationer came forward to meet her now ; a tall fair girl, whose lilac print gown and spotted-net cap became her well, as did also the air of intense wisdom which she had already acquired. She told Miss Melville that Duncan Ross occupied a bed at the other end of the ward, and preceded her in that direction at such a rapid pace that the little visitor had enough to do to keep up with her.

There were not many outsiders in the ward that day. Beside one bed, whose occupant was sitting up with the hue of returning health on his cheeks, sat a young woman, her hand close clasped in his, and tears of happiness in her eyes.

Close by, at the foot of another bed, a middle-aged woman was standing, gazing without a single word or tear at the pale unconscious face of her husband, the bread-winner of her many children, who, after a life of incessant toil, had nothing left now to do but to die. A little child clung to her skirt, and sobbed out again and again, 'I want my daddy,' refusing to recognise in that motionless form the father who had carried her in his arms, and kissed her with warm lips, but a day or two ago.

'This is a lady come to pay you a visit,' announced the Probationer, in cheerful tones, as she paused beside the bed in which lay Duncan Ross and drew forward a chair for Miss Melville.

The sick man was lying with closed eyes, and, as he seemed in no hurry to open them, Miss Melville had plenty of time to study the face of the patient who had impressed the house-surgeon so unfavourably. A swarthy skin and jet-black hair

contrasted strangely with the white pillows ; but the expression of the pallid lips was more sad than sinister, and there was something pathetic in the feeble droop of the hand which lay on the coverlet. Finding that Duncan Ross took no heed of her presence, Miss Melville addressed herself to a little boy who was sitting at the other side of the bed.

'I'm sure I know your face,' she said. 'Have I not seen you somewhere before ?'

'Please, yes, mum,' and then, with an anxious glance towards the bed, the child added, in a lower tone : 'He's ma brither.'

'Oh, yes, I remember you now ; you bring baskets to Rose Cottage to sell—to my house in Prior Row.'

This simple statement produced a singular effect on Miss Melville's listeners. The little boy closed one eye in a prolonged and emphatic wink, and then took himself off without a word, while his brother suddenly opened his eyes and fixed them on his visitor with a startled stare.

They were very curious eyes, so pale as to appear almost colourless compared with the dark skin and black lashes with which they were contrasted, and yet with a peculiar lustre of their own which made them beautiful.

'Are you the leddy wha bides at Rose Cottage ?'

Miss Melville explained that she was, and added that she was also the aunt of Mr. Barrington, with whom Duncan Ross was familiar.

'An' hae ye gotten a bonny servant-lass wi' red hair ?'

'Oh, yes !' Miss Melville was delighted ; Jeanie was a subject upon which she was always ready to converse. 'Did your little brother tell you about her ? She is a "Friendly Girl," you know.'

'She is that ; ower friendly, maybe.'

Miss Melville was puzzled. What did Duncan Ross mean by saying that her Jeanie was over friendly ? Had he ever seen her ? Did he know her ? Was he, perhaps, even a lover of hers ?

Miss Melville sat looking out of the window while these thoughts passed through her mind, and Duncan Ross lay and watched her with his strange gleaming eyes, and once or twice he put his hand under the pillow, felt for something, and then drew it back again irresolutely.

'Tell me about yourself. How did you come to be so ill ?'

For a full minute Duncan Ross made no answer. For a full

minute he scanned intently the face of his visitor—the delicate features, the tender lines, the kind eyes—and then, in language which, to say the least, was not wanting in force, he told Miss Melville his story. In its main features and its final *dénouement* it was only too commonplace—an idle, joyless childhood; a life of weary, monotonous toil; a desperate struggle for bread, and a yet more desperate struggle for happiness; a pitiful attempt to gain by foul means what was unattainable by fair; hunger, weak health, despair, and at last the dark plunge which was to end the hopeless fight, and bury in deep waters another loser in life's battle.

It was a tragical story enough, and Miss Melville listened to it with sympathy in her heart and pity in her eyes. She felt very strongly that this man had been hardly used, and she said so; she was quite sure that he ought to have been supplied with the necessaries of life somehow—she did not exactly know how—but when he went on to unfold the plan to which he had agreed, by means of which she was to have been relieved of her silver and he of his difficulties, her feelings underwent a sudden change. ‘A most unprincipled person, and I knew it from the very first!’ she said to herself. But when she heard of Jeanie’s courage and self-sacrifice she was filled with triumph, and easily forgave the plot which had shown her Friendly Girl in such a becoming light, more especially since it had failed.

‘An’ syne I’ve wrought, and syne I’ve saved, an’ mony a weary while I’ve been hungert, but I’ve gathered a pickle siller for the lass—tae mak’ up tae her like—an’ if ye’ll tak’ it to her I’ll be obleeged.’

Duncan Ross sat up in bed, and handed to Miss Melville a little parcel which he drew from underneath his pillow. It was the crowning moment of his life—a moment which held for him the purest, highest happiness that he had ever known, and it brought with it a momentary strength. A faint flush rose in his cheeks, a faint smile parted his lips, and his eyes dilated and softened as he leant forward and eagerly watched Miss Melville unfold the crackling paper. And Miss Melville was all eagerness too. How delightful it was to think that Jeanie, poor Jeanie, would have her money back again, and then her parents could buy another cow, and comfort and happiness would be restored to the whole family.

The paper was open, and Miss Melville, with fingers that trembled with excitement, counted up the money. Three half-

crowns, five shillings, and two or three coppers—exactly twelve-and-ninepence altogether! Twice Miss Melville counted it over; then she looked anxiously down at the floor, then she examined both sides of the paper, and lastly she glanced at Duncan Ross's wistful face with a very blank expression on her own.

'But—but,' she said, hesitatingly, 'is this all? Jeanie had saved a great deal more than this.'

'I dinna ken how muckle she had saved; I never seed a penny o' the siller. That's all I've saved onyway.'

There was a pause. Miss Melville sat looking at the coins in her lap with an abstracted air, and the sick man lay back on his pillows and looked at them too, with a face from which the exultant light was quickly fading.

'Twelve-and-ninepence—that's all,' said Miss Melville to herself with a sigh, as she arranged the money in a neat pile, and began to wrap it up.

She spoke in a low tone, and was scarcely aware that her words were spoken aloud at all; but Duncan Ross heard them, and he turned away his head. 'That's all!' So, then, this self-denial of his, which had seemed to him so heroic, was, in the eyes of others, a mere nothing. This act of reparation, which was to have blotted out old scores, had miserably come short of its purpose, and the one good deed of his life had been a failure. He lay very still with a look of bitter disappointment on his face; all the colour had gone from it, and even his eyes, so bright a little while ago, were dim and troubled. A nurse passing by noticed his looks, and, whispering to Miss Melville, advised her not to stay longer with him. Conscience-stricken, she hastened to take leave, promising to give the money at once to Jeanie and even offering to be the bearer of a message to her; but she received neither word nor look in reply, and at last was fain to believe that Duncan Ross had fallen asleep, and to retreat from his bedside on tip-toe.

'It was him yesterday; it 'ull be me the morn.'

Duncan Ross spoke in an eager whisper, with a note of triumph in his voice, as he pointed to the empty bed beside him. He was, if possible, even thinner than before, even more pallid and drawn in feature; but his eyes were as beautiful as ever, and shone with a feverish brilliancy as he lifted them to Miles Barrington's face.

Miles stood at the end of the bed looking gravely down on the

dying man, to whom he and Miss Melville were paying a last visit. Somehow, he had become attached to this poor young fellow, just his own age, who had had such a miserable time of it that he was actually wearying to be dead—honestly anxious to be gone out of the sunshine, and the air, and the busy, beautiful world ; who had found so little love and joy in life that not one single regret troubled him as he prepared to bid good-bye to it for ever. For the idea of another and a happier life, when suggested to him, had no attractions for Duncan Ross. ‘ I’m ower wearied for that,’ was all he said when urged to look to a world beyond the grave ; and even the sweet story of old was listened to with seeming indifference. He lay now looking out of the long window close to his bed—looking up at the soft, blue sky, flecked with a multitude of little white clouds. As he looked a sea-gull, far up in the air, flew landward from the Firth, his snowy wings shining golden in the sun. Duncan Ross followed the bird’s strong flight with his eyes, and Miss Melville, looking in the same direction, was suddenly inspired.

‘ Though ye have lien among the pots,’ she quoted, ‘ yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold.’

‘ Hoots, wumman, yon’s no a doo.’

Duncan Ross’s voice, though weak, was decidedly contemptuous, and Miss Melville, feeling that her attempt at consolation had failed, was glad to keep silence. Miles, although he had a great longing in his heart to say something comforting, had also a great lump in his throat, which made it difficult to speak. At last he broke out, in a husky voice—

‘ I say, it was awfully good of you to save up all that money to give back to the girl ; I know it’s a beastly difficult thing to save, and you must have wanted it yourself many a time. It was just awfully good of you.’

He waited anxiously for a reply—waited very anxiously for a look or a smile to show that Duncan Ross heard and was pleased. But none came.

‘ Peace ! He is dying now ;
No light is on his brow ;
He makes no sign, but without sign departs :
The poor die often so,
And yet they long to go
To take to God their over-burdened hearts.’

CHAPTER VII.

'My own Colin's cattle, dappled, dun, brown, and grey,
They return to the milking at the close of the day.'

JEANIE heard of the burglar's death with great solemnity.

'Aye, aye ; an' so he's awa', puir thing ! Weel, David spoke the truth when he said—

"Three-score and ten years do sum up
Our days and years we see,
And if, by reason of more strength,
In some four-score they be,
Yet——"

'But, Jeanie,' interrupted Miss Melville, 'Duncan Ross was quite a young man.'

'Nae doot, mem ; but he would hae been an auld man if he had been spared. The Scriptures maun be fulfilled.'

'If I'm spared,' was a favourite phrase of Jeanie's, and she used it oftener than ever after Duncan Ross's death. Especially she used it with reference to her long-delayed visit to her home, for which the day had once more been fixed, for she felt as if some terrible catastrophe might even yet spoil all her plans, and tried to prepare herself for disappointment by referring frequently to the uncertainty of life.

'So you're going to Bowrie next week, Jeanie ?' said Miles Barrington, stopping for a moment in the passage as he was hurrying off to his Sunday evening service.

'Yes, sir ; thank ye, sir. It's very kind of the mistress to let me, but I dinna ken hoo she'll get on wantin' me, and I'm kind o' anxious about Judy ; her mind's that set on the kippered salmon that I'm feared she'll hae it all eaten or ever I win back —if she's spared,' added Jeanie, with a pious sigh.

'If she does she'll get a proper good licking from me, if *I'm* spared. But how about the cow ? Is your father able to buy her back yet ?'

Jeanie's face fell dismally, and she shook her head ; she could not bear to speak about Mailie, and the thought of the empty byre cast a heavy shadow even on the joy of her going home.

It had been decided that Jeanie's visit to Bowrie was to be paid on a Sunday, the day on which Miss Melville could best

spare her, and the one day in seven which brought her hard-working parents some hours of leisure. By rising early she would be able to reach home in time for the twelve o'clock service in the Parish Church, for she had been promised a lift by the way. So she rose at dawn of day, lighted the fires, set all in readiness for Miss Melville's breakfast, and had left Edinburgh far behind her before the sun had risen. The friendly milk-cart in which she journeyed set her down just four miles from Bowrie, and she started to walk the last part of her journey, after having arranged with the milk-girl who had driven her, to meet her again at the same place in the evening.

With a light heart and a rapid step Jeanie passed along the winding road, which leads by Templeton Bridge to Bowrie—the dear, familiar, muddy road which she had not seen for eighteen long months, and when she came to the bridge she sat down on the low stone parapet to rest for a few minutes: in her eagerness she had walked so quickly that she was almost out of breath.

It was a calm, sunny day towards the end of November, and the peculiar stillness of Sunday in the country was emphasized, not broken, by the ceaseless rushing of the river, and the sweet, sad, autumn song of the birds. Jeanie looked all about her with glad recognition; everything was just as she had known it all her life, and everything in her eyes was very good—the green moss on the grey stones, the thick ivy with star-like blossoms which clustered all about the bridge, the swift, dark stream below, and the great pine-trees on its brink—all was dear and familiar, and even the three very nervous-looking ducks who passed on their way to the river with much anxious quacking and many a fearful glance in her direction, were immediately recognised by her as the property of Leeby Dickson, her father's next-door neighbour.

But Jeanie's heart was too eager to let her sit long, and, after a few minutes' rest, she climbed a stile and took her way along the little path through the wood, which makes a short cut to the village. It was not always easy to find the way, the ground was so deeply carpeted with bright brown beech-leaves, only broken here and there by a mossy hillock, or a group of graceful ferns, still quite fresh and green. Then, when the wood was left behind, the straggling village street came in sight, and Jeanie could see the old elm-tree, with all its delicate tracery showing clear against the sky, and the red roof below, and the little porch—aye, and some one in shirt-sleeves at the garden-gate,

gazing down the street ; and some one in a white apron at the door, who restlessly came and went, and then Jeanie's eyes grew dim and her steps still quicker, and she reached her home in a golden haze of happiness.

The Friendly Girl's holiday, like most joyful days, passed only too quickly away. There was so much to tell and so much to see. Lassie had to be petted, and the pigeons to be fed ; there were old neighbours to greet and old haunts to revisit. And then Jeanie had to go to church, walking between her father and her mother, and followed by admiring glances from the Bowrie lasses, who discovered in her Sunday bonnet a fashion which had not yet reached the recesses of Midlothian, and were disturbed in their devotions by beautiful visions of their own massive head-gear transformed into something as neat and shapely.

Then, after church and dinner, came a leisurely stroll, ending, as the Sunday walks of the Bowrie people almost always did, in the beautiful old churchyard. It was on the opposite side of the road from the church, and sloped steeply down to the river, its close turf rising and falling in many a mossy mound, with here and there a modest headstone. One little grey slab bore the inscription 'Wee Davie,' and Jeanie paused to lay upon it the bunch of scarlet hips which she had gathered in her walk, with a sigh, as much of contentment as regret, at the remembrance of the baby brother who had long since gone home.

And so the brief November day declined, and the sun had set behind the hill, and all the heavens were bathed in the rosy light, when Jeanie stood at the garden-gate and took leave of her parents.

'Ye're in an unco' hurry, Jeanie. Can ye no' bide a wee longer ?' asked her mother, glancing anxiously up the road as she spoke.

'Tak' time, wumman, tak' time,' added her father, shading his eyes from the dazzling glamour and gazing in the same direction.

But Jeanie was eager to be gone. She had begun to think of Miss Melville's supper, and Judy's greed, and, besides that, her quick ears had caught the sound of lowing cattle, and the return of the Bowrie cows to the milking was a sight which she little cared to see now that Mailie was no longer among them.

She turned to go, but it was too late, for while her mother detained her with respectful messages to Miss Melville and wise advice for herself, the first of the cows—Leeby Dickson's white

one—came round the corner, and the others followed in a close line. On they came in slow, deliberate fashion, stopping now and then to stare about them with a thoughtful, undecided air—Cows of all kinds, ‘dappled, dun, brown, and grey,’ and, last of all, a beautiful red cow, with a white star on her forehead.

Jeanie took a step forward, stood as if transfixed, and then turned suddenly to her mother.

‘An’ wha does Mailie belong to now?’ she asked in a voice that shook, while the colour left her cheeks and the tears sprang to her eyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott opened their mouths at precisely the same moment, but, for once in his life, the husband had the first word.

‘A’ve heerd tell ’at she belongs to ane they ca’ John Scott,’ he said, and then he withdrew into the cottage and laughed long and silently, being firmly persuaded that he had made a capital joke, and a little uneasy that such a thing should have occurred on the Sabbath day.

And at the cottage gate, Jeanie, with tears of joy, lavished caresses on mild-eyed Mailie, and smoothed the star on her forehead, and called her a ‘denty wee dearie,’ listening the while to the wonderful story of her return to Bowrie, and looking with deep interest at the card which had accompanied her, and which was henceforth to be kept within the pages of the Family Bible as something almost sacred. It bore on one side the inscription ‘From a Friend,’ and on the other, ‘Miles Melville Barrington, 2 John Street.’;

But the purple and gold were fading quickly from the sky, the woods were wrapt in shadow, and with hasty loving farewells to man and beast, Jeanie once more sped on her way.

All had gone well at Rose Cottage on that eventful Sunday. The cats’ conduct had been exemplary, and Judy listened with a modest smile while Miss Melville enlarged on the perfect integrity of her behaviour. Jeanie poured out all her joy at Mailie’s return, and her gratitude to Mr. Barrington, and her mistress listened well pleased. But one thing disturbed Miss Melville’s mind. She began to fear that Bowrie might contain a supreme attraction for Jeanie, and that some day a ‘lad’ would appear to carry off the Friendly Girl who had grown so precious to her. But Jeanie soon undeceived her on that point.

‘And I’ve made up my mind to be an auld maid,’ she announced. ‘I made it up on the road home, for I was thinking

a deal about you, mem, and the cats and a', and I dinna see what you would do wantin' me.'

Miss Melville protested feebly ; but Jeanie was firm, and as she frankly admitted that she had no lover, and declared that there was not a single lad in Bowrie worth the looking at, her mistress went to rest with an easy mind, at least for the present. She was just composing herself to sleep, when Jeanie's voice outside the door aroused her.

' If you please, mem, where did ye put the kippered salmon ? '

' Nowhere ! I never touched it.'

' Weel, then,' (very loud) ' it is nowhere, an' every one o' the cats smells o' fish ! '

Jeanie listened for a reply, but a sort of groan, intended to express amazement, horror, and regret, was all that she heard, and she said to herself with much triumph—

' I kenned fine that she wasna' to be trusted alone with they beasts.'

Jeanie has faithfully kept her promise. She is still an old maid (if a bonny, blooming young woman can be so called), and, to Miss Melville's great joy, she is an Episcopalian as well, and has gone so often with her mistress to St. Luke's, where Miles Barrington still occasionally plays the organ, that the service has grown both familiar and dear to her.

The little basket-boy comes no longer to Rose Cottage. Miss Melville, in recognition of his services in having given warning of the designs of his elder brother, proposed to send him to school and to take care of him generally, but as soon as he heard of her good intentions he disappeared, much preferring to rove the country at his own will than either to learn or to work. And so Duncan Ross and his brother are almost forgotten, although Miss Melville has talked so much about the burglary that she can hardly believe that it never took place, and it still remains the one great event in the life of the Friendly Girl.

IN MEMORIAM.

S. M. A.

‘Surely a life so spent is blessedness,
And all too little to repay His Love,
The Love of His most costly Sacrifice.’

IN the Lent of this year there passed to her eternal rest one whose work has been mentioned in the ‘Monthly Packet,’ but whose whole life was such a hidden one that few had heard her name, and none probably will ever know the full beauty of her lovely character and purposeful work. Mary Ashpitel’s whole life was spent for others ; she was one who seemed to take that life in her two hands, and make the very most of it. Miss Ashpitel and her sister lived in Brighton, and worked many years in St. Paul’s Parish. Bright, highly-educated, and accomplished, the better education of the middle classes occupied her mind much at this time, and she opened one of the first middle schools ever started—a school which, in the hands of Sisters, exists and prospers to this day ; and there are still many who arise up and call her blessed for her loving-kindness in this work.

After her sister’s death, she came to Clewer, being then about forty years of age. In 1860 she joined the Second Order of the Community of St. John Baptist. As this Order has since been reconstituted, it may be well to recollect that it was composed then of ladies who should live for not less than six months of the year under the rule of the Order, and who were not obliged to wear the habit except during that time, neither were they under a vow of poverty. But Sister Mary Ashpitel joined the Order in a spirit of entire self-surrender. It was no *part* of her life, her means, her time that she devoted :

‘*She* whose one oblation
Was a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.’

At this time she had charge of the work-room, and was much occupied in Church needlework.

But the work by which she will always be remembered began a few years later. The financial troubles which ruined so many had made poverty the lot, not alone of those commonly called 'the poor,' but of those, too, who were of gentle birth and breeding. It was to help such poor ladies that Lady Charlotte Greville built St. Andrew's Cottage as a House of Rest, and gave it to the Community nearly twenty-five years ago. 'Mother Harriet' at once put Sister Mary Ashpitel in charge, and never was a wiser choice made. Here, as to a haven of refuge, would come old and young, all struggling under heavy burdens; those whose nerves had broken down under the strain of long-continued teaching; those whose physical powers had given way under more hard and unaccustomed toil; those who were, perhaps, starving and helpless till some kind friend had sent them for a few weeks of rest to the Cottage. One and all found here the bright welcome, the clever charming friend, companion, counsellor, with her sweet kind face and merry ways, cheering up even the broken-hearted, never letting any one be depressed—depression, she would say, is such a want of thankfulness. Those who have lost her will often recall Christmas Days at the Cottage, when as many were invited as could be packed in, and 'Sister Mary' was the life of all.

It was not hard to tell whence she drew her hidden strength and brightness when one entered the small but dearly loved chapel, which she made the centre of the house. It was a lesson to hear her clear reverent voice saying the offices; and she never came back from her annual holiday without some gift for her beloved chapel.

St. Andrew's Society for Helping Poor Ladies in their own Homes grew out of her work at the Cottage. For how could that loving heart let these poor tired ones go back to buffet with the waves of a troublesome world, without stretching out her hand to help them? She had one chosen friend—an Associate—who lived with her and helped her in everything; but now she gathered helpers in all parts of England to raise a fund for giving small pensions and gifts, just when, where, and as help was needed. Her own individuality was stamped on this as on all that she touched. No long list of subscribers, no expenses for officials, no parade or show, no wounding the delicate feelings of those to be helped; but, just as far as means would go, the money went (and still goes) to make a little easier, a little brighter, the lives of the weary and heavy-laden.

At the present time there are branches of this Society in Dorsetshire, Hampshire, London, Scarborough, Hertfordshire, East Dulwich, Windsor, Cornwall, and Northallerton. Last year forty-four persons had small annual grants of from £5 to £25, and many more were assisted with gifts.

As the homelessness of poor ladies struck Sister Mary Ashpitel, she

built and gave for their use a row of pretty cottage homes, close to 'St. Andrew's Cottage.' These were described in the 'Monthly Packet' for April, 1884. There are now fifteen ladies sheltered there. It was beautiful to see the wise and winning way in which she ruled her households, and how she made the best of every one, and so brought out the best. She read character well, and was seldom mistaken in any one.

Unfortunately, though she spent her income on them, neither Cottage nor Almshouses are endowed. They are now under the charge of an Associate of the Clewer Community; and very much does she need the prayers and the help—in money, if possible—of any whose hearts may be touched by the sore needs of these their sisters. Help might be given in a very acceptable form if any ladies who can afford to pay full terms (two guineas, or even thirty shillings, a week) would take their holiday or rest-time at the dear little Cottage; they would thus help to keep it open for those who need it so much. The near neighbourhood of Windsor and Eton, the quiet of Clewer, with its many services, all help to make it an ideal place for a holiday.

It is not generally known that the 'Simple Lessons' which have helped many a teacher are from the pen of Sister Mary Ashpitel. They form a little clear, pithy, easy work on the Creed, Commandments, and Sacraments; and it has been well said that she entered into the mind of those she would teach, gauging their difficulties in a way that is very uncommon.

Not only her teaching, but her whole life, shone with a holy simplicity, a child-like faith and love. She felt a joy in all the good gifts of God—flowers, sunsets, mountains; all nature was delightful to her; and she loved to watch a thunderstorm. She had a powerful memory, and her fund of stories was inexhaustible. But above all other learning stood her knowledge of Holy Scripture. The Psalms she knew by heart, so that when her sight failed—as it did for the last eighteen months—she always took her verse when they were read with her, and could even correct a mistake made by the reader.

Her health had been failing for several years, and she suffered much with perfect patience and resignation. The last three weeks were one brave calm scene of 'passing away.' Those around her said that hymns of praise and psalms of thanksgiving seemed the only suitable words for her. She would sometimes ask, 'How long do you think it will be?' quite simply and like a child asking how long it would be before she would go home. Her mind was clear until the last day; and thus, on Saturday, March 5th, she went home to her Father's house, leaving us to carry on the work she began so well.

She was in her seventy-fifth year, and she passed away at St. Andrew's Cottage, in the midst of her life's work. On Tuesday, the 8th, she

was laid at rest in Clewer Churchyard, leaving many a sorrowing heart to wonder whether a friend such as she was will ever be raised up for them in this life. To her might well have been said—

‘Wouldst thou the Holy Hill ascend,
And see the Father’s face?
To all His children humbly bend,
And seek the lowest place.
Be like a cottage on the moor,
A covert from the wind,
With burning fire and open door,
And welcome free and kind.’

Bog-OAK.

N.B.—Contributions in money or ladies’ clothing, *old* or new, may be sent to the Secretary,

Miss C. E. STERKY,
St. Andrew’s Cottage, Clewer, Windsor,

from whom all information may be obtained.

BOOK NOTICE.

Miss Pitcairn, a zealous worker at G.F.S. and other useful Societies, has put forth a book which will be very helpful to many a caterer of food for festive occasions, from a clergy luncheon to an infants’ tea. This is. 6d. publication, *Good Fare for Little Money* (Griffith & Farren), gives *menus* and prices and estimates for all manner of entertainments, and allowing for difference of counties and tastes will prove most helpful.

STUDIES IN THE ILIAD

III.

ATHENE.

NEXT to Zeus himself the deity whose influence and presence in the Iliad is most constant and pervading is Pallas Athene. Like Apollo, she has more to do with men than with the phenomena of nature, and whilst Apollo, as we have seen, may be thought of as the god of the human body, Athene is the god of the intellect or mind of man.

At the time when the gods first walked the earth, and in the days when the Iliad was made, the mind and reason of the wisest of men was not much employed in logic or metaphysical speculation. Wit and wisdom were exercised in practical things, in extricating people from difficulties and dangers, in conducting perilous enterprises, in ruling city-states, in wresting a triumph out of encounters with monsters or tyrants. And so Pallas Athene, the goddess of the mind of men, is anything but an abstracted, contemplative personage ; on the contrary, she is down in the very thick and heat of mortal toil and conflict, urging, restraining, instructing, suggesting, inexhaustible in resource and indomitable in will. Wherever men are cooped up and hemmed in by obstacles and dangers, and are striking their way out, either by craft or by well-planted force, which detects instantly its opportunity and seizes it at the one right moment ; wherever men carefully forecast the future, and having set their mark distinct before them, toil towards it without stay or stint till it is attained ; wherever, not by the inspiration of genius, but by the wit of a ready mind and the skill of practised hands, men and women are forging or fashioning ships, or arms, or garments, there she is present, watchful, eager, relentless even to the favoured mortal whom she is helping, but pushing him on to success at last. She delights in men, in their valour, prudent, self-controlled, steady of aim, bent on winning ; in their spirit of enterprise where a dogged patience conquers the impossible, and cunning foils peril ; in their eloquence in debate and resourceful counsel ; in their daring, their self-confidence, their strength of will and hand. So far from holding herself aloof and rebuking the presumption of anyone who tries to match himself with

her in force or guile, she is rather pleased with the caution or daring which prompts the attempt. The best instance of this is in the *Odyssey*, where she meets Odysseus at the first moment of his return to Ithaca, and he, not recognising the goddess, tries to deceive her as to his proper identity. Perhaps, though, it is fair to attribute the good humour of the goddess on this occasion to the fact that it was she who had taught him to be so wily; and after all she had the best of it even then, for Odysseus became properly submissive when she revealed herself in her proper shape.

There is nothing so remorseless as this spirit of wit and enterprise. It sees an end, it sees the road to that end, and the heads that are to be laid low in its progress, the suffering it is to cause and thrust aside count for nothing at all. Pallas Athene is the reverse of merciful and tender. Her hatred of the Trojans is implacable and persistent. The pitiful supplication and offering which the Trojan women make to her at Hector's bidding, does not touch her at all (vi. 297 *ff.*). She turns fiercely on Zeus when he expresses sorrow for Hector's approaching fate. Her cruel cunning pursues him to the very end. When after the chase three times round the walls of Troy, Achilles and Hector stand face to face for the final combat, she takes the form of Deiphobus, another son of Priam, and urges Hector, now at length to do battle with Achilles, promising to stand by and hold the spears for him. Hector regains his old courage and the fight begins; but when, after hurling one spear, which rebounds without effect from the shield of Achilles, he turns to take a fresh one from his brother's hand, the false Deiphobus has vanished (xxii. 214 *ff.*). Again, when all the other gods desire to restore Hector's body to his people, Athene is not even yet satisfied, but with Poseidon and Herè for a long while holds out against persuasion. Even towards those of the Greeks whom she most favours she is hard and forgetful. She is an unfailing helper in all their difficulties when these are difficulties of action, but if they fall into the background, either wounded or mourning, Athene is no longer by their side. When Achilles is sorrowing over Patroclus she leaves him to himself, until, with a reproach for her forgetfulness, Zeus sends her down to strengthen him with the food of the gods (xix. 340).

The outward form of the goddess is the best expression of herself. Her most frequent epithet is 'grey-eyed.' One sees at once why the eyes of Athene were what men fixed upon as most characteristic. The swift, clear, penetrating glance is both the keenest instrument and the most vivid expression of that all-daring, ever-wary spirit which is her own. When she comes to check Achilles in his violence towards Agamemnon (i. 200), 'her eyes,' Homer says, 'shone terribly.' He delights, too, in setting her forth clothed in her armour with all the terrors of her aegis. In v. 719 *ff.* we have a passage which comes more

than once in the Iliad, where Athene, starting with joyous alacrity for the battle, flings down her soft robe on her father's threshold, and puts on his coat of mail. About her shoulders she casts her tasselled aegis (ageless, we are told in another place (II. 447), this aegis was and deathless, and on it swung a hundred tassels, all of gold, well-twisted, and each worth a hundred oxen), terrible, rimmed round all ways with fear, wherein are strife and strength and the icy panic of flight, and the Gorgon's head, the head of a terrible monster, terrible and dread to look upon. On her head she sets her double-ridged, four-plated helmet, decked with the champions of a hundred cities.

Homer dwells, too, upon her swiftness of movement, her darting from the peaks of Olympus to the plain of the war. IV. 74 is one of these bits ; Zeus is sending her down to break the treaty which has just been sworn.

'Thus speaking he urged Athene, who before was eager, and she went shooting down the peaks of Olympus. Even as the son of Kronos, of crooked counsel, sendeth a shooting star, a sign to mariners or to a wide camp of folk, a bright star, and from it fly out many sparks ; like to this did Pallas Athene shoot upon the earth, and leapt down into the midst.'

These descriptions are expanded with evident pleasure. Homer, as every line of the Iliad shows, was one who loved the tumult of brave deeds, and this joyous war-goddess is much to his liking.

Enough has already been said to make it clear in what sense Athene is the goddess of war. It would take too long to go through all the episodes in which she intervenes. Perhaps the best known is that of the fifth book, where she acts charioteer for Diomedes. But though her help and protection are not always given in so direct a way, she is in fact always the soul of the battle. When the command of Zeus has for the time forced her to withdraw, the blank left is far greater than that made by the absence of the other gods.

She is the goddess of craft and cunning in war as well as of valour. She adopts treacherous means herself to forward the Greek cause, as when she persuades Pandarus to violate the treaty and shoot an arrow at Menelaus ; and she helps the Greek leaders in their crafty enterprises. In the tenth book, where Odysseus and Diomedes make their night-incursion into the hostile camp, she is their guide, and encourages them with signs ; and it is to her that Odysseus dedicates the spoils he wins from Dolon.

It is not alone on the field of battle that Athene governs the mighty deeds of men ; we find her also in the assembly, and in the council of the chiefs. In the first book she sobers Achilles, who is about to give way to unseemly violence ; in the second, Herè bids her go down to arrest with her 'gentle,' i.e. her soft, persuasive words the rush of the

Greek army to the ships. She chooses Odysseus as her mouth-piece, but she herself is present both to settle the assembly in due order, and in the debate.

The allusions to Athene as the goddess of skill in handicraft are of course only incidental. In v. 59 she is said to have favoured Phereklos, and taught him to do all curious works with his hands. He made the ships for that journey of Paris, which was the beginning of these troubles. Further on in the same book a line (735) in the passage quoted before says that the robe which she flings off to arm herself for the war is 'a broidered robe, which herself made and wrought with her own hands.' This woman's work is referred to again in ix. 388 *ff.*, where Achilles says he will not wed the daughter of Agamemnon, 'not though she vie in beauty with golden Aphrodite, and rival grey-eyed Athene in handiwork.' In xiv. 178, there is another reference to her skill in weaving and broidery, and it is as the goddess of the loom that the Trojan women give an embroidered robe for their propitiatory offering to her. In xvi. 410, we have her again presiding over ship-building, while in the twenty-third book she manifests an interest in the games and comes to the aid of her favourite heroes in the different contests. The story of Athene's birth full-armed from the head of Zeus is not found fully related in the Iliad, but she is often called the offspring and the daughter of Zeus, and is made to stand in a peculiarly close filial relation to him. In v. 875, Ares, who comes whimpering out of his fight with Diomedes, complains to Zeus: 'We all have quarrel with thee,' he says, 'for that thou didst bring forth this maiden, frenzied and baneful, who ever hath unseemly work in hand. For all the others now, as many as are gods on Olympus, both obey thee and we are subject to thee each one; but her thou chastest not either in word or deed, but sufferest her, because thyself didst beget this child of destruction.' It is because of this that Athene wears the armour and carries the aegis of Zeus; *once* it is even said that she and Herè thundered (xi. 45), though nowhere else do we find the thunder in any hands but those of the father of gods himself. As far as the other immortals go she stands more or less by herself, unwedded and very masterful, a deity who has always more to do with the strifes, adventures, and employments of men than with the affairs of her fellow-gods.

In these three great gods, Zeus, Apollo, and Athene, we have the chief celestial figures in the scene of the war. We shall not say anything about the other Olympians, but leave the readers of the Iliad to make out their characteristics for themselves. Later on we must look at some of the lesser deities, at the gods of the underworld, and at the personifications one comes across in the Iliad; but it is now time to turn to the men.

The Iliad is the story of an episode in the war against Troy. This

war was being waged by the greatest chieftains of Greece in behalf of Menelaus, the king of Sparta, whose wife had been carried off by Paris, a prince of Troy. A modern writer, treating the subject in the way of epic or tragedy, would probably have made the figure of the injured king stand out in a certain majesty ; and in a fragment of the story, like the Iliad, where he was not to be the central figure, the glimpses of him would yet have shown him invested with the dignity of anger and suffering. The Menelaus of the Iliad is by no means such a character as this. He has nowhere a place of command ; he is foremost neither in counsel, nor in the field ; his relations with Agamemnon on the one hand and Helen on the other, are all that set him apart from the rank and file of the obscurer chiefs. He is very courteous, a little brave, not very hot in his desire to recover Helen, always ready to lean on others for support and advice—a curiously insignificant character for the centre of so great an action. He seems to have lost the power of being angry. In the third book, just before the duel with Paris which was to have concluded the war, he makes a speech to the Greeks. There is not a word of wrath, nothing about vengeance for the ‘stir and groaning about Helen,’ or ‘the longings and groans of Helen ;’ however, the line ought to be translated (ii. 356). He quietly tells them what to do in the event of either issue, puts in a word about his great grief, and recommends them to bring Priam to perform the sacrifices for the treaty himself, seeing he is old and looks before and after, whilst young men are insolent and untrustworthy. He defeats Paris, who, however, is rescued from death at his hands by Aphrodite ; but the treaty is broken up by the treachery of Pandarus, who wounds Menelaus with an arrow. The victory he has just gained is thus undone ; the quarrel stands where it was before, and the Greeks for a moment believe that Menelaus himself is wounded mortally, and the whole war frustrated. Agamemnon bursts into a passionate lamentation over his brother. Menelaus lets him run on for a good while, and then at last speaks to cheer him up :

“Be of good cheer, nor give alarm at all to the host of the Achaeans. Not in a mortal part is the sharp dart fixed, but the glancing belt above, and the girdle and the taslet beneath which the coppersmiths wrought, warded it off.”

“May it really be so, my dear Menelaus,” says Agamemnon, “let us call the leech” (iv. 127).

This gentlemanly tameness and insipidity make one rather sorry for Helen.

His comrades find it necessary to exercise a certain amount of supervision over Menelaus. In v. 561, Antilochus sees him marching up to Aeneas to take vengeance for two youths whom the Trojan has killed. Aeneas is rather a formidable antagonist, and Antilochus hastens to the side of Menelaus for fear something should happen to him. In the

next book Menelaus has knocked down Adrastus. The boy begs for his life, and promises a great ransom ; so Menelaus is just going to send him prisoner to his hut when Agamemnon comes by, and begins to rebuke his brother fiercely for his merciful intentions. Menelaus, who never knows his own mind, obediently thrusts the boy from his knees, and Agamemnon kills him (vi. 37 ff.). Again, in the seventh book Hector calls a challenge to single combat to the Greek army. It is received at first with silence ; at last Menelaus, with a sudden burst of valour, leaps up, and reproaching the rest with cowardice, announces his intention of accepting the challenge himself ; but the kings of the Greeks hold him back, and Agamemnon tells him roundly he is a fool to think of fighting with Hector, whom even Achilles, a far better man than he, dreads to meet with. So the eagerness of Menelaus meekly subsides, and he obeys his brother. It is Ajax who is chosen by lot to fight with Hector.

There is indeed one book in the *Iliad* where Menelaus is more of a hero, the seventeenth, which is about the fighting over the body of Patroclus. It is a splendid and terrible moment, enough to call out a man's heart if he has any, and though even here Menelaus rather leans upon Ajax, still he does wake up to the opportunity and become more worthy of his place. But this seventeenth book is all of him : for the rest of the time Menelaus is neither exactly cowardly nor altogether foolish, but just colourless and inert. Thinking over the probable reason of this, one comes to the conclusion that whereas a character who does great things, and suffers great things for the sake of another, is of all characters the most poetical, and the most susceptible of poetical treatment ; on the other hand, the character for whose sake these great things are done and endured, is from the point of view of poetry one of the most hopeless. Perhaps Homer instinctively realised this, and not being able to take very much interest in Menelaus himself, found it easiest to let him behave himself with decorum rather in the background.

The place that Menelaus might have held is taken by his brother Agamemnon. Agamemnon is fighting to avenge the wrong of Helen and for the glory of the house of Atreus ; his interest in the war is thus somewhat less directly personal, and he is not so much exposed to invidious contrast with the rest of the Greeks as having drawn them to the war for his own advantage. There is a certain majesty and weight about the character of Agamemnon, though it is difficult to say precisely what it consists in, unless in the fact that he brought by far the greatest number of ships to Troy. Mycenae, wealthy Corinth, fair-set Kleōnai, Orneiai, lovely Araithyrea, Sicyon, where before Adrastus ruled, Hyperesia, steep Gonoessa, Pellene, Aigios, and all the places about Aigialos and broad Helice—all these sent men to fill a hundred ships

for lord Agamemnon, son of Atreus (ii. 569). This background of cities and ships and men has its proper influence over the captains of fifties and seventies and less; and one cannot help feeling it had its influence over Homer himself as well. Agamemnon is everywhere acknowledged supreme leader, surrounded by that inviolable sacredness which Zeus gives to kings; and in reading the Iliad one is obliged oneself to have a certain respect for this magnificent personage whom so many brave men reverence. Nevertheless, even the Greeks themselves find Agamemnon too proud and overbearing; one need hardly quote the quarrel with Achilles. We see him there prone to petty resentments, and selfish bursts of dislike and envy. Moreover, he has fits of despondency, and wants a good deal of encouraging. He ratifies wise and even daring counsel, but he never initiates anything but a mistake (ii.). Brave in the heat of battle, he gets unnerved and anxious in the watches of the night, and instead of wrestling with fortune by himself, and laying deep plans for victory as a great commander should when he cannot sleep, he goes round to wake up all the other leaders who are enjoying their hardwon rest, calls a midnight council, which they all very good-naturedly attend, and then just helplessly assents to what is proposed.

Around these two central figures then are grouped the mighty forms of the heroes who are fighting their quarrel. On the Trojan side it is different. Paris, at first sight a tempting counterpart of Menelaus, is not really the centre and rallying-point. The Trojans are not fighting for him but for holy Ilion, for their city and country. Even Helen, the prize of the war, is only held with such tenacity because it is dishonourable for the great city of Priam to yield. At least this seems the most reasonable interpretation of their readiness to acquiesce in the desires of Paris, whom they all more or less despise as effeminate and unwarlike (vii. 345).

Before giving a very rapid and imperfect sketch of one or two of the chiefs on both sides, it is worth while to pause a moment and consider what are the essential features in the character of the Homeric hero.

One of the first things to notice is the importance of rank. A hero is not such in virtue merely of his valour or wisdom, or any other great qualities. He must also be the leader of some contingent, and in his own country a king, or the son of a king. We find that, with the exception of Patroclus, all the men whose part in the Iliad is a prominent one, are independent chieftains, who for the present and for the purposes of war, submit more or less to the control of Agamemnon, but who, in spite of narrower lordship and fewer followers, would never own themselves his men in Greece. Those were days when there was hardly an alternative between servitude of some kind and chieftainship;

and it is scarcely necessary to point out how opposed the position of follower or dependent was to heroism as Homer understood it.

The next requisite for a hero—one that of course goes much nearer the root of the matter—is valour. Valour is far more closely connected with bodily strength in Homer than it is with us. He has little or nothing of that desperate courage of the weaker man, which avails now and again to overcome a gigantic antagonist; nor is there that preference of address and swiftness to muscular force which Scott, for instance, is fond of showing. Indeed, in battle, skill—the skill of archers, for example—is rather despised as the resource of men too feeble or too cowardly to engage hand to hand (iv. 240; xi. 385). If a strong man meets a weak man in battle, the weak man falls, unless some god intervenes; and if the strong man goes on and meets another still mightier than himself, he in his turn gets the worst of it. When wounded the warriors mostly retire from the field, and do not return until Machaon, or perhaps Apollo, has cured them; they do not think it necessary to fight on with a grim delight in being hurt. They know exactly who is a 'better,' who a 'worse' man than themselves, and they are not ashamed of confessing unwillingness to encounter an adversary with whom they have no chance. For all that, there are no heroes like them. They fight for the love of fighting, and for the love of glory, with a joyous surrender of themselves to whatever happens, which gives a swing and a brightness even to those books of the Iliad which contain little more than the record of bloodshed. The present with its work, or endurance, its rights and wrongs, is everything to them. Their despondency, their anger, their exultation, their consciousness of strength and valour are more simple and outspoken than a child's. When they are grieved life is total darkness; they drain their sorrow to the very dregs; they take no shame to themselves for bitter tears and lamentations. If they are moved by selfish vexations, or small pique and resentment, they speak the thing out in its truth, and do not try to gloze it over with lofty words or fine-sounding pretexts. And as they rarely feel fear themselves, and are ready to meet death on the battle-field whosoever the gods shall send it; so they give no quarter, and strike down their enemies briefly without any pity. It is this frank living in the present, this keen delight in all its chances of glory or pleasure, and no less keen and inconsolable anguish in all its reverses, that makes the great charm of the Homeric hero, as indeed of the Iliad itself. What glimpses one gets of the past and the future are only there for the sake of the present. It is *now* that the spears are clanging on the shields of bronze; *now* that the Greek cause seems lost while the enemy is close upon the ships; *now* that Achilles' honour has received assault; *now* that the gentle comrade is being borne back dead to the huts; *now* that the last hope of Troy is gone with the dying breath of Hector;

and in that *now* is the whole heart and life of every man upon the field.

It is as old age comes on that a man begins to think of the past and the future. An old man is one who 'looks before and after,' who standing outside the storms and passions of the hour present, can remember what has been, and forecast what is to be. Priam was such a man, Nestor was another, Calchas again another. This is what makes everyone listen with such deference to Nestor, though his honeyed speech sometimes delays counsel with tales of his youth that have no concern with the question at issue. Just as children in the midst of turbulent play will sometimes stop and listen with vague wonder to the story of what some older person used to do when he was their age, so these rough and eager warriors are hushed for the moment to hear with something like awe the echo of far distant battles yet fiercer than their own fall upon their ears in the tones of the aged lord of Pylos. The old men are generally right. Among the youths who fail at the hands of Achilles or Hector we come now and again across one who set forth recklessly against his father's counsel, and was not spared the fate of which he had been forewarned (e.g. xi. 328).

Behind the foremost rank of these heroes stands a body of men closely connected with them by personal affection and intimacy, but never placed on a level with them either in achievements or in honour. These are the charioteers—the men who guide the horses through the thick of the press, following their leader as he springs from the car and rushes into hand to hand encounter, ready to carry him back to the huts if wounded, or to whirl him to another part of the field if his presence there seems needed. They are brave men and stout warriors, and when some flying spear strikes them down, their greater brothers in arms mourn over them bitterly and avenge them fiercely; but this affection never entitles them to a foremost place in the war or to any importance with the other kings. The one exception to this is Patroclus, but even this exception is more apparent than real. He leads the Myrmidons, but it is only as Achilles' substitute, and clothed in Achilles' armour; it is for the sake of Achilles as much as for his own that his dead body is so hardly recovered from Hector, and it is his death and the vengeance taken for it that give him his weight in the story. He appears first merely as the squire of Achilles.

As for the rank and file, the men who rowed the ships from Greece, who stand in marshalled companies while Agamemnon and Hector are reviewing their forces, they have no place in the story. As we said before, they serve for a background to the kings; but they are almost forgotten while the chiefs are fighting. Those whom Homer names as falling in battle he usually dignifies with some ancestral legend, or with the mention of their wealth and power in their own lands. The only

man of the common folk whose name is told us is Thersites. Thersites was the ugliest man who came to Troy. He was bandy-legged, and lame of one foot, and his shoulders were round and stooped together, his head was out of shape, and a little thin down grew on it. The contrast between Thersites and Agamemnon or Achilles, whose personal beauty Homer does not forget to praise, reminds one of the importance of outward form in the eyes of the Greeks; how beauty was associated with goodness and valour, and ugliness with meanness and evil. Thersites has moreover an unbridled tongue, and while the host is gathering together (II. 211 *ff.*), he rails bitterly against the son of Atreus till Odysseus comes up and beats him soundly over the shoulders, when he cowers down whimpering amid the laughter of the assembly. Thersites is the low character, the villain of the piece; and though he is not a person for whom one feels a particular regard, still he impresses one most by the very little he does and the innocent nature of his villainy. He would find admirers now-a-days; and if any Odysseus were to lay a hand on him there would be people in the assembly not inclined to laugh who would find means to defend him and his opinions to boot. This brings us to another point: there is not a bad man in the *Iliad*. It is true we have now and again single acts of cruelty, even of treachery, but these are the acts of men who habitually take the shortest road to what they want, who act on impulse and are not conscious of doing wrong in seizing every advantage they can against an enemy; in no case those of persons like the bad genius of a modern story whose purpose and actions are deliberately evil.

The equipment of the Homeric hero was that which we are all familiar with from paintings and engravings. He wore a bronze helmet adorned with a horsehair plume, a cuirass which seems to have been buckled over a sort of kilted tunic, and greaves to protect the legs. The two epithets most often given to the Achaeans are 'long-haired' and 'well-greaved.' The shield was large and ponderous, and would cover a man if he crouched behind it. Of the offensive weapons the most important was the spear, which seems to have been long, heavy, and rather difficult to throw well, so that the feebler men, Paris and Teucer for example, sometimes have recourse to the bow. Besides the spears they had swords, which were used principally to deal with an enemy already on the ground. The chief, armed in this way, was driven into the field in a small car, open at the back to allow of his leaping out and regaining it easily, and drawn by two horses. In the Books II. III., IV., we see the host marshalled in array under its several leaders; when the battle begins, however, the leader has no further thought for his men; one gathers that they fight, but it is without orders and without system in what is nothing more than a wild mêlée. The same absence of any plan of action is remarkable in the conduct of the war

at large. The Greeks ravage the country about Troy, and they have their headquarters near the ships at no great distance from the city, but how they expect to get within the walls is never made clear. From the passage at the end of Book xxi., perhaps one may conclude their aim was to rout the Trojans in the field and break in at the gates behind the fugitives. Certainly there are no engines for making a breach in the walls, and no blockade to stop supplies and reinforcements, so that one does not see why Troy should not have held out interminably if it had not been for her credulity about the wooden horse. The wooden horse, it is perhaps worth while to say, is not mentioned in the Iliad, though we hear about it in the Odyssey.

There is, in fact, as little as possible of machinery or organisation in the action of the Iliad ; everything is concentrated on the heroes and their individual exploits and fortunes. In the next paper we shall have to look at some of these heroes a little more closely.

FLORENCE HAYLLAR.

STUDIES IN THE ILIAD.—III.

Questions.

JUNE.

9. Discuss the difference between the modern and the Homeric idea expressed by the word 'Hero.'
 10. Select any three or four passages in Books VII.—XII. (inclusive) that strike you as particularly beautiful, and comment on them.
 11. Which of the heroes of the Iliad appear again in any other poems of any literature? Give a short account of them.
 12. What was the lineage of the following :—Achilles, Odysseus, Agamemnon, Diomedes, Aeneas, Sarpedon, and Hector?
-

Daphne (24) answers the three first questions. She tells the story of the Iliad very well—perhaps, though, it would have been better to mention what the fighting was about, as it might easily have been brought into the account of the duel between Paris and Menelaus. The second and third questions are done well, but rather slightly, and too much beneficence and spirituality is attributed to Athene. Her character can hardly be said to be on a higher level than that of the other immortals, and some of the proceedings she countenanced were by no means chivalrous.

Church History Society.

THE REFORMATION.

I.—THE THESES OF LUTHER AND THE CONCORDAT OF BOLOGNA.

Questions for June.

21. Give a history of Luther to the publication of his ninety-five Theses.
22. What were Indulgences? Trace their gradual abuse from early times to the mission of Tetzel.
23. What was Luther's position as set forth in the Theses at Wittenberg? and continue the controversy to the end of 1518.
24. What was the Concordat of Bologna? and show its results on the Gallican Church.

Books specially recommended : *Cameos of History*, Series III.; Hardwick's *History of the Christian Church during the Reformation*; Seebohm's *Era of the Protestant Revolution*; Aubrey Moore's *Lectures on the Reformation*, Course IV.; and Ranke's *Reformation in Germany*, a nearly colourless work. The Theses can be found in English in Wace's *Primary Works of Luther*; a few of them in Aubrey Moore, p. 487.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by July 1st.

March Class List.

Class I.

Water Wagtail	40	Gooseberry	36	Laura	32
Etheldreda }	38	Ierne	34	Fidelia }	31
Hermione }	38	Honeysuckle }	33	Veritas }	31
Λαμβάνα	36	Maidenhair	33	Trudel }	30

Class II.

Verena	26	Pauline } Miss Molly	25	*Robin Redbreast	24
				Stokes	22

Class III.

Roseville	9
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* Three answers only.

REMARKS.

NOTICE.—Bog-Oak offers a Prize to late beginners (provided eight such join the Church History Society, subscription 1s.). Their marks will be

reckoned to begin with the June papers. As this month begins the Reformation, it forms a good starting-point.

9. *Æneas Sylvius* is excellently done by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Ampæda*, and *Gooseberry*. *Verena*: It was Cardinal Albergate della Santa Croce who sent him to Scotland. *Honeysuckle*: It was Pope Eugenius who appointed *Æneas* his Secretary, not Thomas of Sarzana, though the latter, when Nicholas V., continued him in the office. *Roseville* should have given details of his early life, and should at least have mentioned his nine Secretarships to Capranico, Otto of Freisingen, the Bishop of Novara, Santa Croce, the Council of Basle, Felix V., Friedrich III., Eugenius IV., Nicholas V., all of which she omits.

10. The Council's intentions and acts are best given by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Ierne*, *Honeysuckle*, and *Gooseberry*. *Verena*: The Council proposed and attempted much more than the Reform of the Clergy (even including that of the Pope). Its objects were: 1. A Reform of the *Church*, and under this head should come, among other things, its restraint of annates, interdicts, religious plays, etc.; 2. The Peace of the Church (α) with the Hussites, (β) with the Greeks; 3. Extirpation of Heresy; 4. Other business, among which the Pacification of Europe and organisation of a Crusade were included. *Ampæda*: Eugenius was only suspended in January, 1438, and eighteen months passed before he was deposed. *Trudel*, *Maidenhair*, and *Roseville* omit the Concordat of the Council with the Bohemians, including the permission of Reception in both Kinds; and we cannot quite say it had entirely reduced the power of the Pope, though it tried to do so.

11. The moralising on Basle in particular and on these Councils in general is best achieved by *Water Wagtail* and *Maidenhair*. The causes of the failure of Basle were not only the election of an anti-Pope; but the democratic principle shown in the extension of voting to others than Bishops, and the abandonment of voting by nations; the hatred between French and Italian; and the desertion of Cardinal Giulano; all these, with the antagonism and bad faith of Eugenius helped on the failure; but no doubt it was the schism which wrecked the Council, and one can hardly blame *Æneas* or anyone who gave it up after that. But the failure of all the Councils was due to the attempt to reform that which should have been utterly abolished. If ever the Papacy had met a want, it met it no longer; and these Councils of nations and national Churches might without a schism have ended the Papal supremacy, which did not of course involve the Primacy of the Holy See. *Honeysuckle*: It was Ladislas, King of Hungary, to whom Giulano went, and they were both slain, the former in battle, the latter after it. The date of the Battle of Varna is 1444. The dark spot on the Cardinal's memory is his sanction of the breach of faith with Amurath II. We cannot condone this. It was one of the many instances of Italian depravity of conscience about truth, which as in Eugenius and many others seems capable of existing along with much holiness of life in a way not appreciated by Teutonic natures. The end of Giulano Cesarini may be found by Verena and others in *Landmarks of History* (Middle Ages, p. 228), *Camcos* (Series III., p. 18), or in Gibbon, chap. LXVII.

12. *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Trudel*, and *Laura* give the Popes best. *Gooseberry* and *Stokes* omit Martin V., who reigned from the Council of Constance to 1431. *Robin Redbreast*: Eugenius IV. never went near Basle or presided there. *Ierne* must be careful of her dates; she puts 1437 for Nicholas V.'s accession, 1443 for Sigismund coming to Basle, and 1456, instead of 1458, for Pius II.'s election. She also calls Calixtus, Celestine. *Verena* gives Nicholas V. to 1458 instead of 1455, and does not say anything about Calixtus III. (not IV.). He was the first Borgia on the Papal throne, and was mainly occupied with promoting a Crusade and his nephews.

A correspondent, *Ida*, writes to ask if it is certain a Corporation never paid fees on knighthood, etc.? If a Corporation could contrive to have an eldest son to be knighted, or a daughter to be married, no doubt it could also manage the fees.

Bog-Oak does not understand her second remark, that 'mortmain is the dead hand of the Church, which could not fight for the feudal lord.' The first words are exactly what all but one or two papers said. The latter words are a mistake; as the Church lands could and did send their contingent to war, though they disliked doing it. See Green's *Short History*, p. 166.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is it justifiable to endeavour to attract young people to religious observances from other than the highest motives?

Two correspondents have answered that it is *not* justifiable—six, with various modifications, that it *is*. The question is not, as some seem to have supposed, whether ornate worship is in itself desirable; but whether there may be a definite attempt to attract the young by means of that and other pleasant things. It has also escaped the notice of some correspondents that 'attraction' is not merely a 'modern' backsiding of the last few years. Early in the century a high-minded young clergyman shocked his religious parishioners very much by giving out that certain doles of bread should be given to the poorest old widows, irrespective of their attendance at the Holy Communion. They had been in the habit of communicating once a quarter, and receiving their bread as they left the Church afterwards. This was a much coarser form of 'bribery and corruption' than anything which prevails now.

The question, however, remains a difficult one. It appears to Chelsea China that when the power of touching souls is strong, when people can be made to feel, as a girl once said, 'that the class makes any difference to you,' nothing else has anything like the same attraction. Spiritual influence, whatever people may call it, outweighs banners, flowers, or music, not to speak of 'entertainments,' and either renders them harmless or comparatively indifferent. And when any service, class, or school unaccountably gains upon its neighbours, it is much more probably because some of its managers have this mighty gift than because they cater for popularity. That the gift is not confined to any one kind of teaching is obvious. How far it is identical with vital religion is an awful and serious problem; but there is no doubt that it is all powerful, and that a great many conscientious, earnest, self-devoted people have to work as best they can without it, or at least without the power of making numbers feel it. Even *emotional* influence, which is not the same thing, is much more attractive than amusement.

But amusement or, at any rate, mild excitement is more attractive to the average 'young person' than dull duty. It can hardly be denied that children of all classes behave much more decorously in Church than they used to do. Singing noisy hymns, or even staring at flowers and banners, is surely an advance on the diversions described by *Daffodil*, or on the discovery of faces in the graining of the paint on the pew, or on a careful calculation of how

many little girls could sit in a row on the rafters ! Yet—these childish follies left awe and reverence altogether unimpaired. Good Church-guers grew out of them. But the Church is more ambitious now, is not that the difference ? She gives no one up as a bad bargain, however far apart they may be from holy influences. Consequently, the reverence for religion *in itself*, as apart from the effect on the individual, cannot be counted on as a motive for enduring dulness.

Pence, in a very strong paper on the negative side, excepts music from her strictures, as she says it moves the soul more than any words that ever were put together. But if *Pence's* ears were not constructed so as to be sensitive to the tiny air-beats, while her eyes could see the tiniest light waves, she might find that while the glorious anthem left her soul cold, the white and the light, the glitter and glimmer, the fragrance, the colour, and the glamour of some festally decked chancel, may stir the emotions and, maybe, soften the heart.

It does seem as if it was a hard saying to deny any means of approach, if it is only regarded as means to an end ; and though, no doubt, the attractors use the means at some risk to themselves, on the whole the effect is rather towards good than towards evil.

Papers received from *Fon* (good, but too late), *Double Daisy, Daffodil, English Rose, R. W., Bildad, A Lover of Music, Pence, and Blackbird.*

I am very glad that *Spero* has raised a question which is certainly vexing the souls of very many earnest Church people. Perhaps I am not too late to be permitted to try and answer the question. All the more because *Scotch Fir's* answer will seem to many to be too harsh. What is complained of is surely not in itself 'evil'—it is not a casting out of Satan by Satan—it is at most unwise, mistaken, and in the long run hurtful.

If it can be shown to be that, it is enough. And it seems to me clear that it *can* be shown to be that by the simple process of referring to our marching orders, to our principles, to our beginnings. That the Church as such should cater for the amusement of the people ; that the Church should strive to render her services attractive to the careless and unbelieving, is a statement of duty absolutely foreign to the New Testament, to the writings of the Fathers, to any tradition of the Primitive Church, to the Prayer Book. That will not be denied. It is, I take it, a counsel of despair suggested by the unhappy fact that a vast number of decent and amiable people will not go to Church unless some attraction of a 'special' character be added to the service, or unless some non-religious inducement be held out to them to attend religious services. These good people cannot be directly bribed with money and gifts (like the very poor) to go to Church, so they are indirectly bribed with games and picnics and choral services, etc.

It may not be irrelevant to ask how St. Paul would have treated the case of the non-Churchgoer. Not irrelevant, because he actually does contemplate the fact of such an one being induced to go to Church, and describes the result—exactly such a result as we should most devoutly desire to see. If any 'young person' of to-day could be got to fall down on his (or her) face, and to worship God, and to report outside that God was in us of a truth, we should all feel it a glorious thing. A glance at 1 Cor. xiv. will show that it was no 'rattling good service,' no such attraction as we trust in nowadays, that produced this extraordinary effect. It was the seeing and hearing of a lot of people thoroughly in earnest, thoroughly in 'touch' with one another, and experienced in the simple love of human hearts and lives. The same attraction is all-powerful still, *where it exists*, and where it does not exist, music and novelty and excitement merely disguise the impotence of what is left. I went once to a Mission Chapel in Birmingham (need I say it was little Old St. Alban's?) on a Sunday evening. It was very plain—very simple, but there was no mistaking the fact that 'God was in them of a

truth.' The wrapt devotion, the eager, listening faces, the oneness of fixed intention in clergy, choir, and people, as though a common pulse of spiritual life beat in them all, was—all unconsciously—the most effective thing in the world. It could not, indeed, like other and more frequent attractions, be advertised. But then it was so curiously unlike anything to be found outside, and in itself so impressive, that it was bound to 'draw,' and it did.

Have we not been falling into the mistake of concluding that because we do not possess 'spiritual' weapons, we must therefore take to carnal ones? No doubt a Christianity half-secularised in priest and people—a 'common-place' Christianity, as some one calls it—is singularly unattractive to the 'young person,' or to any person whom circumstances have emancipated from the old habit of Church-going; but the only way to mend this fact is to end it. The spiritual weapons are not lost, they are only disused and rusted. What we have to do is not to try with desperate energy to make carnal weapons serve our turn (for we shall easily be beaten with them), but to furbish up again the old spiritual weapons and put them to their proper use. That process may probably demand a dreadful lot of labour, patience, and disappointment; but it must be the right way, and the only way in which any permanent religious results can be looked for.

R. W.

If the attractor has in himself the highest motive, can he go far wrong? Is it not allowed that miracle plays had their use in attracting people to hear and learn of holy things at a time when no other method could have reached 'the masses.' Is it not possible that the youths and maidens who rushed to these performances simply for the amusement of the by-play, which was thrown in purposely to attract them, is it not possible that they may have absorbed some grains of truth which helped and comforted them in later years?

George Herbert wrote—

'A psalm may take him who a sermon flies.'

An attractive form of service was evidently of value in his eyes. It is not possible that the greater number of young people can go to Church with that deep sense of religion which makes the longest, most unattractive form of service short and delightsome. They have no weary burdens, no over-flowings of thankfulness, no torments of anxious fears. They are not fully developed in their spiritual being. If youths and maidens are to be impervious to ornament in Church Service, they must be 'born old,' an impossible event, which a recent writer in 'Harper's' has propounded as a way out of several difficulties!

There are those who can remember the utter weariness of 'Church' in childhood, the relief found in pulling horse-hair out of the red cushions, in speculations as to how the preacher got into the pulpit, and—more interesting—when he would get out, the spasmodic efforts to 'attend,' and, further, on the various attractions which seem now to have had only glimpses of 'the highest motive' which kept us steadfast in Church-going to our soul's health. There are many who can look back to those attractions with thankfulness. The hour spent in religious observance, even though music or even decoration was the attraction, must be a good thing. Who is to judge or take the responsibility of saying that none are to come to Church except in the spirit of self-sacrifice and a stern sense of duty, which shall render frail bodies or youthful spirits equal to a long service without break or attraction? May not the time come when those who have been 'attracted' to Church in youth will look back on the time, and say with another who went to Church with very mingled motives—

'This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.'

Surely from the highest motive it is right to attract young people to attend religious observances ; and surely most undesirable to require an examination as to whether the motives of the young people are ' up to proof,' because in these days of ' train up a parent in the way he should go,' the young people might require the same of their elders, and then what sort of congregations would there be ?

DAFFODIL.

Surely no one would answer this question altogether in the negative. The Church has a twofold mission, to win those as yet untouched by religious influences, and to edify those already brought under their power ; and neither object should be overlooked in her services. The young people whom *Spero* instances seem too hopelessly shallow to be influenced by anything ; but characters deepen as life goes on, and it may be better for them to be within reach of higher influences, when the time has arrived at which they can respond to them, than to have dropped into a routine from which religion is excluded.

But granted that it is lawful to try and bring in those who would not come solely to worship, the question remains how can this be done without risk of degrading what should be a pure offering. It has been assumed that the ' attractions ' must necessarily be of an æsthetic nature. But people have minds, as well as emotions, and the soul may be reached through the former as well as the latter. The sermon is addressed to the congregation, is it not, as was remarked not long ago, a grand opportunity often recklessly thrown away ? However difficult it may be to adapt it to the various needs of a congregation, the attempt is more than lawful—it is an imperative duty. Perhaps there would be fewer ' cultured Agnostics ' if, before that dreary phase is reached, the intellectual side of religion was brought forward by those competent to do so. To become competent may require much effort, much more than to conduct a musical service ; but might not the harvest be more fruitful also ?

DOUBLE DAISY.

Are we to think chiefly of edifying man, or giving our best ' for glory and for beauty ' to praise God ?

BIRD OF AGES.

SUBJECT FOR JUNE.

Is it well to reserve truth in consideration of the weakness of the recipient ?
Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before June 25th.

SECOND SHELF.

VARIETY SPECIMENS.

FOURTH COMPETITION.

Twenty-six translations have been sent in of varying merit. Of these *A. W.*, *Fuzzy-wig* (aged 15), *Honora Guest*, *S. E. M.*, and *Jon* are selected as the best. *A. IV.* translates Freuden, peace, instead of joy ; others have mistaken Weilchen, a little while, for Veilchen, a violet ; and one has put never a duty, for only a duty. May is always feminine in English, and *Thorshaven* should not have retained the German masculine. The prize is awarded to *Fuzzy-wig*.

MAY.

Sweet May is coming on again,
So lightly wand'ring down the lane ;
How bright appears the lane to-day !
With blossoms strewn, inviting May.

And all the trees burst forth for her;
And ev'ry voice doth sing to her,
And ev'ry sparkling streamlet's 'ray
Doth bring its thanks to gladsome May.

She speaks, with sweet humility :
'No thanks and praise are due to me,
But render thanks to Him, Who will'd
To send me here with life instill'd.

'I only do my duty here,
Though willingly, no thought of fear ;
And with each step I bring with me
Ever-increasing joy and glee.

'This is the reason of my joy,
Dear children, thus your time employ ;
Do good, that you with willing heart,
In the Lord's work may have your part.'

'We follow thee, O gladsome May,
Yet, for awhile, go not away,
That we may see God's wondrous Hand
As shown in thee, and understand.'

FUZZY-WIG (aged 15).

Only two essays on the works of La Motte-Fouqué have been sent in, perhaps owing to the difficulty of getting his writings. Although both were careful and appreciative they were hardly up to the standard of publication, and with only two entries the Publishers hardly feel it suitable to give a prize.

But Chelsea China sets for the next 'Variety Specimen,' a short account of 'Sintram and his Companions.' Not to exceed 500 words.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Douglas. He was the son of Lord Douglas in Home's tragedy of *Douglas*.

2. From Henry VIII. Act iii., Scene i.—SHAKESPEARE.

3. A Skylark.—SHELLEY.

4. Cadwallo.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main.'

GRAY'S 'Bard.'

5. Æschylus. 'An eagle with a tortoise in her beak flew over his bald head, and supposing it to be a stone, dropped her prey upon it and killed him.'

6. Palamon and Arcite.—CHAUCER'S 'Knight's Tale.'

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Rule of Three, 36; *Old Maid*, 30; *Feu Follet*, 24; *Cedar*, 30; *Starling*, 36; *Swansey China*, 24; *Child of the Mist*, 24; *The Cousins*, 24; *Three Rock*, 30; *L. N. V.*, 24; *K. Anstey*, 36; *Mumps*, 30; *Gareloch*, 30; *Aspley Guise*, 30; *Honeylands*, 18; *C. A. B.*, 24; *Lal*, 24; *M. R. A.*, 18; *Olwen*, 30; *Nemo*, 36; *Helen*, 36; *Theodora*, 6; *L. Halliday*, 24; *Parlet*, 30; *G. Festing*, 36; *Unsigned*, 30; *Laleham*, 30; *Only Herself*, 12; *Helen Mary*, 12; *Unsigned*, 18; *Constantine*, 18; *Wood Sorel*, 12; *The Muffin Man*, 24; *A. C. Shipton*, 24; *Jon*, 36.

QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

1. Who was the Lady Minnetrost.
 2. Where was the Rattle-snake seen 'coming into hail?'
 3. What two heroes had the one a horse and the other a dog, named Bevis?
 4. Who 'drank the milk of Paradise'?
 5. Who 'raised a mortal to the skies'?
 6. Who was described as 'a pretty monster, too'?
-

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Would some one kindly lend me a copy of 'Mrs. Boss' Niece,' that I may supply a few pages lost from my copy? Is it known who wrote 'Mrs. Boss' Niece'?—A. L. B.

'Mrs. Boss' Niece' is by the late great-niece to Jane Austen, Miss Lefroy. My copy has vanished; but I could lend the volume of 'The Magazine for the Young' if A. L. B. would send her address to Miss Yonge, Elderfield, Otterbourne, Winchester.

Will you kindly tell me what was the origin of the S.S. collars? and by whom was the Order instituted? What was the date of the founding of it? Was it worn alike by men and women?—M. L. HODGSON.

Miss Strickland derives the S.S. collar from Se Souvenir, left with a forget-me-not badge by Henry of Bolingbroke on his banishment; but this is disputed. The S.S. form part of the collar of the Garter, and are really natural forms of the links of a chain. Some correspondent may supply the history of the collar as worn by mayors, etc. It is not intended for women.—ED.

Wanted, to know where the lines come from—

'They are well kept whom God vouchsafes to keep.'

C. B. K.

Where are these lines—

'What is existence below?
Trouble upon trouble, blow upon blow.
What is there in this life
Save sorrowful years?
Much tribulation and plentiful tears.'

H. STEVENSON.

ANSWERS.

G. T. has just read Miss Yonge's 'Life of Bishop Patteson,' and she would be very glad to hear from the Editor whether any success has attended the Mission in Nukapu, whether also the labour trade still continues, and how many native clergy there are now. Also whether B—— is going on well.

There are two native Milanesian priests and five deacons. The Santa Cruez isles are in connection with the Mission. The labour traffic was stopped, but just now has unhappily been resumed.

Is not Lord Byron's poem, to which L. N. V. refers, that 'To Inez,' in 'Childe Harold,' Canto I.?

Feu Follet begs to inform *Snapdragon* that the Mont Cenis Tunnel was proposed by M. Nudail, and the first plans were drawn up in 1848. The work of excavation was begun by Victor Emmanuel in 1857, and the engineers were MM. Grattoni, Grandis, and Sommeiller. The total cost was about £2,600,000, the French Government bearing the greater part of the expense.—‘*Haydn’s Dictionary of Dates*,’ which see for further particulars.

In answer to *E. S. B.*—

‘With Thy heavenly Presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest ;
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee.’

It is the last verse of a poem called ‘Night,’ written by Philip Doddridge in 1755, and which begins—

‘Interval of grateful shade.’

E. CORNISH.

To be found in Roundell Palmer’s ‘Book of Praise.’

M. HELEN JEFFERIES.

G. Green, Winterbourne, Oxford, in answer to *Corisande*, sends a few particulars concerning Bishop King and his poetry. Henry King, born 1591-2, was one of the numerous and accomplished family of John King, Dean of Christ Church, and afterwards Bishop of London. Henry and his brother John were both Canons of Christ Church; the former became Dean of Rochester in 1639, and 1641 Bishop of Chichester. As a sound Churchman and Loyalist, Bishop King was a sufferer during the Civil Wars, but returned to his diocese at the Restoration. He died in 1669. Bishop King was remarkable for his benevolent and amiable character, and was on terms of friendship with the most distinguished literary men of his times, in particular he was the friend of Donne and Walton. ‘The Exequy,’ by which poem H. K. is best known, was written on the death of his wife (it contains 122 lines), Anna, daughter and heiress of Robert Berkley. The exact date of the marriage is unknown, but was probably 1617. She died not later than the year 1624, and they are thought to have had five children, though only two survived their father. One of his poems is on ‘Two Children dying of one Disease and buried in one Grave.’ There is another poem on his wife called ‘The Aniversere,’ which show that six years later his sense of loss was unabated. Most of the other poems are elegies, rather in the Newdigate prize-poem style on friends and public characters, and are historically interesting as reflecting the feelings of the times. There are poems on Prince Henry, Sir W. Raleigh, Gustavus Adolphus, and a long one on Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, full of indignation and regret. There are a few other poems, all readable and sometimes poetical. Bishop King, disliking Sternhold and Hopkins, attempted in 1651 a version of the Psalms, but his metre is often extremely awkward, and not at all calculated for congregational singing. The first edition of Bishop King’s poems was published in 1657, under the title of ‘Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets.’ There are subsequent editions in 1664 and 1700. the last had the name of Ben Jonson affixed, probably with a view to selling it; but it is thought all three were the same edition, with an altered title-page. In 1843 the Rev. J. Hannah, Fellow of Lincoln College, afterwards Vicar of Brighton, edited the greater part of the poems, together with selections from the version of the Psalms, with notes and a full biographical preface. (‘Poems and Psalms, by Henry King, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Chichester. 1843. Oxford : Francis Macpherson. London : William Pickering.’) Bishop H. King’s portrait is in the ante-Hall at Christ Church, a grave, elderly man, his forehead almost concealed by his long hair, rather a contrast to the be-ruffed portrait of his father at the higher end of the Hall, whose cheerful air is in keeping with his more prosperous times.